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Affairs at Washington

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE



IN THE opening month of 1926, the Sixty-ninth Congress had the symptoms of a filibuster. The World Court bill and the taxation were playing battledore and shuttlecock. In the meantime there was a generous outflow of words and discussions that would seem to the lay mind more or less useless. Long ago it was discovered that the element of time enters into the seasoning of wood and why not of measures? The country is not just now keenly concerned as to what Congress does, the main issue is that it will not interfere with the general trend of prosperous times foreshadowed for 1926. The Committees are all at work, preparing their bills for the onslaught that follows when it reaches the calendar. The MacFadden Bill is looked upon as one of the important measures to stabilize business and preserve the integrity and equity of the Federal Reserve system that has proven a balance wheel in the prevention of panicky conditions. The country is only prosperous when there is plenty of work to do and when the dollar, as well as the individual, is working, and every one has a chance to make their investments with the freedom of exercising individual judgment.

Congressman MacFadden made an address in which he gave a very exhaustive analysis of the legal and constitutional aspects of the bill bearing his name, which is now on the high-road to a hearing.



AFTER a study of the results of the experiment being carried on in Great Britain, where emigrants are examined to determine their admissibility to the United States, the State Department announces that the plan is believed to be a complete success and it is prepared to extend it to other countries whose governments request similar facilities as rapidly as funds and personnel are available.

Representatives of several continental European Governments have been watching the results obtained in England and Ireland, and requests for the installation of a similar system in their ports have been received from the Governments of the Netherlands and Belgium. The Department states that it is possible to comply with these requests and, with the co-operation of the Secretary of the Treasury and the Secretary of Labor, it is proposed to send forward in the near future, Public Health Service Surgeons and immigration officers to act as technical advisers to the American Consuls in Antwerp and Rotterdam to assist them in determining the admissibility under our immigration laws of the prospective emigrants to the United States applying for consular visas from those countries.

The present policy has developed from a conference held last April between high officials of the Departments of State, the Treasury and Labor, wherein plans were worked out to

remedy a long-standing condition where many immigrants sold their possessions and made the long and expensive journey to the United States only to learn that for one legal reason or another they were not admissible to the United States and must return to their former homes.

The Conference found that the Immigration Act of 1924 afforded an opportunity which had not heretofore existed to



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Mrs. G. G. Reiniger, of Washington, D. C., wife of Lieutenant-Colonel Reiniger, recently resigned from the diplomatic corps. Mrs. Reiniger received wide publicity a few years ago when the late de Lyon Nichols of Newport and Washington pronounced her the most beautiful woman in Washington society. She is spending the winter in Miami, and is interested in the Isle de Palmas, near Key West, where a society colony fashioned after Newport, is being founded. Mrs. Reiniger was a luncheon guest of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Mitchell Chapple recently at Coral Gables. She spent the holidays in Washington, returning on the S.S. "Kroonland" on its first trip to Miami



© Henry Miller News Picture Service

Joe Mitchell Chapple (Editor of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE)
and Senator Porter H. Dale of Vermont

examine intending immigrants before their departure from their home countries and in co-operation with the Governments of Great Britain and the Irish Free State, the examination of all British and Irish immigrants was concentrated in seven American Consulates in England and Ireland in each of which were stationed United States Public Health Service Surgeons and Inspectors of the Bureau of Immigration who acted as technical advisers to the American Consul and assisted in the thorough examination of each applicant for an immigration visa. As a result of this plan, which has been highly successful, the number of rejections on arrival in ports of the United States has been reduced to a minimum, and the number of refusals on legal grounds to issue consular immigration visas abroad has greatly increased. There has been no adverse comment on the operation of the plan in either the British or Irish press, indicating that a definite statement on inadmissibility to the United States before the intending immigrant has sold his property and made his preparations for the voyage is welcomed by the people most concerned.



BANKER'S, financiers and bookkeepers made New Year's an objective for a survey of the figures for the year. The first of January found the Secretary of the Treasury, Hon. A. W. Mellon, on the home stretch with his debt settlements with foreign nations. There were only three to finish—France, Czecho-Slovakia and Greece, but after his work is done, there is still Congress to reckon with, and Congress is still maintaining its prerogative of giving full play to partisan and personal disagreement to clog action where opinions may vary.

There was some progress made in the Senate toward a limi-

tation of debate, but "no cloture" seems to be the sacred covenant of Senatorial tradition, but Vice-President Dawes hammered the gavel as gracefully as if he had knocked out Rule 23. The reports of the various departments are altogether most satisfactory from a business point of view, and would seem to point to another year of national prosperity.

Secretary Mellon still maintains long hours at his corner office in the Treasury Building, starting work early at nine o'clock and scarcely stopping to smoke one of the little lead pencil cigars until the last callers have left, which may be six o'clock or thereafter, but the schedule always reveals something done. There has been many a financial disagreement and agreement at a conference in this office, involving more money altogether than the entire amount vouchered by any Secretary of the Treasury with the possible exception of Secretary McAdoo, who paid out the money which his predecessor tried to collect for Uncle Sam.

Unperturbed, now and then stroking his mustache, speaking softly in a gentle voice, Andrew W. Mellon proceeds in a day's work with little fuss and feathers. When he walks along the street few people realize that this slender man, probably going to get a twenty cent lunch across the street, heads a budget of billions. He may have less than fifty cents on his person while drinking a glass of milk.

Day by day, he scarcely has time to look out of the window on the Mall and the Washington monument, or below on the statue of Alexander Hamilton. If there ever was a man who has concentrated on his work and done the job, his initials are "A. W. M.," signed as modestly in his official capacity as on the day when he started as a young banker in Pittsburgh and initialed notes and checks with the same magic letters.

Andrew Mellon is one of the few bankers of the country whose name has been associated with banking institutions who has performed nearly every function included within the widest scope and purpose of efficient and constructive banking. I do not think he would even have time to come to Florida, where his brother indulges in a few weeks of winter sunshine, with Congress in session.

One regret he expressed, and that was that he was unable to visit Spain this summer. It is one of the few countries in Europe that does not owe money to the U. S. A., and Mr. Mellon made his trips abroad more a matter of business than recreation or basking in the honors of his high position.



CURRENTLY agreed to at this time is the fact that Senator George Moses still continues to be the tsetse-fly in the Senate. At all events he keeps the Democrats stirred up. On the opening day of the session, trying to find a hat rack in his new Committee Room, where he reigns as chairman, he put his fedora on the floor, with the comment from the gentleman from New Hampshire that indicated there will be a hat rack forthcoming as soon as the Post Office Chairman is on the firing line. Ready and keen of wit and clear headed, Senator George Moses has become a power in the Senate. He insists that he is beginning to enjoy his work, and resented my applauding Alexander Moore as one of the greatest ambassadors in Europe.

"You forget that I served at Athens in classic Greece for some six years."

He was only a Minister, but he was about the liveliest minister that ever had the letters plenipotentiary.

"Ambassadorial work," he said, "is nothing more than good political reporting. That is why newspaper men have made so pronounced a success in diplomatic service."

Just then he was complimented by an old citizen of New Hampshire as being the only Senator from that state who was ever made Chairman of one of the major committees. It is needless to add that he will be a real chairman, not content to serve as a mere figurehead or perfunctory presiding officer.

The functions of a Senate or House Committee chairman are beginning to assume more importance than ever. Not that they control more public funds, but they still retain something of the dignity that was accredited to the chairman in the good old days of political caucuses, reserving the power of holding fast to the lever that pulls the throttle on legislature and starts off the power when it seems like the wrong direction or a thrown switch. They keep their eyes on the lights and shadows of legislation, and the main track ahead, with a high-powered headlight. The present Congress receive their orders from the people to maintain speed and schedule and cease shunting on to side tracks to pick up personal pack trains.



IMPRESSIVE is the only word that expresses the feelings when one saw Helen Keller, blind and deaf, speaking to President Coolidge, with that subtle language which has served as the expression of the brilliant mind. With the mere touch of the hand she conveyed a message that was more eloquent and sincere than many of the conventional phrases uttered in the spoken word. The President has had his full share of callers ever since the New Year's reception, but now insists on having his Saturday afternoons off. The callers at the White House indicate that he is keeping in close touch with the legislative situation at the other end of the avenue. Vice-President Dawes, in the meantime, makes a radio speech that evokes the indignation of Senator Reed of Missouri, who wants to be shown why, when and how a Vice President should presume to make a speech to the people when under the laws of the country and the prescribed functions of the Vice Presidency he is supposed to be deaf and dumb for the full and entire length of his term, as far as manifesting by word or sign anything that might be called an address and offend the senatorial prerogative of doing all the talking emanating from members of that august body.



NEW YEAR'S DAY in Washington still retains some of the old-time formalities. The New Year's reception at the White House and the long line waiting to meet the President is an established custom, and New Year's calls are still the vogue. The cheery egg-nog and "Tom and Jerry" of times gone by is not so general. The old reign of open house and the bar rooms along the avenue have passed. Oyster stew with terrapin now and then gave flavor to the good old days, but these days the first day of the year is given over to the usual holiday routine—theatres, motion pictures, dances, a whirl in the park and a bit of jazz.



IN a way, the opening of the Sixty-ninth Congress seemed like the first day of school or like registration day at college. Everybody was on the *qui vive* to meet those with whom they were to mingle for at least two years. Many familiar faces in the Senate and House were missing. Some of their pictures may soon hang in the shadows of the corridors, or adorn a Committee Room. To me, after seeing so many Congresses come and go, it is pathetic to realize how soon those in high places pass from view, leaving so light an impression on those who come after. Youth, today, has little thought of the men and measures of yesterday. Its eyes are intent on the horizon of tomorrow.

The summer quietude at the other end of the avenue has been broken. The list of callers at the White House is recruited from among the Senators and Congressmen, fresh from their vacations and busy answering the accumulated requests of constituents. The Cabinet meetings continue on Tuesdays and Fridays in the good old way, but there has been so little in



Princess Bibesco, wife of the Roumanian Minister just recalled from Washington, is the daughter of Margot Asquith and the former Prime Minister of England. The princess is a most accomplished and interesting young woman who has proved to be a distinct addition to Washington social life

the news columns concerning members of the Cabinet the passing year that it would be difficult to find many people who can repeat the names of all the members of the President's official family off hand.



SECRETARY HOOVER has been having a lively month in connection with the rubber situation. The hearings resulted in awakening the representative of the British rubber monopoly in America to the extent of sending their representatives to see what was being done by the Agricultural Department in Florida in raising rubber for commercial purposes. The mere suggestion by Secretary Hoover that the American people take better care of their tires and use them 25 per cent longer was one of the remedies he suggested. Within a week the price of rubber dropped 10 per cent, for it set the consumers to thinking, and the consumer has it within its power to break the back of the strongest monopoly that ever existed, if they only get together and stop the demand on which exorbitant prices are based. The hearings were an interesting revelation that the Americans are determined to play "off the rubber" in the game between Uncle Sam and Great Britain as to "who has the rubber."



THE weather man at Washington has been having a rough time of it. Some of his predictions have "gang alee." Now comes the statement that he has nothing to do with it—that the weather of this day and date was determined by



Prince Bibesco, Roumanian Minister to the United States, just recalled to his own country, a most able diplomat, having represented his country with distinguished success at St. Petersburg, London and Paris. He comes of ancient lineage with a background of forbears who have rendered diplomatic service to Roumania for many generations

immutable laws involving the planets, as well as the earth itself. The weather of today was decided centuries ago, and yet people will continue to talk about the weather as if it were a matter that can be influenced by discussion. Speaking of weather, the exodus to Florida begins when the Northwesterners are predicted, and Florida, as well as California and the Southern states, have found their thermometers going very low, while in Alaska, on the very borders of the Arctic Circle, the grass is green and the flowers are blooming. In the meantime, the new type of American, known as the Floridian, keeps right on insisting that, after all, weather is governed by definite climatic lines and Florida still remains the "state of flowers" and the one place where the pilgrim from the north can blow out his bronchial tubes and bask in sunshine, shuffle off his rubbers, shed his overcoat and think of weather as a mere memory.

CRISP, invigorating early winter air assists in giving snap to the activities, mental and physical, of the newly assembled Congress. There was no difficulty in securing a quorum on the opening day. It was unlike the case of the First Congress, already described, when it required days, weeks, and months to induce enough members of Congress to answer to the roll call. But those were days when the position was more or less of an honorary one and the salary was not \$7,500 a year. Serving in Congress was like holding a position on a Chamber of Commerce Committee, where the only emolument is the satisfaction of seeing one's name in the paper.

AN important step was taken recently when the House ways and means committee voted, as the first step in its preparation of a new revenue bill, to remove more than 1,000,000 individuals from the Federal income tax roll by increasing exemptions and widespread reductions in the levies. The income tax exemptions agreed on were \$1,500 for single persons and \$3,500 for heads of families, compared with \$1,000 and \$2,500 respectively in the present law.

MATHEW WOLL, vice-president of the American Federation of Labor, has urged wage earners of the country to support cancellation or moderation of the war debts of the United States by European governments in a statement issued recently in an effort to help make sure that the Italian negotiations now in progress "might not follow the same way as the recent French negotiations." Mr. Woll also challenged "the truth, the logic, the humility, and the common sense" of the assumption of Chairman Borah of the Senate Foreign Relations committee "that any friendliness in this matter towards the debtor people means a betrayal of the people of the United States."

THE ubiquitous Will Rogers seems to have thrown the lariat and gains admission under some pretense to every state society that may meet him when he is in town. There is the state of his birth, the state of his adoption, and then there is the state of his mind and the state of his health, so that all together with his relations, and his wife's relations, he is able to claim some sort of a kinship with every one of the forty-eight in the Union. Will always carries a real union card. His little handkerchief of stars and stripes, which he proudly waves on state occasions, is ever ready when his German patriot friends arrive from Hoboken.

THE recall of Prince Bibesco as Minister from Roumania at Washington gave quite a flurry in diplomatic service and formed the topic of conversation for several days at diplomatic dinners. The Prince and his wife have made many friends in Washington, but it is said that his insistence upon Roumania paying her quota of indebtedness to the United States was offensive to the powers that rule Roumania. The Prince and Princess have added much to the literary life of Washington. The Princess is a daughter of Lloyd Astor and has attained distinction as a novelist and author.

THERE is an encouraging note in the report recently issued by the Bureau of Railway Economics to the effect that the earnings of class one railroads in the United States for September amounted to \$134,584,916, while for the first nine months of the year they were \$797,347,520 as compared with \$679,445,117 in the same period of 1924.

MANY Senators and Representatives kept open house for their constituents and the folks from the home state at the Capital City. A residence in Washington has never dimmed the spirit of state pride. No matter how long one may have lived away from the state of their birth or adoption, there is always something in the mention or memory of that state that stirs them. In fact, some people have two states, the state of their birth and the state of their adoption, so they can consistently join two different state societies. The District of Columbia is looked upon as a sort of an orphan in a national gathering of states.

THERE was a zip and zest to the manner in which the new speaker, Hon. Nicholas Longworth, brought down the gavel in the House of Representatives. There was a positive staccato tap of the tiny gavel in the Senate Chamber when Vice-President Dawes let them know that the time had arrived to cease talking and listen to the prayer.

Face to Face with Celebrities

Flashlight glimpses of those outstanding personalities in business, politics, literature, science, art, music and the drama who serve as milestones in human progress to mark the advancement of the world

AMONG the more recent men to be elevated to the peerage in sports for their incomparable ability is Harry A. Stuhldreher, quarterback of the Notre Dame champion football team. He was selected as the All-American quarterback for the season of 1924 by Walter Camp.

Placed in the first division of thirty-three players chosen for their unquestionable ability to play the game, Harry Stuhldreher takes his place in football fame, borne on the crest of a greater wave of popularity than has been the lot of most gridiron heroes in the past. This young man takes his honors silently and without the slightest strain of affected modesty. In his own words he says, "I am thankful for the honor," and shifting his crutches which he carries since breaking an ankle bone in the New Year's Day football game with Stanford University at Pasadena, California, the Notre Dame pilot turns to his scholastic duties.

Conscription of the entire English language would be necessary to describe Stuhldreher's place in the sport world. Playing quarterback to the famous "Four Horsemen," so-called by Grantland Rice, Stuhldreher is placed in a pre-eminent position. His duties have entailed great responsibility and the series of hard games played and won during the 1924 season have been a source of great strain upon his physical and mental person. But because of his superb ability to do the right thing at the right time with a dash of chance thrown in for spice, Stuhldreher coordinated his teammates into a powerful unit and



HARRY STUHLBREHER says: "Unity and co-ordination is the key to Football success."

swept through the season untied and undefeated to the national championship.

Born in Massillon, Ohio, October 14, 1901, Harry Stuhldreher has continued to make his home there. While attending the Massillon high school and Kiski Prep he participated in football, basketball and track, and was looked upon as a "comer."

In 1921, he matriculated at Notre Dame in the college of Arts and Letters, and reported for freshman football, having as his teammates that

year many of the men who made football history with the Notre Dame eleven in 1924. In the yearling ranks and within earshot of the Rockne football school, Stuhldreher learned his game.

It is perhaps a matter of significance that Rockne utilized the budding powers of his young quarterback in 1922, by holding him on the bench until the crucial periods arose in a game and sending him into the struggle to execute the strategy designed in conference.

Some youthful prep school stars who entertained visions of a glorious career on the gridiron were quizzing Stuhldreher:

"Forget you were a high school star," said Stuhldreher, "and allow yourself to become impressionable so that you may absorb the lessons of the college coach with greater ease and more lasting results. Remember you are but a small cog in the wheel of great circumference and that your loyal efforts put forward with the utmost enthusiasm will be of the greatest value in perfecting unity and co-ordination—the key to all football success."

Living again through the battles of three years, the Notre Dame quarterback commented upon the fine sportsmanship of the teams and players he encountered.

"Nevers of Stanford and Wycoff of Georgia Tech were the best full backs I ever played against and I have real appreciative recollections of Lawson and the Shipkey brothers of Stanford, Weir of Nebraska, Farwick of the Army, and Lamb of Lombard."

Taking a determined stand against the attacks on football, Stuhldreher says:

"The sport contains mental, physical and moral benefits both for the players and the spectators. Just as the player overcomes the difficulties of the game, so will he overcome the difficulties in life—the will to persevere."

—THOMAS FRANCIS COMAN

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Laurette Taylor, Noted Actress, Made Her First Stage Appearance at Ten Years

IN the good old city of Gloucester, Massachusetts, redolent with traditions of fisher folk, little Laurette Taylor at the age of ten years first appeared on the stage. The audience of hardy fishermen cheered and cheered the little miss in the vaudeville act. Soon after, in her teens, she was starring in "His Child Wife," and the critics settled back to watch and wait for the development of a real stage personality.

Although born in New York City she has traveled far beyond the banks of the Hudson. In fact, her first great hit, "From Rags to Riches," was made in Seattle, Washington, where she traveled with a western stock company and had the many rare experiences of a company "on the road" that now happen only in books. In "Peg O' My Heart," like the darling in the play, she captured every heart in the audience and then continued her success in England, and her

name became popular with theatre goers. Since her days as a child actress, Laurette Taylor has had a definite objective.

"Even during the years I played in vaudeville I had dreams of playing Juliet," she declared to me. "In my first love affair I felt that the young man should have played Romeo at night, even if he was driving a delivery wagon by day."

Her Shakespearean aspirations were successful. Her "Portia" and "Kathaleen" evidenced the



LAURETTE TAYLOR says: "I wonder if girls of today fully realize the power of an attractive voice and something to say in conversation, as well as the power of powder puff, lip stick and plucked eyebrows."

depths of her dramatic talent and gave her a position as one of the leading actresses of her time.

In 1912 she married J. Hartley Manners, the dramatist. What was more interesting than to watch her husband—author of the play—in the box, observing his wife in the title role scoring a success that must have thrilled him even more than did the enthusiastic reception of the lines in his own play.

Laurette Taylor was given a wonderful reception in the revival of "Peg O' My Heart" a few years ago. In her home on 77th Street and Riverside Drive, she is every bit the charming hostess that she has portrayed upon the stage. As a conversationalist she has a clear enunciation and a well modulated voice. In any social gathering she attracts a group of admirers around her by the magnetic power of her conversation flowing from a mind well stored with reading and reflection.

"I wonder if girls realize," she said, "that as much depends on having an attractive voice and something attractive to say as on the powder puff, lip stick and plucked eyebrows? Back of all this apparent vainglory the American girl has it in her head to say and do bright things in company, but she must study, read, and prepare

for society functions, for, like actresses on the stage, we all have our little parts to play in the home and in our everyday life. We must all rehearse and be prepared. A little time spent every day reading some bit of philosophy, poetry, or a standard author will enable one to utilize just as much information as one can get from a dictionary or a cross word puzzle."

Laurette Taylor has expressive eyes and features and a wealth of hair and a grace of movement that seems to unconsciously adapt itself harmoniously even to the lifting of an eyebrow or the dimple in the cheek.

There is something in the love scenes enacted by Laurette Taylor that is far away from the stilted puppet-like actions of the love-lorn swain on the stage.

A

Head of Post Office Department predicts 24-hour Coast to Coast Service

POSTMASTER-GENERAL HARRY S. NEW was chatting about the air mail service tests with the enthusiasm of a young father over his first born. As head of the Post Office Department, he has been eager to put the U. S. Mail aviation service on a practical basis.

"We have reduced the mail time from New York to San Francisco to thirty-three hours. Within the lives of men now living it required several times thirty-three days with the pony express."

General New still wears the same style of broad-brimmed "five gallon" black felt hat with which he made his debut into the political field.



HARRY S. NEW says: "Air mail might be called 'Catapulted Special Delivery' service. We are making the skyline a mail tube."

The son of John C. New, Treasurer of the United States under Grant, Harry S. New was born in 1858, one year after the Republican party was organized—he was born a political leader. Attending the public schools in Indianapolis and graduating from Butler University, he knew the politics of every fellow student and the faculty. He began as a reporter on the staff of the Indianapolis Journal and finally became its owner and publisher. While in his twenties he managed Benjamin Harrison's campaign for president and became chairman of the Republican National Committee in 1907.

While still young in appearance he is a seas-

oned veteran, for he has served through the administration of every Republican President since the days of Benjamin Harrison. During the Spanish American War he saw military service in the Third Brigade.

In 1906 Harry New was offered the office of Postmaster-General by President Theodore Roosevelt, but decided to keep on the political firing line in campaign work. Elected United States Senator from Indiana in 1910, he was appointed Postmaster-General by President Harding. The biography of Harry S. New is a succinct record of political activity and energy in the broadest sense of the word.

When President Calvin Coolidge was forming his new Cabinet in 1925, Harry S. New was the first member settled upon. The Postmaster-General is the one post in the President's Cabinet where an appointment is required by law within thirty days after the expiration of the term of the office of the President.

"My work in the Post office Department is the most interesting of my public career," said the General. "It is a blend of practical business methods and official service. The Post Office Department is the largest employing department in the country and the one purpose always is to keep it on a business basis. Postal employees are the universal and first-line of contact between the people and Uncle Sam. The letter carriers call oftener than neighbors, and the post office is the center of information in thousands of towns and villages. Postal savings department and our money order business expresses universal confidence in Uncle Sam by the foreign born population and keeps us close to the family pocketbook. The United States Mail stands for personal service to individuals by men wearing the uniform who render a patriotic service as distinctive as those that wear the uniform of the army or navy."

General New has made several flights in airplanes and his ambition is to see a twenty-four-hour mail service from coast to coast established during the coming years.

A

Senator Smith Brookhart has been Farmer, School Teacher, Lawyer and Soldier

LIKE the immortal Lincoln, Senator Smith Brookhart can claim that he made his earthly debut in a Missouri log cabin, through the chinks of which the snow drifted on cold winter nights, and the rain poured in during the month of showers. The people of Iowa add that he early displayed very good judgment, for when he had completed his public school education he moved on to the Hawkeye State. Here he worked on a farm and studied law until he had perfected himself in the art of convincing a jury. Finally when he had accumulated sufficient funds to purchase the full set of "Corpus Juris," a desk, two chairs, a hat rack, and a brief case, young Smith Wildman Brookhart began the practice of law in earnest at Bloomfield and Keosauqua, Iowa (it's easy to pronounce the latter when you know how, the first seven times are the hardest). The career of Smith Brookhart reminds one of the proverbial fifty-seven varieties, for he has been a farmer, school teacher, lawyer and soldier, serving during the Spanish American War, and as a second lieutenant in the Fiftieth Iowa Volunteer Infantry on the Mexican border. During the engagements along the imaginary boundary line of Mexico, Brookhart so far distinguished himself that he won promotion and received the gold maple leaf of a major in the First Iowa Brigade. Smith Brookhart continued a militaristic career

by serving as a lieutenant-colonel of infantry in the World War and was made chief instructor of marksmanship at Camp Perry and Camp Benning schools. He was captain of the American Palma Rifle Team in 1912, and has trained many of the world champion organizations. As president of the National Rifle Association of America, Senator Brookhart is the patron saint of all sharpshooters.

Senator Brookhart is now doing some real sharp-shooting in the political field. For three



SENATOR SMITH BROOKHART says: "There is no use to keep on fooling the farmers—they know how to bloc the predatory interests—and they will keep right on until the producer of farm products is able to get something near to what the consumer has to pay."

successive terms he served as county attorney for Washington County and was chairman of the Republican State Convention. Elected to the Senate after the resignation of Judge William S. Kenyon, he pulled through with a small majority, and when he began his political career in Washington he was laughed and sneered at—but he persisted. He was determined to make his constituents, as well as the members of Congress, "sit up and take notice," so he printed his ideas at his own expense and circulated them among the farmers at home. Regarded as a radical, he was, nevertheless, elected on the Republican ticket.

In 1923 Senator Brookhart toured Europe, with Russia as his objective, and made a first-hand observation of the Soviet government. It was during this trip abroad that he succumbed to the lure of a "soup and fish," and learned how to endure the discomfort of a bat-wing collar. He has learned a lot about Europe which he promises some day to "tell the world."

A member of the Committee on Military Affairs, Senator Brookhart is a man with a keen eye for observation—and sharpshooting. He represents an active force which tends toward political health and activity.

"There is no use to keep on fooling the farmers—they know how to bloc predatory interests—and they will keep right on until the producer of farm products is able to get something near to what the consumer pays. People are too wise nowadays to submit to manipulation that makes it unprofitable to produce the necessities of life."

Senator Brookhart has dropped his center-rush name of Wildman—but he has a lively bunch of enemies who feel that he still deserves to be called that.

Harry Leon Wilson, Humorist and Dramatist, Produces Droll and Delightful Novels

"WHENEVER I want to read something to make me feel adjusted and enjoy good rollicking authorial company, I choose a book by Harry Leon Wilson," said Senator James Watson. The author referred to is one writer who never seems to grow old and his books fairly scintillate with snappy good-natured mirth. Harry Leon Wilson has the happy faculty of being able to find humor in common things without making a pains-taking search for it among old puns or time-worn jokes—a wit at once refreshing and irrepressible.

Harry Leon Wilson was born "where rolls the Oregon"—not the Oregon of the Pacific coast, but the little town of Oregon, Illinois, where Frank O. Lowden has a farm. Early developing an aspiration to become a humorist, in 1896, before he had reached his thirtieth year, he became the editor of *Puck*. During the ensuing six happy years on a swivel chair throne the circulation increased and the joke market boomed.

As a dramatist, his reputation was established when he wrote, in collaboration with Booth Tarkington, "The Man From Home," the play in which William Hodge made so great a success. Later Mr. Wilson again indulged in writing fiction in which irresistible humor flowed from his pen with the ease of water from an open tap. In "Ruggles of Red Gap" he found an admiring public among adventure lovers who enthusiastically called for more, while his contributions to leading magazines leaves the reader with tears of joy in his eyes. Now Harry Leon Wilson insists that he is entitled to the full and free use of his three names—the crowning distinction of authorship.

"Oh Doctor!" and "Professor, How Could You?" his latest novels, are chuck full of side-splitting mirth, and yet they give us a real side light on a phase of American life that is as refreshing as it is humorous.

"Merton of the Movies," the *Saturday Evening Post* serial that has made a success in the three



HARRY LEON WILSON says: "I used to wonder what the world was doing for Harry Leon Wilson: now I am wondering what Harry Leon Wilson is doing for the world."

forms in which it has appeared—novel, play, and motion picture—reflects Harry Leon Wilson's surroundings; the Golden West, California, where the sun is always shining and seems to permeate everything that he writes. While he has not yet reached the age—and I doubt whether he will ever reach it—where he is continually telling the young folks about "the good old days," he is fast ap-

proaching fifty-eight, but he insists upon carrying out his determination to give the reading public more than fifty-seven varieties of stories and plays.

Except that he takes little excursions down to New York to visit the old haunts, he clings close to his California home. When he does find himself again on Broadway, where his plays had long runs, he gathers new impressions of the metropolis among old friends, or in the gambols with congenial souls at the Lambs Club, or the Players, fulfilling the specifications required to make a popular American author.

Now Harry Leon Wilson is beginning to hold a real philosophy about life, but his philosophy is as interesting and entertaining as his humor.

"I used to wonder," he declares, "what the world was doing for Harry Wilson; now I am wondering what Harry Wilson is doing for the world." "These wonderments may be the result of advancing years, but altogether I think the world is younger today than ever before. Note, for instance, the young ladies at their jazz parties with their bobbed hair and red, red lips, floating eyebrows, carmine cheeks, short dresses—there isn't such a thing today as an old lady—and you cannot tell about any of them, whether they are in their teens or just budding into full and matured womanhood."

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James Oliver Curwood, Novelist of the North Woods, Writes Whereof he Knows

WHAT a joy it would have been to Captain Marryatt, the novelist, had he known that one of his great-nephews was to achieve an outstanding success as a writer of nature stories. In 1879 when James Oliver Curwood was born at Owosso, Michigan, on the banks of the Shiawassee River, there were admirers of Marryatt who hoped that the son of James Moran and Abigail Griffin would follow in the footsteps of his distinguished great-uncle. Besides the great heritage of nature lore which came to him from his distinguished forbear on his father's side, he also inherited that communion with nature that is part and parcel of the American Indian—for "Jim" Curwood is descended, on his mother's side, from a full-blooded Mohawk Indian princess.

"Jim" is modest to the point of exasperation in relating the facts concerning his own career. He maintains that his life actually began only ten years ago—the date of his regeneration—the beginning of his life as a popular naturalist. Expelled from high school because he loved nature too well, he later trapped animals in the great outdoors and earned enough money in this way to enable him to take courses in the literature department of the University of Michigan. After seven years in newspaper work, finally becoming editor of the *Detroit News-Tribune*, and in the zenith of his newspaper success in 1907, he resigned to take up literary work exclusively—salary or no salary. He spent many months each year in the wilds of the North Woods, travelling, at various times, as far north as the Arctic.

In his first novel—"The Courage of Captain Plum"—completed about a year after his retirement from newspaper work, he utilized his experiences as a rover in God's Country. In swift succession he wrote book after book, in none of which did he go far afield from the true atmosphere of nature. The regions he describes he knows as thoroughly as he knows Main Street in his home town, and his novels are veritable storehouses of information.

There is scarcely a section of the country that

Curwood has not pictured in his work. One of his latest books, "The Alaskan," gives a vivid interpretation of life along the far-flung frontier of the United States.

Although everyone has read "Jim's" works, few people know the man behind them. He actually lives the simple life he describes and takes his greatest pride in the fact that he can



JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD says: "Human life is not always the most beautiful. The closer one comes to the soul of nature, the more he realizes the littleness, inadequateness, and monumental egoism of man."

raise onions better than any one in Shiawassee County. He understands the immensity of Nature and the littleness of mankind in comparison.

"Human life is not always the most beautiful," he declares. "The closer one comes to the soul of nature, the more he realizes the littleness, inadequateness, and monumental egoism of man."

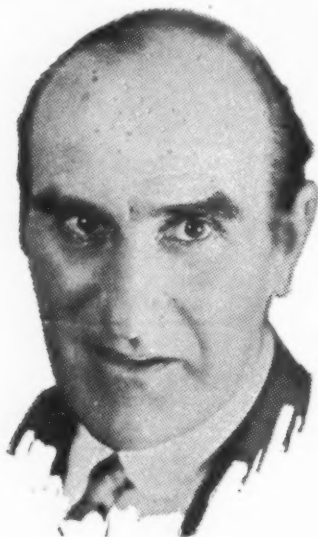
Curwood is a tireless worker, awake with the birds, frequently as early as four o'clock in the morning, and he invariably is at his typewriter at seven. Although he has a beautiful studio in his own home, he prefers to work in a little second floor room in his mother's home—two blocks away. The room is an old-fashioned part of an old-fashioned house. There is nothing luxurious about it, but it has a real "homey" atmosphere. It was in this little room that Mr. Curwood began his literary career, and in it he has written twenty of the twenty-five novels he has to his credit. No wonder he is so attached to it.

"I've had half a dozen desks at various times," he told me once, "but, for some reason I've always had to go back to the old sewing machine top. Whenever I put it aside I seem to hear voices whispering to me that I've done away with an old friend. Foolish, maybe, but I have that sort of feeling for inanimate objects that have been an intimate part of my life."

To the reader who enjoys week-ends in a rocking-chair with a copy of one of Curwood's novels on his knees, the author brings the sweet scent of clover and the odor of the moisture on the leaves and moss in the woods. They commune with the spirit of the writer in his crusade for a more ardent love of the priceless gems and glories which God has given to man—Nature.

Ernest Torrence of "Covered Wagon" Fame, Abandoned Music for the Stage

BECAUSE a child reaches for the keys of a piano at an early age does not mean that he will necessarily be a second Paderewski. The career of Ernest Torrence illustrates the theory that there is a destiny that plays an important part in the drama of life. In early life he gave promise of becoming a talented musician, even if he was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, where a musician was considered a frivolous personage. After graduating from the Edinburgh Academy of Music, Ernest Torrence attended school in Stuttgart, Germany—a pupil of Pruchner,



ERNEST TORRENCE says: "One could not play a part in 'The Covered Wagon,' no matter how minor it might be, without catching the spirit of America. In every scene and location while we were filming 'The Covered Wagon,' we seemed to imbibe the spirit of those sturdy pioneers who created an empire."

protégé of Liszt. For his proficiency in piano young Torrence won the Westminster scholarship in London, where he studied for several years after leaving the Academy in Germany.

While at the height of his fame as a pianist, with a future importance looking unusually bright, Ernest Torrence coolly abandoned a career as an artist of solo importance and entered the field of comic opera, in the chorus. He sang baritone roles in many light operas, including the tuneful "The Emerald Isle" composed by Sir Arthur Sullivan, of Gilbert and Sullivan fame, which had a short-lived career. After his success in comic opera, musical comedies attracted Ernest Torrence and he came to America in 1911 to play the role of a Scotch comedian in "The Only Girl." After nine years of stellar life on Broadway, Ernest Torrence attracted the attention of Henry King, then directing Richard Barthelmess. Henry King found in Torrence his heavy for "Tol'able David," and Torrence's work was so successful that Paramount immediately secured his signature to a contract to play feature roles.

Some of Torrence's most recent pictures have been "The Covered Wagon," in which he won fame in his character part; in fact many people consider Ernest Torrence was the "star" of "The Covered Wagon." "The Heritage of the Desert," "The Side-Show of Life," and "North

of 36" have added more jewels to Ernest Torrence's already well-filled crown.

Ernest Torrence has become thoroughly Americanized. He has one son, aged seventeen, who has the makings of another sturdy American citizen.

"One could not play a part in 'The Covered Wagon,' no matter how minor it might be, without catching the spirit of America. In every scene and location while we were filming 'The Covered Wagon,' we seemed to imbibe the spirit of those sturdy pioneers who created an empire."

Torrence made this declaration with dramatic earnestness and I could see before me the picturesque figure of the native-born Scotchman who so well portrayed the character of an American on the plains of the great West.

"The great privilege of living in the United States is not adequately appreciated. I would rather have my son spend the formative years of his life in America than anywhere else on earth.

"The dreams and ambitions of a Scotchman more often come true in America than in any other land."

This was said with the fervor of a fond father who loves the land of the thistle, heather and Bobby Burns.

▼

Orville Wright and his brother built the First Successful Airplane

BLASE newspapermen were astonished on December 17, 1903, as they stood on the sand dunes along the coast of North Carolina awaiting the moment when they might run to the nearest telegraph office and send word of the Wright brothers' failure to make a successful airplane flight, to find that they actually witnessed the first heavier-than-air machine suddenly start into movement, rush along the ground with the speed of the wind, and with the grace of a bird swoop up into the air—and crash—but the principle was proven by two young men whose names will forever be associated with the history of aeroplanes.

Orville and Wilbur Wright were working together in their own bicycle repair shop in Dayton, Ohio, when the vision of Darius Green came to them. They had followed the experiments and adverse experiences of Professor Langley with keen interest. Through their familiarity with automobiles the Wright brothers understood the new internal combustion motor, as it was then called, and from the start felt that propellers driven by the gasoline motor at high speed would float a heavier-than-air machine.

Toward the end of their flight on that memorable day, the Wright airplane crashed to the ground, and many scientists considered it to be a failure. Not so the Wright boys; they simply went at their work with more enthusiasm than ever, and from that day the development of aeroplanes as a practical means of transportation was assured. The Wright Brothers' Aeronautic Laboratory was established at Dayton and work went forward with dispatch. In 1913 the two young men were awarded the Collier trophy for the development of the automatic stabilizer, having already received gold medals in France and England five years previous and from the United States Congress a year later.

The experiments conducted by the Wrights in Europe led to the rapid development of the aeroplane in the years just prior to and during the war. Little did these Ohio lads dream that their

experiments in aviation was to play an important part in a world war.

The death of Wilbur Wright in France was a severe blow to aviation, but Orville, the surviving brother, carried on the work unceasingly and still lives in the old home town. Tall, somewhat stooped, slender and very quiet, he says little but thinks much. There are many present-day aviators who wish they but knew what he knows on the subject, and is so modest in discussing.

A home-loving man, he lives not far from the field at Dayton which has been from the start the center of aviation development.

"The day upon which we were awarded the Langley Medal of the Smithsonian Institute in 1910, I count one of the happiest of my life."

Born in Dayton, Ohio, in 1871, Orville Wright graduated from the Dayton grammar and high schools. He began to work with his brother in the bicycle shop and learned to handle a wrench and adjust a gear, and today he is happiest when tinkering with machinery—and "making it go."

"We have only begun to develop the commercial use of the aeroplane in this country," he told me. "Europe has far outstripped us in air transportation. The routes from Brussels, Amsterdam, Antwerp and Strausburg are used even more than Pullman cars as a means of comfortable and speedy transit. Aeroplanes will soon come to their own in America as well as in Europe. You remember the history of auto-



ORVILLE WRIGHT says: "Europe has outstripped us in the universal use of aviation, but America will come into her own just as she did in the development of automobiles."

mobiles. At first Europe seemed to outstrip us in practical application of the invention, but once the United States got under way and made motor cars a real industry, it was not long until she was supplying the world."

The office of Orville Wright is filled with the many degrees and tokens of honor that have been bestowed upon him. A tender affection is expressed in his every allusion to his brother Wilbur.

"It seemed when Wilbur died, as if something was taken right out of me—and it never has come back."

Louis Gold, of Gotham, Tackles Fellsmere

The world's greatest home-builder and constructive realtor is pouring his millions into the agricultural paradise of the sunshine state

MEET Louis Gold, of Gotham, the world's greatest home-builder, a hitherto untrumpeted genius of the real estate fraternity.

A quiet, unassuming man, with a friendly twinkle in his eye, about five feet six and carrying no more than one hundred and sixty-five pounds of ballast, he has managed to perform his building miracles in Manhattan without attracting national attention. But when he came to Florida, tackling a \$50,000,000 dollar development at Fellsmere, in a state where magazine writers are now almost as numerous as real estate men in Miami, we finally discovered him up to his old tricks, building homes and making people happy, as he has done for years in Brooklyn and the Bronx.

Louis Gold is an interesting man. I spent two days with him. Ordinarily I get an interview in an hour. But this home-building Croesus is a splendid companion—I had a good bed at the Fellsmere hotel, and there was plenty of good things to eat—citrus fruit, vegetables, fish, meat, and dairy products fresh from the farms and canals of the fertile Fellsmere estates. Besides, there are the enchanting nights, in which a mellow moon bathes the golden tangerine groves, with an occasional palm bamboo basking in a glittering ray. Why hurry away from such a paradise as this, with such a host, in a town with such hospitable people? Writers are not built that way. So instead of sitting down and pulling a lot of data for an article out of Mr. Gold, as coldly as a dentist jerks out a tooth, I just hung around and absorbed this story, so to speak.

Great men are simple, says the old saw. And we writers have many opportunities to verify that truth. Generally the bigger the man, the easier it is to approach him. Try to interview an office boy or a clerk sometime and see how many more airs they put on than the president of a large corporation. And Louis Gold is no exception to this rule. He has been a leader in the New York realty field for a quarter of a century; he is many, many times a millionaire; he built \$63,000,000 worth of homes in Greater New York City in 1924, his real estate developments in process in that locality at present aggregate \$100,000,000—but all this success has not turned his head. He is just as democratic as ever, making friends wherever he goes among the people.

Only fifty years old, well-preserved, a clean living family man, with a tremendous following, strong endorsements from such men as Joseph Day, New York newspapers and bankers, with millions of his own and millions of others to back any enterprise he takes in hand, Louis Gold comes to Florida under auspicious circumstances as the developer of Fellsmere Estates, an agricultural and industrial project comprising 60,000 acres in the far-famed Indian River section, a property which has already successfully passed

By DIRK P. DE YOUNG

through the experimental stages of community building. One can scarcely believe that the man behind the guns in this great pioneering undertaking at Fellsmere is the same Louis Gold who came pioneering to America a little over thirty years ago, landing at Ellis Island a poor emigrant boy from Russia with hardly enough money to pay for his first night's lodging in America. Isn't it fine to know that this homeless lad has finally become the greatest home-builder in the world? It makes us all feel more proud of our country, the land of opportunity. It also makes us all feel more secure about our investments in Florida when we find men of such means and such shrewdness contributing their brains and staking their dollars down here. In my humble opinion, as a man who has followed the procession of pioneers closely, we are approaching that period of affairs in Florida when constructive men of Mr. Gold's type will

come upon the stage in increasing numbers, while the purely lot-selling type of developer gradually retires from the lime-light. What Florida wants now is homes built upon these lots, farms to produce food for the settlers, and industries to give employment to the people. When one sees dogs trotting across the street with subdivision blueprints in their mouths—as I saw one recently in Miami—I like to take a walk out into the country and make sure that a few farms will be left from which to get my daily rations.

I like Fellsmere and I am going to tell you more about it later. But first I have some more to get off my chest about Louis Gold. He has already given me orders on this point, though. He wants me to make the sketch about him snappy. Every time I got him in a corner and began to ply him with questions about his personal adventures, he seemed to dodge the issue like my wife did when I was in the habit of proposing to her every fortnight or so, some twenty years ago. But the last morning I was there I followed him into his room at the hotel, locked the door, and made him cough up enough dope for the following summary of his more recent life and works.

Mr. Gold belongs to over one hundred and forty civic, fraternal, and social organizations in Greater New York. He is an Odd Fellow, a Mason, an Elk, a patron of musical arts, a golfer, a charity worker, a thoroughly good fellow who gives lots and gets much in return. And of all the organizations he has ever joined, he has never dropped out of one in his life. Twenty-five per cent of his leisure time is given over to charities, to which he is a generous financial prop. It would make this story too encyclopedic to go into detail.

In the way of building history in Gotham in which Mr. Gold has played a stellar role, to fully cover the ground, would take almost as much paper and ink as Wells used in his outline of world happenings from the day in the jungle when man branched off as a cousin to the ape—as the modernists claim. Mr. Gold's career as a home-builder is a quarter of a century of constructive achievement. Before his day a man who set out to build ten houses at a time was a big man of business. Construction programs were small individual affairs. But twenty-seven years ago he launched a building campaign in Brooklyn, erecting one hundred homes simultaneously, inaugurating the system of reducing building costs through wholesale operations. He is essentially a pioneer. He has always found new locations, starting developments, building up communities, into which others have followed him and made money. He buys large tracts, subdivides, builds on the bulk of the lots for people of average means, disposing of his holdings at a modest profit and passing on to the investor any returns in the way of unearned increment. Once Louis Gold opens up a tract



LOUIS GOLD of New York, the world's greatest builder of homes for the "common people," is devoting millions of dollars to building up the community of Fellsmere in Florida—transforming it into a modern, progressive and prosperous development

and puts the prices on the lots and houses, he never raises that price on them. He markets the whole property at the original figures. He does not go in for speculation at all. Like any

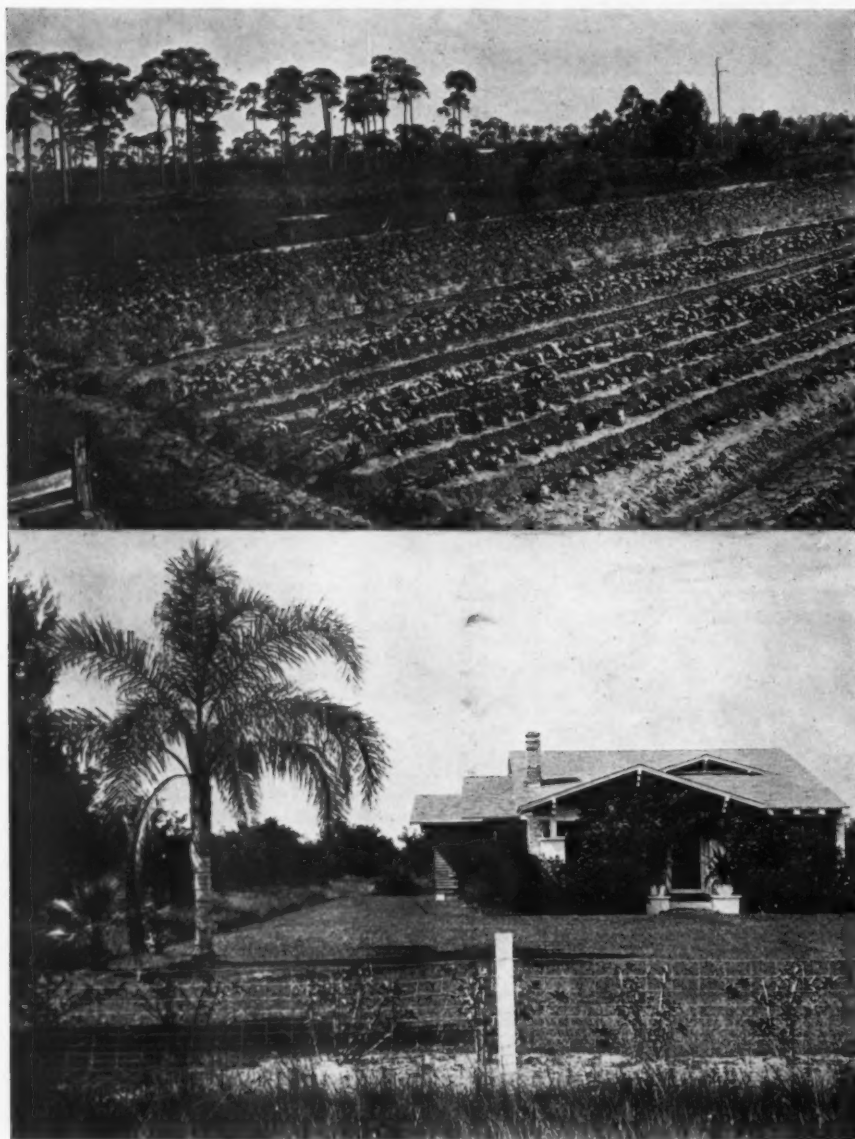
of Louis Gold & Co., of which Mr. Gold is the principal figure, as said before, has \$100,000,000 in development in process in the vicinity of the lower Hudson at this very moment—in Staten

perpetual summertime. It is the aim of this shrewd operator to convert this 60,000 acres of land into a self-sustaining community with thousands of contented residents in the space of three years, the time estimated for completing his development program which calls for an additional \$10,000,000 in the way of public improvements; \$5,000,000 have already gone into it in the way of drainage canals, private railroad, and other fundamental projects.

Fellsmere Estates is not a new undertaking. It was launched over a dozen years ago. From an agricultural standpoint it has successfully passed through the experimental stage. The great problem in Florida agriculture is the control of the water situation. When too much rain falls, crops are drowned out; with too little moisture crops do not grow. To overcome the first obstacle, drainage has to be perfected and to solve the latter requires irrigation. Of these two problems, drainage caused the most concern. The land is high enough—about twenty-five to thirty feet above sea level, and the slope is favorable, but it has only been in the last two or three years that engineers have succeeded in their efforts. And the system now in practice at Fellsmere, where they have 270 miles of drainage canals, at a cost of around \$3,000,000, has been adopted by the state in its immense reclamation program of Florida lands. A large fortune has been expended in experimental work on this tract, so much that the previous developers ran out of funds and called in Mr. Gold to take it over and finish the job. With its experimental work completed and with Mr. Gold's experience and capital to put the development on a practical basis, it is all set to go.

In looking over the property before purchasing it, Mr. Gold tells me that it immediately impressed him because it promised immediate income to the buyers of homes there. He could, therefore, offer it in good conscience to his customers in the north, who want a home here at reasonable prices with possibilities of earning a living in the community. He was so impressed with the outlook that it took him but one day, after getting back to New York, to close up all the details, and finance the undertaking, as said before involving \$50,000,000. On his return to Fellsmere a few weeks later, to give you an idea of the way he works, on the first day of his arrival he ordered \$700,000 worth of improvements for the town to be started at once, among other things a swimming pool, site for a town hall, new building, seven miles of new streets, and new street lamps. On the same day this Hercules performed such other little labors as reorganizing the Fellsmere Chamber of Commerce and putting the large fertilizer plant now on the property, as well as the private railroad leading to it from the Florida East Coast Railroad, nine miles distant, on a paying basis. These two latter industries, owing to poor management ideas, were heretofore operating at a loss. I could hardly keep up with the telling of all these incidents. The way these big fellows do move without making much motion makes some of us smaller fry gasp. Mr. Gold does things so quickly and so smoothly that it is all over with him long before the average mortal knows what it is all about.

The big point in favor of Fellsmere, as I snooped around over the property, picking golden tangerines, luscious oranges, and other fruits, struck me as being its agricultural and industrial background. The town, with a population of 700, rests upon an income-producing hinterland, half-acre to forty-acre tracts, planted to



ONE corner of a market garden at Fellsmere, showing the intensive cultivation practiced in this fertile and favored section of the state. "A few acres and fortune," is the slogan here. Below is shown one of the typical residences at Fellsmere, where all the year round fruits and flowers as well as vegetables grow and flourish. Comfort and even luxury is here attained by people in the ordinary walks of life

merchant would buy a lot of goods and retail them out at a fixed profit and no more. That has always been his practice and accounts in a large measure for his success as a home-builder.

It was thus that Mr. Gold put on the Bay Ride section of Brooklyn—building homes at a cost of \$6,000 to \$8,000 twenty-five years ago, now worth from \$100,000 up, and a thickly populated part of the city. Gradually increasing in power and means, he then acquired 1,550 lots in Borough Park, and constructed five hundred homes at a time. Then with the years followed Flatbush, Ridgewood, developments in Long Island City, and the Bronx, where he developed 4,000 lots and built 3,500 buildings on them at a cost of \$63,000,000 in 1924. The city of New York built \$7,000,000 of schools on property developed by Mr. Gold in that year. The firm

Island. At Yonkers, in the Bronx, on Long Island, where thousands of homes are being built by this Henry Ford of the real estate world.

And while these northern homes are going up under the supervision of trusted lieutenants, Mr. Gold is on the ground himself looking after Fellsmere Estates, which he considers the apple of his eye. He has been spending the winters in Florida for a great many years. But this is the first thing that really appealed to him. He is not a developer for exclusive residents. He builds for the rank and file. Until recently, the trend Floridawise has been largely of the wealthy class. But during the past year things have changed. The masses have now got "going to Florida" in their blood. And it is for these that he is preparing the Fellsmere acres, such as want a modest vine and fig tree of their own in this climate of

citrus groves and vegetables, with chickens and cows, and other things from which settlers can make a living. There are enough of these already making money from the land to convince me that all those who go there and apply themselves can do likewise. Tracts as small as two and one-half acres are also profitable, for the average annual yield per acre on the land in that region is \$1,000. Mr. Gold is so convinced of the economic basis for this community that he is himself going to erect one thousand homes there this year—building on a large scale as he does in New York and bringing in his materials by the train loads—which he will sell on easy terms the same as he does to the commuters of Gotham, being sure that the buyers can pay out on their commitments from their local earnings.

Consequently, in the course of my snooping about the Fellsmere Estates, I encountered Mr. F. W. Heiser, a large farmer of that section, who has been experimenting there for a dozen years. He is also the president of the board of supervisors for the Fellsmere Drainage District. He is a Hoosier, by the way, a race not given to excitement or over-optimism. Getting him to one side, I put him through the third degree. As Joe Mitchell Chapple, the editor of this magazine, is a bear for facts, I wanted to get something convincing on the agricultural situation in Florida. We want to know where our bread is coming from if we are going to buy lots in Miami. I also put Colonel Mudge, a very successful farmer of the locality, on the witness stand, and these two men, with more than a decade of dirt farming experience in Florida, proclaimed this spot as the best agricultural land in the state, bar none. And they also handed down a unanimous decision on the water problem. In effect, they said, first experiments at drainage there were unsuccessful. Now, they say, the drainage problem is solved, while by means of artesian wells which I saw in operation, water is supplied whenever needed. I saw green beans, yielding \$600 net per acre. They were picking great hampers of them from healthy bushes after fifty days of planting. I saw egg-plants, tomatoes, strawberries growing, everything in the vegetable line, growing as profusely as similar produce which I have seen in the fertile truck gardens of Holland. There were a lady and gentlemen from Missouri in the party with us, and even they were convinced before this Hoosier and the Colonel got through.

Drawing out Mr. Heiser a little further, he said, "I defy any northern farmer to duplicate what I have done here on the same acreage. I can, in fact, show four times as much off of ten acres, with one-half the capital investment, and one-quarter the labor as we get in the north. I have made as high as \$3,500 an acre net yearly



ABOVE, a tropical vista at Fellsmere, where every sort of vegetation flourishes the year round. Below is the quaint, artistic and beautiful Library building at Fellsmere, buried in a background of trees

off of citrus fruit, which bear after two or three years. But while they are being brought to the bearing stage, money is made off of vegetables on the same ground. Within ten weeks after planting, all kinds of vegetables can be sent to market and as high as three and four plantings are possible on the same ground yearly.

"In 1918 I farmed 160 acres of land in the Fellsmere district, and won first prize on my booth at the Jacksonville Fair over twenty counties of the state exhibiting 125 varieties of agriculture products. I grew the first bale of Sea Island cotton grown in South Florida on this land. In 1919 I went back to the fair and took sweepstakes over twenty-seven counties, with vegetables, forage crops, grain, and other things.

Corn is a good follow-up crop here. It is a splendid dairy country, because there is pasture for cows the year around, with all such grasses as Napier, Para, Bermuda, Natal, Sudan, sorghum, Japanese cane, vetch, beggar-weeds, cow-peas, soya beans and other crops for ensilage."

It would take too much space to quote more from this authority's talk. Suffice it to say that food raising, instead of lot-selling, is the principal occupation at Fellsmere. That and a fertilizer factory said to be the second largest in the United States, and other factories which Mr. Louis Gold and his associates will probably erect and get into operation there in about as short a time as Colonel Mudge takes to produce a crop of beans. The whole atmosphere of Fellsmere is work. It is a community where things are produced. There will be no food shortage there. And that is Mr. Gold's idea of sound development.

Fellsmere is strategically located. It is a focal point in the state, situated midway between Daytona and Palm Beach, just off the Dixie Highway, and on the cross-state road to Tampa, less than one hundred miles distant. It is, therefore, easily accessible to markets and convenient to arteries of travel. Florida has hitherto lived to a considerable extent from tourist traffic. But this condition cannot continue indefinitely. It must eventually produce more of what it consumes. The state should have well-diversified agriculture and industries to fit in with its excellent climate, and it is the purpose of the founders and developers of Fellsmere to work along these economic lines.

No matter how you look at Fellsmere—from the standpoint of writer, farmer, banker, business man, home-builder, investor or retired individual—it appeals strongly to those who know that the background of all sound undertakings is the land from which food comes and on which factories are to be built. The farms around Fellsmere are the security for the community against a possible decline in the price of real estate there. Where values are based on income, they are less speculative than values based on lots where population or industries may never go.

Louis Gold is the president of Fellsmere Estate Corporation, and the majority stockholder. This concern owns the unsold portion of the original tract of over 150,000 acres, which it will now market in small farms and town lots, with homes built thereon to suit the buyers. Associated with the Louis Gold interests in this master undertaking is a complete organization for sales and development, under the direction of Walter F. Mullen of Buffalo. With such a line-up, and with the experimental work of this project behind it, the outlook for the community is now almost as sunny as the sunshine of Florida itself.

NEIGHBORS

LET'S be neighbors, friendly neighbors,
While we're journeying through life;
Let's be comrades, friends, and brothers—
What's the use of all our strife?
How we jostle one another
Every day from sun to sun,
When we might as well be friendly—
For we're neighbors—every one.

Let's be neighbors, trustful neighbors,
Death's not very far away;
Let's join hands and help each other
Just a little every day.
There's no one so proud and haughty,
But before life's course is run,
He'll be calling for a neighbor—
Let's be neighbors—every one.

Let's be neighbors, honest neighbors,
Every man, and every land,
Lifting burdens for our brothers,
Helping with a ready hand.
If each man will do his duty,
Earth's hard chores will soon be done,
And we'll live in peace and plenty—
For we're neighbors—every one!

—Fred Keller Dix

The Old Order Changeth

Leo A. MacSweeney, new leader of political thought in Rochester, New York, relegates to the scrap heap the obsolete machinery of old-time party politics

By P. H. GALVIN

FOR more than thirty years prior to the entrance into its political affairs of Leo A. MacSweeney the city of Rochester, New York, one of the great industrial cities of the country, according to well-informed observers, had been ruled by a perfect political machine built and maintained by an astute and far-seeing political leader, the late Collector of the Port of New York, George W. Aldridge. The son of a Rochester contractor who had himself been a power in politics, young Aldridge inherited his father's political ability. His schooling at an end, he entered into the business of providing for the needs of the city. His political sagacity and capability almost immediately becoming evident, he was soon elected to the Executive Board of the City, and shortly afterwards became its Mayor. He resigned that office to accept appointment to that of Superintendent of Public Works; went into national politics, and during the remainder of his life was a prominent figure at the councils of his party.

Old-time residents of the city of Rochester tell many an interesting tale of his political wisdom and power. In many of the stories there is more than a suggestion of the Jethro Bass of Winston Churchill's "Coniston." Shrewd, canny and capable, he ruled the city with an iron hand—a veritable autocracy for which the present inhabitants may well feel grateful, according to my informant—himself an old-time dabbler in community affairs.

"Did I know Mr. Aldridge?" he asked when I approached him for his recollections of the late leader. Thumbs under his lapels, he expanded his chest and fixed me with an eye that peered over the rim of his glasses.

"Did I know Aldridge?" he repeated. "Why, me an' Aldridge was that close you couldn't get a wedge in between us. Yes sir, there was no happier man in Rochester than myself when Aldridge went to the National Convention in 1920, supported Warren Harding for the Presidency from the first ballot and was rewarded by receivin' one of the choicest gifts of the President—the position as Collector of the Port o' New York.

"Cut him off from city affairs? Nosiree! If anything, his power became stronger. Why, man! he had such a hold on the Republican organization of Rochester and Monroe County that no nomination for public office or appointment to a public position could be obtained in his baliwick without his consent. He made men—and even unmade a few. Men who deserved it a-corse! He kept one mayor in office for seven consecutive terms. He might still a' been in office if he hadn't been growin' old. Aldridge knew the man couldn't last much longer and so he begun to look 'round for someone to succeed him. Well, sir, he finally set his mind on a big wholesale druggist, Clarence VanZandt. But when it came time for VanZandt to run,

Aldridge's duties in New York kept him away from Rochester. It was a 'tough break' for VanZandt, but he managed to pull through and was elected by a small majority. Things was goin' fine then until the next June, when Mr. Aldridge suddenly got a stroke out at the golf links of the Biltmore Country Club at Rye, and dropped dead.

"Someone had to take Aldridge's place and the old man hadn't named his successor. But one of his friends stepped into the breach. For over twenty years Mr. Aldridge had as chairman of his County Committee an attorney who held office during this period as clerk of Monroe County. On the death of Aldridge, the clerk, Mr. James L. Hotchkiss, took it into his head he had inherited his boss's job, and so he imme-

diately began to drive the machine that Aldridge had built.

"Well, in 1923 he re-nominated and re-elected Mayor VanZandt and figured that things would go along just as smoothly as they had under Aldridge. But an old-timer like myself knew right well that somethin' was bound to happen. A new spirit—a spirit of independence—had been growin' up in the new administration, and the old system began to lose out. It might still a-clung on, however, if it hadn't been for one of Hotchkiss's stunts. Just before the primaries of 1925 he called his followers together under the willows at Newport where Aldridge had been accustomed to give out his orders and name his ticket for the next year, and announced that Mayor VanZandt, City Comptroller Wilson and District-Attorney Love, who had led the rebellion against the time-honored system, could not run again. Then he turned round and named three other candidates instead.

"The city was astounded. Most of the people had taken a liking to the spirit of independence that had grown up in the administration of these offices and looked for a continuance of this policy. But its leaders were refused nomination at the hands of their party, and things was pretty bad."

It was then that the young Irish lad who had come to Rochester with his family many years ago and settled in the old Eighth Ward began to make his appearance upon the political horizon. Leo MacSweeney had attended the public schools and become a popular hero by dint of his prowess as a football and baseball player. A natural-born leader, he had become from the very beginning the head of the group of boys with whom he associated, and as the years rolled round, his spirit of leadership asserted itself in everything that he undertook, and he became a successful business man.

In 1919 Mr. MacSweeney's personal friend, William F. Love, received the Republican nomination for District-Attorney of Monroe County. MacSweeney organized a non-partizan committee to further the interests of his friend who was elected by a huge majority. In 1922 when Love came up for re-election, a bitter war was waged against him, and again the young Irish business man organized a Citizens' Committee and had much to do with the district-attorney's re-election.

When, eventually, there came the great schism in the Gibraltar-like organization of the G. O. P. in Monroe County, on every hand was heard the question, "Can a successful opposition be developed?" At that time it seemed well nigh impossible. Only four weeks remained before the primaries, and if success was to be looked for, an organization complete in every detail must be built up in the twenty-four wards of the city and the nineteen municipalities of the county. An appeal must be made to some eighty thousand Republican voters. Who was there big enough,



LEO A. MACSWEENEY, successful business man and political leader of the great industrial city of Rochester, New York

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The PawPaw King of Florida

With a Grove of 271 trees in the Redlands District, Dr. J. Peterson has performed marvels as a horticulturist of the Sunshine State

IT was Emerson who said that the first farmer was the first man, and all historic nobility rests on possession and use of the land. Every now and then I hear the call of Mother Nature to "go out and lay my head in her lap, and listen to her lullabies." The songs of the countryside are always sweet music to my ears.

The late Russell Conwell delivered his famous lecture, "Acres of Diamonds," over six thousand times. I have often wondered where that priceless parcel of *terra firma* is. Sometimes I have thought it belonged to Utopia, the imaginary republic of Thomas Moore; at others, I associated it with the realms beyond. Living and learning and seeing, I have recently thought that these "acres of diamonds" are the glowing gems of nature's treasure trove, sparkling in the soil of "Favored Florida."

On New Year's Day, 1926, I wandered afield in the Peninsular State, finding Dr. J. Peterson, at Bonita Grove, living in "a house by the side of the road—a friend to every man." Aside from his fame as one of the great horticulturists of the United States, this Florida plant wizard is working out the mysteries of the alchemy of the soil. Rugged of physique, broad-shouldered, Rooseveltian in type, he radiates energy from every one of his two hundred odd pounds of bulk. Ready of speech, of kindly disposition, with much practical knowledge about trees and soil, thousands visit his home in the Redlands



A BEAUTIFUL display of tropical fruits grown on Bonita Groves. At the left is a date palm which yielded last season 126 pounds of dates. In the background are bananas. The tall tree is a Casatium, three years old

District of Florida—the citrus growing region of Dade County. I spent hours with him and his family of trees, which were like the hours spent with Luther Burbank, the wizard of plant life, at his home, Santa Rosa, in golden California.

Dr. Peterson has converted a coral waste into "acres of diamonds." On a small spot of ground, composing "Bonita Grove," the plant laboratory of this lover of plant life, I saw two hundred and seventy-one different varieties of trees sparkling 'neath the sunny skies and laden with the choicest fruit of the land. This Ph.D. has demonstrated concretely what can be done with trees on ten acres of ground in the Redlands district. He is one of the foremost horticulturists of the state, a leader whose practical examples show the way to those who hear the "battle cry of the soil." And according to this man who has arrived, as we say in the vernacular, working and willing has wrought these miracles. Florida soil and Florida climate, under intelligent management, ensure unparalleled profits to the fruit-grower.

Dr. Peterson is known as the "Papaya King." He talks to the trees and listens to them. He lives with them. I saw trees six months old bearing fruit. There were papayas, kumquats, tangerines, oranges, grape-fruit, avocado pears, guava, a veritable riot and profusion of horticultural wealth at Bonita Grove, the result of the simple equation—Florida soil and climate, plus real elbow grease. Diamonds as profitable grow on these trees, which include two hundred and seventy-one varieties.

In this great plant laboratory of "Favored Florida" this apostle of hard work has learned

that it is not necessary to spray his trees, for insects will not infest a healthy plant, the same as infection never bothers a healthy animal. He has also utilized palmetto in making humus—the waste that thousands are burning to clear land for subdivisions and lots. In between the trees are miniature vegetable beds, lettuce and tomatoes, and all other table greens growing the year around. There is not a waste foot of ground on these ten acres of soil diamonds in the form of fruit, flowers, and other foods. In the eyes of Dr. Peterson these trees and flowers are more precious than gems—they have flesh and blood, like ourselves; they are the source of life itself.

This plant magician tells me that trees talk, with more sense generally than most humans. He has actually seen, with the naked eye, banana shoots growing. "Learn their language and trees and plants," he says, "will tell you all their troubles as well as their joys. Like children, they like to pour out their hearts to sympathetic friends. Like children, also, their faces become pale when they are not properly cared for, their boughs grow crookedly when there is no interested guardian to make them go straight. Set one tree too deep and it chokes to death with the foul gases it inhales; another cannot breathe because it is covered with lichens and moss. Give the first one some ventilation and the second a white wash, just like a fond mother takes one of her sickly babies to the country and gives the other a few drops of paregoric or physic.

"Those curled, mutilated leaves tell you of lice," continued this tree-hygienist. "Scrub the little sufferer, use soap for the trunk and nicotine for the leaves. Sometimes ants use trees



DOCTOR AND MRS. J. PETERSON, owners and developers of Bonita Groves in Redlands, known as the most beautiful estate in Florida



ROADSIDE selling of fruits at Bonita Groves, which attracts thousands of tourists, pleasing producer and consumer alike—and eliminating the middleman

as pasture, suckling away sap and vitality. Destroy them. Spots on leaves and trees tell the same story as boils and eruptions on men. There is something wrong with the blood." Dr. Peterson finds out what it is, and, like Madame Bertha, removes hair by pulling it out. This sage of the Redlands disposes of plant diseases by getting them out of his trees. It is the healthy tree which bears the fruit.

I saw papaya trees in Bonita Grove only six months old, with such clusters of fruit that I felt like examining the crop, to make sure that some of them were not artificially hung there. These groves are set out in sets of one hundred and fifty females and ten males. Dr. Peterson is experimenting with a species of trees which shall contain both sexes in the same plant. A friend to whom he confided his hopes along that line, however, is persuading him to give it up. There is always the possibility that a discovery of that kind might be applied to the human race. That is a part of the science of tomorrow, and we are dealing with the "Favored Florida" of today, in which even fruit trees in this balmy clime still have to have mates.

The papaya is transplanted from South America. It grows a trunk eight inches in diameter in less than half a year. It can only be grown in frost-free regions. One tree produces about one hundred and twenty-five pounds of fruit per year, and the life of the plant is limited to two years. Papaya is a melon which grows on trees, and it is eaten much the same as a cantaloupe—seasoned with salt, pepper, sugar, or lemon juice. Sliced and served with whipped cream, papayas make a delicious dessert, and in combination with lettuce or sliced cucumbers, a wholesome and nourishing salad. They make up into good jelly; they can be stewed, boiled, baked, eaten raw, or swallowed whole, if the alimentary canal is large enough to conduct them to the stomach. They are a great food of the tropics. "Eating papayas," says Dr. Peterson, "is like a continued honeymoon, such as Hashish has it in the 'Arabian Nights.'"

The trunk, leaves, blossoms and fruit of the papaya, contain a milk juice, with a papain substance, something like animal pepsin. Properly used, it serves as a remedy for numerous ailments,

particularly indigestion. Under proper treatment it thrives in the open, porous pineland soils of the lower east coast of Florida. The Bonita Grove has some of the finest papaya trees I have ever seen.

When I see such a prolific production of food in Florida, I begin to feel that those who predict that the race will experience a shortage of food-stuffs within a few generations should "go way back and sit down." On the train coming down to Florida, I read an article published by one of these oracles. It seemed that he had isolated every economic germ, and was finally obliged to draw the conclusion that we would run short of food in exactly one hundred years to a day, if the nations did not adopt his theory—reduce the birth-rate officially.

Shortly after I arrived in Florida, I saw some of these papaya trees, and the avocado pears, of which I found fine specimens at Bonita Grove. Dr. Peterson has avocado trees that bear fruit in about half the time others do—the usual period being three to four years. And his trees looked healthier—while the fruit seemed larger—than in neighboring groves. It is apparently all in the way he prepares the soil, talks to his plants and listens to their stories of "growing



Miss Kathie Peterson and a Papaya Tree six months old

pains." He beamed with satisfaction, like the fond parent of a ruddy-cheeked child, when I patted the plump papayas and avocado pears that hung on his trees.

The avocado, like the papaya, is a substantial food, also transplanted in Florida, found in its wild state in the West Indies, Central America, and Mexico. As a new source of food supply, if its possibilities are fully exploited, it "knocks all the rubbish about an early food shortage into a cocked hat." Like the papaya, it thrives in the coral soil of southern Florida. In countries where this fruit grows in its native state it is often the only food of the primitive population. As a fruit-food, physicians have pronounced it the most perfectly-balanced in existence. Expert analysis has shown that the food content of one avocado pear—a pound to a pound and a half—is equal to two pounds of lean meat, while it is a more healthful food for warm climates than the latter. Its food value is more comparable to a diet of eggs and milk, and in the treatment of diabetes, neuritis, and similar chronic disorders, it is recommended as a curative agent.

The avocado tree requires a well-drained soil, such as the coral rock formation of this district, with a plentiful supply of moisture, and a tropical



A CLUSTER of Taylor Avocados from Dr. J. Peterson's Bonita Groves. This variety is harvested in February and March and usually brings one dollar per pound

climate. The tree must have warmth, but it cannot withstand hot winds. It also requires abundant moisture in the air, and passing over its roots, but not the kind of moisture that would keep it cold and damp. It is very sensitive to weather changes, requiring an equable temperature the year around. Such is the fame of the avocado pear of the Redlands district, that the growers have never advertised their product, yet have a demand from all parts of the United States for all they can produce, much of the local crop being shipped even to California, where attempts to raise avocado pears has not been altogether successful. The fruit, the shape of a pear—in sizes varying from one to five pounds—is eaten raw out of the shell or prepared as a combination salad with cabbage or green peppers. It is a most delicious as well as a nutritive breakfast food, and will sustain life.

Ordinarily the avocado tree bears in its third year, although by coaxing them along, as Dr. Peterson does, they produce younger. A grove

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A Paradise on Earth—the Isla de Palmas

One of America's South Sea Isles where fashionable folk play 'neath Florida's smiling skies. Its exclusiveness attracts those born to the purple who love outdoor sports and romance

By KEENE DE DAVEE

NOT long ago I met a charming society woman, of the Newport flavor, who insisted that she had found a paradise on earth—a place where men and women could live together forever, so to speak, with the sweetest joys and the wildest woes, which make up the thrills and romance of adventurous souls. This meeting was in Miami, where each day I chance upon some old friend of the good old days.

This lady is young, a beautiful blonde, with large, lustrous eyes, with almost as many shades, colors and expressions in them as the many-hued waters of the Biscayne Bay. She has other points in her favor, too, which lend to her persuasive powers when it comes to managing a man. Yet, I was not convinced. Like doubting Thomas, I would have to put my finger on this earthly paradise before I could believe her. So many of the hopes and dreams and schemes of life have not come true with me. I did not think there was such a place—even in Florida—and told her so, diplomatically of course, and planned to go about my business—writing regular stuff for magazines.

But you know the ways of women—especially charming ones—there is no system that I have ever devised yet to prevent them from getting what they want, whether it is some bonehead of a man or the simple acceptance of some opinion which they have hatched out in their shapely heads. I told her that the editor of this magazine had no faith in earthly paradises either—he is older than I am and has had even more disappointments. But she convinced me on that point. Then I put up the excuse that I had no way to get to her island paradise, to verify her impressions. But that was easy—she chartered a small yacht, made up a party, toted me on board, and proceeded to take me to her promised land—the Isla de Palmas—one of the group of the Florida Keys, a good day's cruise from Miami. A brown-eyed brunette accompanied us.

The lady's name is not given. The nice little group which made up the party wants no publicity either. We all go *nom de plume* or nameless in this story. Much can happen in a day on board a yacht, in the tropical setting of Florida's waters, with the balmy air of the Gulf Stream, wonderful moonlight nights, fish so numerous that they beg to be caught, and all the other things which add color and romance to a trip at sea. But nobody cares for details of that sort in a sketch of this nature. What the reader wants to know about is this Isla de Palmas—the lady's paradise on earth—and whether or not she got away with it—convincing me of the reality of her dream.

The Isla de Palmas is about twenty-five miles from Key West, near Big Pine Key—only three miles from the Florida East Coast Railway and the scenic highway from Miami to Key West now under construction. It is approximately one hundred and twenty miles south of Miami,

and is only a stone's throw from Munson Island—a beautiful eight-acre tract, with a landing pier for yachts, a large country house, and other equipment for this millionaire who spends his winters there. This is getting ahead of the story, but we visited the Munson Island on the trip, and in a little target practice with some of his guns on the estate, this lady who was leading me around convincing me she could shoot straighter than I could. She hit the mark three times to my two. When I saw how handy she was with a gun, like Agrippa was almost persuaded to be a Christian, I was taking more stock

which are the grey marl bottom and the water with the sun reflecting on them, giving lights and shades and tints, so beautiful that there is nothing else with which to compare it. Even the rainbow, to which we usually liken things with many pretty colors, as a perfect example, does not seem to have such coloration as these waters near the Isla de Palmas, which is to be developed along the lines of Newport, giving the fashionable world a place to play in winters in a South Sea atmosphere, yet convenient to the civilization of America.

Getting nearer and nearer to this "earthly paradise," we were in the heart of the Keys when the sun went down. Grouping ourselves on the upper deck at the fore of the ship, we sat there



"FIFTEEN men on the dead man's chest"—but no! this is not Treasure Island that lies before us—though our first glimpse of it brings visions of buried pirate loot, gold moldores, Spanish doubloons and the like. This bit of scenery lifted bodily from the South Seas is a part of the curving shore line of the Isla de Palmas still in its natural state. Above is shown the government lookout

in her tale of this earthly paradise of hers. She seemed more like a practical dreamer.

But before one gets to the Isla de Palmas there is much worth while to be seen as the yacht glides smoothly down the Miami River out into the beautiful waters of the Biscayne Bay—with its colors so varied that no one can adequately describe them. The same with the water colors near the Florida Keys, the base materials of

drunk in wonderment at what nature itself can do so much better than the most clever artist. The greatest painters of all time—Rembrandt, Van Dyke, Raphael, Michaelangelo, and all the modern Royal Academicians—have never been able to sketch such landscapes. I have traveled a lot in my lifetime, cruising in the rivers, harbors, and seas of much of the five continents, but the combination of water colors, tropical vegetation,

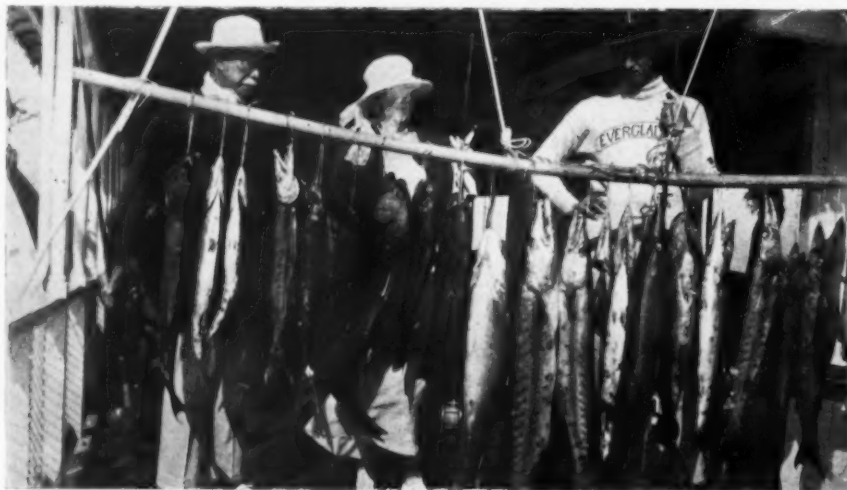
clear skies, and clouds that trip like fairies on the horizon, make one actually feel that this must have been the Garden of Eden, where Adam and Eve spent their brief honeymoon. I want

way and is being done by the Oversea Engineering Company of Key West—professionals in Key Island property developments. Newfound Harbor—an old landing place for sea-going craft—

did not tell me that, of course. They are rarely quite as frank as that. But somehow I got that idea anyway. It is to be another Newport, you know, with all that that means.

The climate in this region is very fine. In the winter it is tempered by the warmth of the Gulf Stream, while in summer it is cooled by the trade winds, coming from a large expanse of water. The highest temperature for the last twelve years was ninety degrees; the lowest forty. There are less than five days in the year when the sun does not shine.

In the February number, the NATIONAL MAGAZINE plans to feature the Florida Keys, but I feel that a paragraph about them in general will be of interest—to explain the enthusiasm of this society woman over her new-found paradise. One can hardly realize what a garden spot this chain of islands really is—what it offers in the way of sites for fine estates. Eighty million dollars are now being spent in developing these keys. From Miami on to Key West by boat one can visualize a great chain of fine estates, following in the line down from the great Deering Estate. Seen from the yacht going south, it will appear somewhat like a trip down the Rhine, with American castles springing up on the main land to one side and on the Keys to the other. This is the real tropics of America—the most favored playground of tomorrow for the wealthy ones of the earth. And in the midst of this panorama of castle building on the keys, the



COLONEL ROBERT MEANS THOMPSON, sportsman, on his houseboat "Everglades," with a catch of fish from the waters around the Isla de Palmas. Colonel Thompson is an ardent devotee of sports and frequently cruises in these "South Sea" isles of America off the coast of Florida

to describe the landscape, with sponge and coral rock beneath us as the ship glides along through the straits, with beautiful tropical trees at either side of us, the water growing a deeper and deeper blue, the horizon tinted with many golden colors, an occasional heron rearing its head from the shallow waters, and all the other rignmarole that unite to produce an overpowering panoramic effect. But I dislike long-winded descriptions. Read Ruskin's account of a sunset and add a lot more to it. The Florida Keys have the most enchanting sunsets in the world. Somewhat resisting the idea of having a woman persuade me of a thing against my will, I kept my own counsel as we sat there taking it all in. But with an expression of triumph in those wonderful blue eyes of hers, she looked straight into mine, without speaking, as if she were about to quote a phrase from the Merchant of Venice: "Now, infidel, I have you on the hip."

The Isla de Palmas, which this lady says is an earthly paradise—and I believe her now—will comprise three hundred acres when it is all rounded out and developed along proposed lines. It is the only island development down this way being wholly handled by one concern, which makes it certain that only one class of tenants will be permitted to buy estates there—the exclusive set, such as the Newport crowd. Sixty acres will be set aside and developed into a golf course; there will be a clubhouse, landing piers for yachts, and all the other conveniences for people of class and means. It will be of interest only to those who can afford their own yachts, providing their own transportation to the railroad station a few miles distant or anywhere else—to Miami, to Key West, or to Havana, all only a few hours by boat from the island.

The island was purchased by the Miami Land Corporation last summer—strong developers—with an office in the Meyer-Kaiser Bank Building, Miami, with ample financial means to carry through a construction program which calls for an outlay of \$2,500,000. Work is now under

is on this island and will be dredged out and enlarged for the convenience of the residents.

Ambitious plans for this "earthly paradise" are rapidly being executed. It will have drive-ways—a water front boulevard encircling the island, which will be landscaped in tropical effect, the same as the whole property will be landscaped. It will contain a sixty-acre golf course, and very likely a yacht club and polo field. The yacht basin will be five hundred feet wide by twelve hundred feet long—a sort of a depot for all marine craft, with its fishing pier extending from the shore several hundred feet into the water. Docking space for a yacht to every estate is being provided. Fishing being one of the great sports of this region—some six hundred specimen being found here—many of them in great abundance, nothing will be left out that will facilitate that sport. Hunting is also good; birds, ducks, and other fowl abound plentifully.

In its natural state this island is magnificent, with sand beaches which will ultimately completely surround it, filled in by a dredging process. It is a few feet above sea level in most places and in others it will be raised to that height, while good drainage and other conveniences of civilization are included. And unless you get the impression that my fair guide would let a hardened doubter of her new-found paradise off so easily as merely to look triumphantly at me about it, she sort of rubbed it in by asking me where else I thought I could find anything as nice as that near a railroad and scenic highway within forty-eight hours of New York—a small tract surrounded by water, on which only one's own set could come, in the tropics, under the American flag—in a balmy South Sea island setting where romance is and where pretty maids and matrons can play with Beau Brummels of the land. "If love laughs at locksmiths" in colder and less inviting climes, think of the Romeos and Juliettes—old ones and young ones—who will have their "sweetest joys and their wildest woes" on this Florida Key. This lady



FLORIDA mahogany growing wild on the Isla de Palmas. These trees are indigenous only to the true tropics

Isla de Palmas stands out as the one great development of the hour. It will be the Newport of the South. "To belong," this lady finally summed up her case, will mean that you join her colony on this "earthly paradise." And the brunette of the party—with no less emphasis—nodded her approval.

Dominick Henry of the Checker Taxi Service

FROM an office window overlooking famous Columbus Circle in New York City, I looked recently upon a scene that was a fitting environment or setting for a chat with Dominick Henry. The stately monument at the end of Central Park, to say nothing of the statue of Columbus high on a pedestal, look down serenely night and day on the merry-go-round movement of automobiles and pedestrians. More than thirty-five thousand cars swing around the Circle in the course of twenty-four hours, and yet, with all this confusing labyrinth of traffic, the Circle has not known a single accident during the past year.

This scene pictures better than anything else the achievements of Dominick Henry, who, for thirty-five years a member of the New York police force, for the last five years has been deputy chief inspector in command of all traffic divisions in Greater New York. As the executive head of the Checker Cab Service Corporation he is applying the experience of years in the solution of the taxi and traffic problems of the metropolis from another angle.

Sitting at his desk, he looks down upon the seething swirl of traffic in Columbus Circle and watches the endless flow of cabs and cars in every direction, seemingly without intent or purpose, and yet under as perfect a system of regulation as it is possible to conceive. The perfect orderliness is marred only by the insistence of venturesome jay-walkers on violating the pedestrian regulations.

This remarkable systematic handling of one of New York City's gravest problems is an exemplification of what an emigrant boy from the County of Derry, in Ireland, has accomplished in the forty-five years since he landed in America without a dollar to his name.

As we chatted, Mr. Henry exhibited a lucky penny pocket piece which, as a boy, he had brought with him from the Motherland and which he has carried with him ever since.

"I'm much too practical to be superstitious," he declared, "and yet I would not part with it for the world. There is a great deal of sentiment connected with it, and practical as we may think ourselves, few of us ever reach that stage of stoicism—thank God!—that utterly discards it."

Dominick Henry came to this country to take up his residence with an aunt. It was intended that he should enter the priesthood, but, as he jocularly puts it, "Instead of that, I became a policeman."

He was not, however, a free agent in making this change. After the intensive course of study which he undertook, and the rigors of the life he was called upon to lead, young Henry, never too robust, found his health failing and consulted the family physician, who decreed that only an outdoor occupation could possibly enable him to regain his health.

A brilliant student, the young Irish lad during his spare moments mastered three systems of

telegraphy, and then, far from content with his acquirements, gave his attention to the mastery of touch typewriting and the cabalistic symbolism of shorthand. Fairly radiating ambition and never satisfied with the laurels he had garnered, he decided to put his evenings to some useful purpose, and, while earning about \$5 a week during the daytime, studied law, and later medicine, at the Bellevue Hospital during the evening.

The officials of the Western Union Telegraph Company are proud to point out the fact that during his youth Dominick Henry was manager of their offices, first at 14th Street and Third Avenue, and later at Wall Street. He has, it seems, had a finger in many pies, and the range of the various vocations he has followed is wide.

When he reached the age of twenty-two, a tall, slender young Irishman weighing less than one

hundred and thirty-six pounds presented himself at police headquarters and was appointed to the force. He was, at that time, the only male stenographer in the department.

In 1908 he was assigned as captain to the Mercer Street Station, where he had important responsibilities in a district where the large department stores and silk and fur establishments of that time were established. This was known as the "penitentiary precinct," for to this section patrolmen were sent for discipline.

From his earliest days on the police force, his service has commanded, not only personal appreciation, but favorable editorial comment from the leading New York newspapers. His scrap book is a veritable thriller with its accounts of his work in capturing desperate characters and meeting all sorts of conditions which prevailed in those days, but Dominick Henry passes it all over as the simple record of a day's work.

In his scrap book I found an account of a thrilling night chase of two members of the famous "Growler" gang. The race led over a slender bridge, across house tops and through streets with a running fire of pistol shots throughout.

As captain of this precinct, Dominick Henry made a remarkable record, securing total abstinence pledges and the rehabilitation of many who were "down but not quite out," and the salvaging of whom made more than one success out of the raw material of failure. Dominick Henry was a leader in every sense of the word. He loved his work and was a real comrade to his associates. It was he who established the Holy Name Society among the policemen with an enrollment of 118 men, which has today grown to over 8,000. This organization has done more, perhaps, to uplift the men on the force than any other single thing. On one occasion, when Captain Henry spoke at a meeting of the Holy Name Society, it was impressive to see his entire command, after he had delivered his address, kneeling at the altar rail solemnly pledging themselves to abstain from all blasphemous, profane and obscene language, and to abstain from the use of alcoholic liquors, which to a man they did.

A real executive knows no fear. It was Dominick Henry who was detailed to clean up the Tenderloin District in 1918, and, as a result, there is neither a street nor an alley in "lil ol' N' Yawk" with which he is not intimately acquainted. As a result of his knowledge of the district and of his men, during the twenty-two consecutive months that the captain was in charge of the Mercer Street Station, according to General Bingham, then Police Commissioner and a relentless disciplinarian, not one burglary occurred. General Bingham always insisted that Henry could get more out of his men through his humane and considerate treatment than any other man he had ever met in his career of 40 years as an army officer.

There is many a plot for a penny dreadful in that scrap book of Captain Henry's. There are



LIEUT.-COL. DOMINICK HENRY
Ex-Deputy Chief New York Police Department

records of rescues in fires and other catastrophes, of clever detective work and fearless service to his department. There is the record of the capture of the Humpty Jackson gang in a riot, when Dominick Henry was still a lieutenant. It was on this occasion that the present Police Commissioner saved his life by a quick duck when bullets were flying thick and fast in his direction. There is a cartoon showing his activities when he and the then Lieutenant Enright were organizing the Lieutenants' Banquets. There is also the report of a clever capture of a criminal which, because of its novelty, I shall record here.

At three minutes to twelve one night the Captain received a message from Mt. Vernon to the effect that three houses had been burglarized and that the only clue to the identity of the burglar was a shoe that he had evidently lost in his flight. Captain Henry immediately held all the midnight platoons from the Bronx and intervening stations, instructing them to look for a man without shoes. Nine minutes after the report of the burglary had reached the station, the burglar was found on a Webster Avenue street car without his shoes. The booty was returned within an hour, completing what is probably the swiftest capture and adjustment on record; the burglar, the black sheep of a wealthy family, committed suicide next day in White Plains jail.

On another occasion, while in command of the police force at headquarters on July 4, 1924, a report came in over the wire to the effect that an automobile going south on Washington Avenue, Brooklyn, had fired a volley of shots into an automobile standing at the curb, wounding three children, and had made a "get-away" at the rate of fifty miles an hour. The only clue to the identity of the occupants was the statement of a ten-year-old girl that the first three numbers of the six on the license plate were " - - - 085." Chief Henry immediately sent out an alarm together with orders to apprehend all autos bearing the serial numbers given. In seven minutes a car was driven up to the Delancy Street Station House, which was not the one wanted. In twenty minutes the police in the five boroughs had gathered in all seven cars bearing the numbers " - - - 085." One of these had been picked up on its way to Coney Island, brought to the station house, and its occupants, who were all Italians, taken into custody and questioned. All denied their guilt. Faced with the necessity of finding some proof of their guilt or else of releasing them, Chief Henry immediately bethought himself of an expedient.

"Did you search the car?" he asked the detective.

"No," replied the latter.

"Then do so immediately," the Chief ordered.

In two minutes from the time he received the order, the detective returned. "Yes, Chief," he announced, "I found two revolvers in the bottom of the car, and both are still hot." Going into the back room where the three culprits were seated, and confronting them with the evidence, he soon obtained a confession of their guilt, and thus, in less than twenty-five minutes from the time the announcement was received over the wire, a mystery which at first looked as though it might turn out one of the unsolvable variety was completely cleared up.

Though not even the discovery of loaded bombs in front of his station ruffled the Captain, he was always kindly personified, and had, and

still has a deep affection for children and animals. For five years while he was a captain of the Mercer Street Station, "Prince," an Irish setter, was his daily and nightly companion. Though Henry was known as the "Iron Man," the dog soon discovered that his master had a heart that was far from steely. Proud as Lucifer, the dog marched in all the parades with the captain, and answered to the roll-call every day with all the other "blue-coats," always marching in front with military step and precision.

It seems almost unbelievable that fifteen years ago Chief Henry had a squad of one hundred and forty-seven policemen, all of them on the water wagon. But stranger still—his temperance ideals now extend all over the country!

Throughout his public career, Chief Henry has devoted himself faithfully and unselfishly to the uplift and betterment of his fellow-men, and thus he will continue to the end.

While an inspector, Dominick Henry was the right hand and support of Commissioner Enright in his campaign to make New York one of the cleanest cities in the country. As a result of the activity of the Inspector who, in this, perhaps the most remarkable campaign against vice and gambling known to the world, New York's tenderloin, once the most notorious of all city sections in the country, was cleared up by Henry and has become but a memory.

Chief Henry was the organizer of the Police Department Quartette, which developed into the now famous New York Police Department Glee Club of one hundred voices. When Commissioner Enright was presented with a portrait of himself after his inauguration into office in 1918, an event of singular importance to policemen the world over, marking as it did, the first time in history that a man had been chosen from the ranks to become Police Commissioner of the greatest force in the world, Dominick Henry presided at the banquet in the Biltmore Hotel which marked the beginning of a notable era in police administration.

A born leader of men, Mr. Henry was president of the Metropolitan Police Benevolent Association for a period of ten years, as well as President of the Captains, Inspectors, and Surgeons Organization. He has also held other ranks than those in the Police Department. On June 5, 1924, President Coolidge designated Dominick Henry a Lieutenant-Colonel, O. R. C., United States Army.

Among the last acts of Commissioner Enright was the appointment of Dominick Henry as Honorary Chief of the Police Department of New York, an honor that has been earned by long, notable and efficient service. This is the highest distinction that any one serving on the Police Force can obtain.

One can hardly believe the fact that Chief Henry has spent more than a third of a century in the police force. Deep in his blue eyes there smolders the fire of youthful vigor; irresistible power fairly glows from the firm set of his jaw, and there is an emphasis in his manner of speaking that indicates virility and the vitality that he possesses.

Many flattering offers had been made to him while a member of the police force, but he was loathe to give up his life work until he realized that the taxicab situation needed a succoring shoulder at the wheel in order to help it over some of its present rough spots.

Finally offered a salary of \$25,000, he accepted

the position looking toward providing New York with an honest, up-to-date taxi service with Checker cabs de luxe, distinctive in their Rolls-Royce blue and Toronto tan tops. He insisted that the emblem of the Checker service should stand for the best in everything, maintaining that it requires no greater outlay in the long run to transport passengers in the best of comfort and with the best of chauffeurs than it does the old-fashioned run-down gorilla cabs with their ex-thug drivers.

Placed in command of the traffic of five boroughs by Commissioner Richard E. Enright, Dominick Henry began his work by making some very drastic changes. First of all, he eliminated the parked cars on Fifth Avenue and Broadway and put a stop to the standing of idle pleasure cars on all busy business thoroughfares, thus increasing the efficiency of traffic 47 per cent. He established one-way streets for vehicular traffic extending from Bowling Green to Fifty-ninth Street, making the odd numbers west-bound, even numbers east-bound. Thus the continual truck blockades and, in fact, any possibilities of congestion, were eliminated and the traffic of the great metropolis was channeled through the various streets with the ceaseless motion of an ocean wave rushing toward the shore of Coney Island's famous beach. This system has saved hundreds of lives and millions of dollars to New York merchants. The one-way street regulation has reduced the accidents to children by over 50 per cent. Children can easily keep an eye out for traffic moving in one direction, but two-way traffic is too much for them to watch.

Another great aid to the traffic system was the adoption of the "skip stop" plan for street cars and busses. Under this arrangement stops can be made only at even-numbered streets, an innovation resulting in the acceleration of the movement of traffic by over 35 per cent.

It is to Dominick Henry's administration, further, that New York owes its remote control system whereby a comparatively few policemen manage the traffic on all the avenues from one inobscure point, thus saving the city the cost of two regulars and one relief man in each traffic light. In fact, by this method of synchronized control, one invisible officer with an electric switch could control all vehicular traffic on as many streets and avenues as desired.

Chief Henry was the organizer of the Traffic School, to which all policemen must go for a course of training before being assigned to traffic duty.

Though his record as a public official stands pre-eminent, eventually Dominick Henry came to the conclusion that he could better serve the public in a private capacity. He retired from the police force and now sits in his watch-tower at Columbus Circle, keeping in touch with the whirlpool of traffic sailing around in all directions with never a hitch or a collision.

There is no other taxi service that has in its executive and operating management an administrator superior to Dominick Henry. In their examinations and training his men are required to meet the most exacting traffic requirements.

The taxicab service is growing in importance every day and all over the country. The luxury of yesterday is looked upon as the necessity of today. Uniform rules and regulations, to say nothing of the standardized signs, are a crying necessity. First, last, and always the safety of human life should be the first consideration.

Why I Bet on Florida

Concrete reasons why the future of this great state is wrapped in colossal possibilities of commercial and financial importance quite aside from tourist travel or winter visitors

By JAMES McLEOD

NEWSPAPER men, as distinguished from journalists, have a broader comprehension of any presentation than their lay or professional brethren who codify and conclude from ready-made premises of the class tutor. Our background is more robust; we are of an older school that was based in the fundamentals of observation by hard training in the country weekly field before gravitating into the big city stall. We were taught to consider well before making hasty conclusions. We had to, or get into trouble with some agency 'twere better not to offend by rash decision.

This, in a sense, made us more inclined to justify equations before accepting them as such, and to get the root classified before naming the foliage. Grafters (horticultural, of course) may tinker with trunk and leaf and disguise a thistle as a dwarf fig tree; but the Almighty alone can change the root.

The process of training taught us to think, and because of that application of common sense I wager on Florida as a great state of the future; a very great state, powerful, important, and possibly a rival of any in the Union in wealth, power, and relative values to the nation.

Strong talk? No; merely a presentation of the findings for which I append my reasons.

First, Florida is a new country. New England and the Atlantic seaboard states were wealthy, populous and flourishing when Florida, within memory of some living, was a wild, little-known land with Indian troubles. It was alien in title, way, vogue and in our considerations. As the rest of the nation understood it, civilization ended at Savannah.

Came the Seminole War to heighten this belief; the days before the Civil War diverted attention from Florida, and after the conflict the pioneer mind strayed westward. Even as recently as the dawn of this century Florida meant nothing much to the nation. A few of the very rich went to play, and even they were without unbounded faith in the Flagler scheme. From my home town in Maine we shipped orange box shooks to Florida; some of our wealthy folk spent winters there, but they never ventured beyond Palatka. Our coasting schooners occasionally went as far as Fernandina or Jacksonville and the stories brought home by the sailors were not of the sort to inspire pioneering. The oranges, alligators, and slack natives were about all the sights.

Our northern folks overlooked Florida, if they even gave it a second thought, and went to southern California, or to Oregon and Washington.

Florida appeared neglected, quite, in our thought, and it might still be a sort of Cinderella but for the World War.

This is an angle of the Florida case I am to consider, and I do not believe it has been given rightful importance by any writers thus far. The study of history teaches as much, and if I were asked to epitomize the teaching and reduce it

to an axiom I would repeat the old saying, "Coming events cast their shadows before."

The public, even the men in high places, appear rarely to have perceived epochal drift until the fact knocked at the door. Few now realize what, in my opinion, is the real, outstanding reason why Florida is a land of destiny, by fate decreed to be our greatest gateway to the world, with its sovereign city Miami sure to be the next great city of the world.

Europe is drifting; our concretely considered exports and general trade with Europe are unsettled, unstable, and will be for long. Our real great contact is with the southern section of the American hemisphere, and the Panama Canal is the jugular vein through which the blood of trade will pulsate—and Miami, Tampa, and Jacksonville, the ports, and Florida the state, will be intensively commercial. And there is where the substantial root is found, by which the foliage shall flourish and be known.

Every school child knows that the Florida peninsula juts out into the sea from our country, a gigantic pier and warehouse site built by Nature, and Nature never builds at random. The great Brazils, the Argentine, Uruguay and Paraguay on the south, will use that pier!

The "Spanish Main" and the west coast of South America are developing, too, into great countries. When the tremendous growth along modern lines, in South America during the last fifty years is considered, one may perceive quickly that South America fast is overtaking Europe with its dead and dying dynastic feuds and feudal ways, and that within our generation it will, next to the Northern Hemisphere, be earth's greatest continent in human advancement, wealth and trade and cultural standing and dignity.

A glance at the globe or at the map reveals that all sea lanes from South America, and from Africa, too, now responding slowly but surely to the call of Nature's evolution, lead to Florida. Already there are laid rails leading north and west from Florida, up along the Atlantic seaboard, the hives of industry and trade; diagonally through the Ohio valley and Tennessee bottoms and on to the Great Lakes; again diagonally to the Middle West and the Northwest—one may lay a rule from Florida in any direction in our continent, and find it demarks the path of commerce.

This is the condition evolved by the World War, a welding of interests of the upper and lower Americas, and the in-between Mexico and Central America.

A study of the map, with a mind reflecting on the lights of history, shows to me conclusively that Florida has a magnificent future; the certainty of an importance and opulence surpassing what we have known. The obstacles placed by Nature for man to overcome are being encom-

passed; the shores and the swamps are being transformed into Sharon.

Boom? Thus far there have been merely the bubbly show of the start of flood tide. There will be back-surges, as in everything in nature—but they will be merely the resiliency of the advancing flood. Recession from the boom? Yes, certainly; but the great sufferers will not be the so-called victims of over-enthusiasm, the "victims" of the "speculation"—the great sufferers will be the jobbers who didn't hold on to even the most barren, God-forsaken area that ever served as base for a real estate operation or development.

Ten years ago an old lady squatted on worthless sand dunes, and started a pitiful fish dinner shack, where the great city of Gary, Indiana, now is bursting its civic limits. Her title has been successfully defended and a quarter of a million dollars refused for it. This will happen, too, in the density of the jungle of the Everglades; it will happen in the sandy reaches now deemed worthless; and where the alligator lurks in its remote fastness, who shall deny the possibility of great mills, huge office buildings, aristocratic suburbs and country clubs and residential estates?

For the future of Florida is not wrapped up in tourist travel or in winter visitors; it isn't bound up in citrus or any other vegetation; nor will the small enterprises provide employment for the rank and file.

Its future is wrapped in the colossal possibilities—yes, probabilities of a gigantic commercial, industrial, financial and technical importance befitting the Ocean Pier of America.

Such it will be as sure as the rising sun, and where now the batteau rots on the brush-hung shore of the inland river, there will in time be heard the roar of the fabricating of giant craft, sea craft, to do its part in the ocean carriage.

Nonsense? And where will the coal and power come from to run all these plants? Hydro-electric—from the northwest corner of the neighboring state, the short abutment, so to speak, of Alabama, the Mussel Shoals power plant—and when the ensemble is studied, the Ocean Pier and the contingent needs, it is revealed clearly why the Almighty provided the water shed and course and made the power site obvious to man.

The whole idea may never have occurred to you before. The Florida future, as boldly drawn on the surface of the globe, shows clearly that it will be tremendous; that the state thus far has had a mere dream. The vision itself is revealing; the coming events have cast their shadows. The vastness of it all is awe-inspiring. Great men, and great women, too, must fit to do their part in working out the destiny of the wonderful state to come, plainly predestinated to be the brightest star in our galaxy.

Slowly but surely the groundwork has been laid. Pioneer after pioneer, Ponce de Leon, the Huguenots, Andrew Jackson, Henry Flagler, Plant, and Wilson, yes, and Bryan, too, all have

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The Stevenson Memorial

The little cottage at Saranac Lake where the Master Romancer of his generation lived through one Adirondack winter makes a fitting shrine to his memory

By LIVINGSTON CHAPMAN

Secretary Stevenson Society of America

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S stay at Saranac Lake was only a few months in measure of time, but no time-measure can be applied to the quantity or quality of the work he accomplished while living in the little white cottage on what is now known as Stevenson Lake. Many of the essays published in 1888 were written during these months, among them being "The Lantern Bearers," "Pulvis et Umbra," "Gentlemen," "Beggars," "A Chapter on Dreams," and "A Christmas Sermon." It is not generally known that much of his inspiration for the final chapters of "The Master of Ballantrae" came from the scenery in and about Saranac Lake, although the story was finished elsewhere.

The ill health which forced him to forego a trip to Colorado drove him to Saranac Lake, at that time practically a hamlet and with hardly any inhabitants, aside from Dr. Edward Livingston Trudeau, capable of appreciating his genius. The villagers were not used to the customs of society nor had they received the benefits of education beyond that afforded by their primitive school system. As a consequence they did not understand Stevenson, and thought him "queer"—an appraisal that did not disturb him in the least.

The trip to Saranac Lake could not have been an enjoyable one. On October third, 1887, he arrived at Loon Lake, which the Chateauguay Railroad, a narrow-gauge railway building toward Saranac Lake, had just reached. From thence he rode in a buckboard over twenty miles of such roads as then ran through the Adirondacks—very different from the smooth highways of today.

Finally he reached the Baker house, "the cottage in the eye of the winds." He tells us how he had left Bournemouth with his "engine missing fire," but here he found "the hill air inimitably fine." He enjoyed the bracing, invigorating effect of the climate; still he railed against it. "A bleak, blackguardly, beggarly climate of which I can say no good except that it suits me and some others of the same persuasion whom (by all right) it ought to kill." He left in the middle of April, 1888, for Manasquan, New Jersey, "flying the cold kiss of our northern wind."

Stevenson was not what one would call "a good patient" in the sense of obedience to doctor's orders. His long sufferings and his physical shortcomings had created a state of mind common to invalids; that of tolerating physicians "as a necessary trial" rather than trusting in them. But his step-son, Lloyd Osbourne, has said that "Stevenson's assurances of gratitude and friendship for" Dr. Trudeau were as sincere as they were hearty.

The house now known as "The Stevenson Cottage" stands on somewhat higher ground than others in the neighborhood. Several wings have been added to the original building as necessity required or affluence warranted. A little verandah runs along part of the front, facing the north,

and along the entire westerly side. It was on the rear section of the latter part that Robert Louis Stevenson used to walk back and forth in the cold, crisp air, creating tales and essays that have since charmed the world. And it is on the wall at this point, alongside a door opening into the tiny room he used as a study, that the beautiful memorial tablet designed by Gutzon Borglum has been placed. It is a bas-relief of bronze, eighteen by thirty-one inches, and shows a figure of Stevenson clad in heavy buffalo coat and cap. The design was suggested by an old photograph found in the Baker house after Stevenson had gone to the South Seas. The tablet bears these familiar words: "I was walking in the verandah of a small cottage outside the hamlet of Saranac Lake. It was winter, the night was very dark, the air clear and cold, and sweet with the purity of forests. For the making of a story here were fine conditions. 'COME, SAID I TO MY ENGINE, 'LET US MAKE A TALE.'" This was the genesis of "Ballantrae."

The study still contains the old high desk at which he often wrote, and on the upper shelves are a number of interesting and valuable books from his pen. Photographs line the walls and a large case holds letters and manuscripts as well as an old family Bible that belonged to his grandfather, in which are inscribed births, marriages and deaths of Stevensons, Balfours, and other branches of the family. The window at the side of the desk (together with the glass in the door) admitted light, as now, by day; but the nights necessitated the use of kerosene lamps, a few of which now repose in silent dignity on the closet shelves.

From the study one goes into a large room used by Stevenson as a bed chamber. Here also the walls are hung with pictures and photographs, some of them being of Stevenson taken at different places and ages. Scenes of places he had visited, portraits of members of his family and of Samoan chiefs form a considerable number. A painting of his wife from the brush of his life-long friend, Will H. Low, and the original design for the Society's book-plate, also done by Mr. Low, hang together over a case containing many relics dear to the heart of a Stevensonian. Among these are a pack of cards he used the last day of his life, silver whistles used by him and Mrs. Stevenson on their cruise in the South Seas, the last pen he wrote with, his old canvas yachting cap; many articles of a very personal nature, such as a red sash reminiscent of his South Sea days, a felt hat, shoes, handkerchiefs, his baby cap of fine linen, a velvet smoking cap, and last, but not least, the famous "velvet jacket." Each year on the anniversary of his birth, November thirteenth, a bunch of heather, sent expressly from Scotland at the request of Mr. Alexander

W. Smith, is laid reverently and lovingly on this coat.

Other cases contain many treasures of association with him. The famous "penny whistle" is here and will still produce as weird sounds as those that came forth from it under the manipulations of Stevenson. On one of the walls of the room hangs a large mat woven by Samoans and placed over the bier at Vailima where Stevenson's remains lay in state. A combination writing-desk and bedside table made especially for "R. L. S." and used by him at Vailima, has recently been presented to the Society by Mr. Austin Strong. From time to time valuable additions are made to the collection of Stevenson by persons interested in the growth of the Memorial. Mrs. Isobel Field, Stevenson's step-daughter, has been particularly generous in this direction, as have also Lloyd Osbourne and Colonel Walter Scott. One of Mr. Osbourne's contributions is most attractive. It is the original set of blocks carved by Stevenson during his Davos-platz period to illustrate some humorous verses he had written for the young boy, Lloyd. Stevenson called the collection "Moral Emblems," and they have recently been published by Scribner's in a little volume, but these original blocks have made their last impressions, as they cannot stand further use or strain.

The room adjoining this last-named is of special interest to many visitors, for on the brown wooden mantelpiece are three or four burns made by Stevenson's cigarettes, a never-failing source of regret to the former owners of the house and one which afforded them a topic of conversation more often than anything relating to Stevenson's fame. In front of this fireplace the Stevenson family would gather to listen to the brilliant talk of the head of the house and, incidentally, to keep from freezing.

The cottage is delightfully located. From the front verandah one may look across the valley to the heavily-wooded slopes of stately Mt. Pisgah, while down the bank, a couple of hundred yards below, is the fussy little Saranac River, emptying finally into Lake Champlain. On the easterly side is Mt. Baker, whose beautiful shades of purple in the setting sun reminded Stevenson of the hills of his homeland. From the long verandah on the west side the houses and buildings of the town are seen nestling in the valley, while all around rise hills thickly-wooded and with the same sweetness of forest purity that appealed to Stevenson.

But it is at night, either in winter or summer, that one feels here a nearness to Nature—a repose of the soul as well as of the body. Then is the time to stand or walk on the small stretch of piazza that Stevenson so often paced; then is the time when all is quiet and the stars seem nearer than in the cities, and when one can draw in great breaths of pure air and think such noble thoughts as came to the great Scottish author in that same spot nearly thirty years ago.

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"Happy the Man Whose Wish and Care"

And as the poet continues, in substance, with a few acres of his own he's content to breathe his native air on his own ground

IT is not possible that Alexander Pope, that famous English poet, had in mind the state of Florida with its fertile broad acres when he wrote in his "Ode on Solitude":

Happy the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound;
Content to breathe his native air
On his own ground.

Mr. Pope was not yet twelve years of age when he wrote that, Pensacola had just been founded, the Spaniards were not even interested in thinking up names for future subdivisions, George Merrick's great-great-grandfather was not yet born, and no Los Angeles newspaper had said as one did last month: "Florida's swamps prevent her from having a health-giving climate all the year around; and her enervating six months of the year can never hope to vie with the stimulating, bracing, dry air of California."

Nothing has been said of the hot air of either section of the country, but nevertheless it abides in abundance, much as one W. D. Y. Davis has blown an over-heated blast of it in the foregoing quotation.

In this glorious new year of 1926 Florida is cultivating not much more than two million acres of her more than twenty millions of acres of choice agricultural land available for all kinds of farming and gardening—everything from peas to pineapples, and from peanuts to potatoes.

Only last September the United States Department of Agriculture reported that Florida has more than ten millions of grapefruit, orange and lemon trees bearing fruit, and more than seven millions of young trees approaching the bearing age. That's citrus fruit for you!

Then there are strawberries and other small fruits, celery, beans, eggplant, peppers and other vegetables grown and shipped out of season, not to mention corn and other live stock food.

And speaking of live stock, two of the numerous newly-made Floridians were discussing the

By FARQUSON JOHNSON

future of Florida, as many men do nowadays when they sit together. The one had resided in the state less than a year and was won by its lure, plus the lucre which he had accumulated during his stay there. The other was skeptical—a Doubting Thomas—not having been there long enough to reach the point of acclimatization and optimism.

Said the Doubting Thomas, "But what about



THE high, dry, rich soil around the Charlotte Harbor district produces pineapples plentifully, as is proven by the Punta Gorda picture presented above

the Everglades? What will they ever be able to raise there?"

"Hogs, my dear man, hogs! Why, they're draining the Everglades—cutting through the limestone rock that confines the waters. This project when completed will add more than four millions of acres of stock raising land to the southern end of Florida. This makes a total area about the size of the state of Connecticut—think of that!"

Yes, and that's worthy of thought, too. Almost twice as much acreage as is now under cultivation will make that Davis man's fearsome



THIS may not be the only screw pine palm in captivity, but it was captured in the Everglades and transplanted in the front yard of W. C. Hewitt at Punta Gorda, Florida

swamps available for the raising of the great Midwest product.

But I'm off my subject. What I intended to say, if station W. D. Y. D. had not interfered, was that the man with a few acres in Florida may have no other wish or care, as Mr. Pope has suggested, and be happy.

Small garden farms are the thing in Florida. Ten acres—five acres—even less, carefully cultivated, will make one a good living—a far better living than one can enjoy in the ordinary walks of life.

It does not require years of preparation and experience to grow common garden vegetables. Plant potatoes and they are ready for market in ninety days; but before they are harvested, set out peppers or tomatoes between the rows; and before the latter are ready to market, cultivate between the rows again, and even once more—for four crops can be grown in this manner in from sixty to ninety days for each crop.

Let's see—at an average of two hundred dollars an acre for each of the four crops—and such yields are actually proven—one does not need to

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HOME of Judge Kash at Radair Park, Punta Gorda, Florida, in the house garden of which are groves of guavas, King oranges, lemons, and small vegetables that accompany a Kentucky chicken dinner, the Judge being from the Blue Grass region

Amending the Federal Reserve

Proposed legislation to permit national banks to compete on favorable terms with state chartered competitors, and thus induce them to remain in the National Banking System

THE Bill to amend the National Bank Act and part of the Federal Reserve Act which relates to national banks, introduced December 7, in the first session of the Sixty-Ninth Congress by Honorable L. T. McFadden of Pennsylvania, known as H.R.2, and subsequently introduced in the Senate by Senator Pepper of Pennsylvania known as S.1782, should be of interest not only to national bankers but to all of those who believe that the Federal Reserve System is necessary to American industry and commerce.

The Federal Reserve System is based by necessity upon the eight thousand national banks with assets of twenty-two billions of dollars. These banks are compulsory members of the System and they are forced by law to contribute the capital and the assets that make the Federal Reserve System a fact.

It is true that 1,400 of the 19,000 state commercial banks and trust companies are voluntary members of the Federal Reserve System and contribute their proportionate share of the capital and assets of the System, but it must be remembered that these banks are only voluntary members and can withdraw at any time.

In recent years national banks have been faced by competition with state chartered banks that has driven many national banks out of the National System and if this emergency legislation is not enacted speedily many other national banks will take state charters, the effect of which would be to still further weaken the main prop of the Federal Reserve System.

The National Bank Act has been in operation for sixty years and it has not been amended sufficiently within recent times to harmonize with the demands of modern banking service. This is not true of many of the state banking laws, therefore national bankers find that state banks can do many things that are denied national banks and have a greater opportunity to extend their business and make money than those under Federal control enjoy.

The main object of this proposed legislation is to permit national banks to compete on favorable terms with state chartered competitors and thus induce them to remain in the National Banking System.

The problem of competitive equality has been worked out in the following principal features of the bill:

1. It simplifies the procedure necessary for the consolidation of national and state banks.
2. Provides for indeterminate charters for national banks instead of the existing ninety-nine-year charters, which will permit national banks to develop the trust business they are authorized to do by the Federal Reserve Act, because few persons care to lodge a perpetual trust with a banking institution that has a limited term of existence.

3. It legalizes the buying and selling of investment securities, a practice that is now carried on by national banks without any restrictions, but imposes certain limitations as to the amount of the obligations of one maker that a national bank may buy.
4. It permits national banks to invest a small percentage of their capital and surplus in the capital stock of a corporation to do a safe deposit business.
5. It permits national banks to be organized in the outlying districts of cities with a population of 50,000 and over, with a capital of not less than \$100,000 instead of \$200,000, thus providing for the incorporation of neighborhood banks.
6. It permits the payment of stock dividends.
7. It permits national banks to lend more than 10 per cent of their capital and surplus to one borrower on obligations that are secured by marketable commodities and clarifies the obscure language of section 5200 of the existing law.
8. Permits national banks to lend 50 per cent of their savings deposits on the security of improved real estate for a term of five years.
9. Guarantees to state members of the Federal Reserve System equality of operating conditions with national banks.
10. Clarifies in many ways the existing national bank law and brings that law in harmony with the demands of modern business.
11. Regulates branch banking by national state bank members of the Federal Reserve System, limits the operation of branches to the municipality in which the parent bank is located and confines branch banking to those States which permit the practice at the time of the passage of the Act.

The action of the House of Representatives at the last session of Congress in passing the McFadden bill by a large majority shows that this branch of Congress at least is keenly alive to the emergency confronting the national banking system and it is willing to grant relief by enlarging their powers.

The bill did not reach a vote in the Senate at the last session but if it had there is evidence that it would have been passed by that body also, but it was lost during the closing days of Congress in the jam of legislation that always comes at the end of the session.

There is some opposition in the Senate over Section 9 of the bill, the effect of which, if enacted into law, will require state banks that have branches to surrender their branches before they are admitted to membership in the Federal Reserve System and will prevent the further exten-

sion of state-wide branch banking by state banks that are now members of the Federal Reserve System, but will permit them to retain the branches they have at the time of the passage of the Act. Section 8 and Section 9 of the bill are intended to permit both national and state bank members of the Federal Reserve System to have branches within the limits of the municipality in which they are domiciled in States that permit branch banking, but prohibits the extension of state-wide branch banking.

The question of branch banking within the Federal Reserve System is one that Congress will have to act on because one of the measures of relief that national banks require is the right to have branches within city limits.

The restriction of state-wide branch banking meets the approval of bankers and business men and legislators generally as being contrary to the spirit of American laws in that branch banking is monopolistic in tendency and carried to its logical conclusion would give control of credit into the hands ultimately of comparatively few persons, substituting for the direct control by those who create bank deposits an absentee control by those who would use them for their own profit and to achieve their own purpose.

There is only a small group of bankers in the United States who believe that state-wide branch banking is an orderly and logical development of that business in the United States. They argue that if the state law permits them to have branches the Federal Government should permit them to enjoy the benefits of the Federal Reserve System as voluntary members without any restriction of their charter or statutory rights. In short, they want to use the Federal Reserve System as a background for the further extension of branch banking and thus indirectly get the approval of the Federal Government of that kind of banking business. More than 99 per cent of the bankers and business men of this country believe that our independent unit system of banking, under which our country has prospered so greatly during the past fifty years, is far superior to the European or Canadian system of branch banking whereby the credit of the country is controlled by comparatively few large banks.

These men foresee that if the Federal Government is willing to subordinate a national policy to a purely local or domestic policy as the California state-wide branch bankers would have Congress do that it will be an abject surrender of the sovereign right of the Federal Government to control and regulate its great fiscal agent the Federal Reserve System, which was created for the benefit of all the people.

If the national banking laws are not made more attractive to national banks, many national banks will surrender their national charters and become state banks, and if a considerable number of the largest banks in the United States go over into state banking systems, the surest

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The Other Florida—III, Fisheries

Perhaps you thought that all the clams came from Rhode Island and all the oysters from Maryland—well, they don't. As a matter of fact, most of them come from Florida

By GLENN LONG

WITH the gradual decline of grazing lands in the food-producing areas of the United States, the relative importance of the resources of the sea is being emphasized more and more each year, one result of which has been that the United States Navy has engaged in a definite plan of oceanographical research to survey and chart the waters, not for the navigation of ships, but for the benefit of the fishing industry.

As the United States has a rapidly increasing population, students of the problem foresee a time when the plains of the far West and the farms everywhere will be unable to supply the national demand for meat. Attention is turning to the conservation of the practically unlimited resources of the sea. Fish are found to be a staple article of food in nearly every quarter of the globe, and it has perhaps been so from the dawn of time.

From the equator to the poles, primitive man is adept in the art of Izaak Walton. The savages found in the northern part of what is now the United States dried fish during the fall and late summer to add to the winter larder. Tribes near the southern waters, and east of the Mississippi, spent their winters in Florida as regularly as the financially able do today. Great shell mounds remain as monuments to their pre-historic clam-bakes and oyster suppers. Primitive man was as apt to take advantage of Nature's gifts as is his more enlightened brother.

Much history has been written by men who tilled the soil and tended flocks, but here and there along the fishing coasts can be found the charred coals of camp-fires where civilization sojourned for a breathing space, at least. The fierce, barbaric, adventurous Norseman was a fisherman, and twenty centuries ago by the Sea of Galilee, Christ called the fishermen to become his Apostles. All of which shows fishing to be one of our oldest industries, and indicates that Uncle Sam is on the right track in seeking to conserve the products of his coastal waters.

"Florida is blessed with more sea-food producing territory than any other state in the Union," according to her State Shell Fish Commissioner, T. R. Hodges, who patrols, in a converted sub-chaser, the state's three thousand miles of coast line. His division of the agricultural department has fourteen boats in its service. Under the jurisdiction of Captain Hodges is the protection of all salt water fish, including shrimp, crayfish, crabs and also sponge. The Commissioner's duties have not been easy, for when the position was created nearly all persons engaged in the fishing industry were hostile, but today the majority of them co-operate with him in every way. They have learned that he has conserved their business, whereas life would have been increasingly harder for them had there been no unified effort to control the sale and supervise the propagation of fish.

In the conservation of natural oyster reefs,

Florida today is leading all other oyster-producing states. She claims the honor of being the first state to own and operate her own dredge and planting machinery. Adequate conservation measures are being extended as rapidly as possible under the handicap of such a long coast to patrol, for every coastal county in the state produces fish for commercial purposes, besides non-edible fish from which oils and fertilizer are manufactured extensively.

The mullet heads the list of the money-producing fish of Florida waters, contributing far more than any of the others to the \$15,000,000 industry. Efforts of the state to conserve it have been outstanding, receiving recognition of the United States Bureau of Fisheries at Washington, which in a publication a few months ago placed Florida at the head of the list in conservation of the mullet industry.

Capacity of Florida waters for the production of oysters seems to be unlimited. It has been stated that if all the oyster beds in the other states were destroyed, Florida could supply the nation. The dredge maintained by the state has a planting capacity of 2,100 bushels daily and during 1923-24 Commissioner Hodges superintended the planting of 463,085 bushels of live seed oysters on the public reefs for the free use of the public. Ninety per cent of the available supply of oysters in Florida waters today is said to be the direct result of this replanting.

Oysters will spawn in Florida waters during every month of the year, although the spawning season is conceded to be best from March until September in southern territory. The embryo is found to consist of a perfectly formed shell enclosing a tiny body, possessing vibratile filaments by which the young oyster at first swims freely. It wanders about until it comes in contact with a shell, post or any object that is free of slime or mud. Here it settles down to the business of seeing what an appetizing morsel it can make for some discerning epicure.

The young oyster grows rapidly in Florida waters, attaining a length of three or more inches in the first twelve months. In some locations the growth is more rapid than in others, depending on the amount of feeding matter in the water. The marketable size, between three and five inches, is ordinarily attained in two years, the second year's growth being much slower than the first. Oysters left undisturbed will attain a length of from six to twelve inches.

Florida's outstanding and perennial asset, climate, contributes to the importance of both the present and future values of

her fishing industry. A heavy demand for her fresh sea foods is made during the winter months, when "fares" from the fishing grounds of the north and east fall to their low point. As high as 137,000,000 pounds of fish, shrimp and oysters have been shipped to these "snow-bound states" during the course of a year from Florida.

Perhaps the most picturesque of all the various branches allied to the fishing industry of Florida is sponge fishing. Tarpon Springs is considered the largest sponge market in the world, as well as the center of the industry in the state. Here the work is carried on by a large colony of Greeks, who add a quaint touch to the atmosphere of the little city which because of its waterways proudly bears the title of "The Venice of the South." These sponge fishermen own a fleet of one hundred vessels, oddly constructed after the type of ship evolved by the Greeks in the ancient days of their glory. These ships make three trips yearly to the sponge grounds within a radius of



THESE fish were caught in Florida waters. On the right is a record Sailfish, weight 95 pounds, length 8 feet. On the left, is a 61½ pound Sailfish. Caught by Max Neuberger, shown in photo

two hundred miles of Tarpon Springs. Each trip is about three months long.

Florida's sponge grounds are located along the West Coast from Franklin County down and as

thin skin covering broken, and the jelly-like interior squeezed out. The skeleton is dried and becomes the commercial sponge in use throughout the civilized world.



VIEW OF THE SPONGE FISHERIES FLEET AT TARPON SPRINGS, which is the largest sponge market in the world, as well as the center of the industry in Florida. Here the work is carried on by a large colony of Greeks, who add a quaint touch to the atmosphere of "The Venice of the South"

far up the East Coast as Dade County, sponge fishermen out of Key West working most of the extreme southern waters. A feud of many years' duration has existed between the Key West fishermen and those of Tarpon Springs, resulting in the loss of a number of lives. Boats have been burned and air tubes to sponge divers cut, causing them to drown before they could be pulled to the surface in their heavy diving equipment.

The Tarpon Springs sponge fishermen who are reducing their industry to somewhat of a science, maintain excellent diving equipment. They go down to any depth up to 150 feet, gathering the sponge, sending them to the surface in baskets.

The sponge is the missing link of marine life. It seems to be a cross between seaweed and jelly fish, although there has been a debate for a number of years over the subject of whether the sponge should be classified as a plant or fish. When the sponges are brought to the surface they are placed on the decks of the sponge boats, their

Florida has some odors which do not emanate from the orange groves. The drying sponge furnishes one of these, taking rank second only to the Chicago stock yards. For this reason the sponge is usually dried at sea. They are then brought to the Exchange in Tarpon Springs, where they go upon the market.

The large Exchange building is constructed of brick, with a great cement court in the center, where the various kinds of sponges are piled on sale days. Around this court are rooms with iron gratings, in which the sponges from the various ships are stored until sold. Sponge buyers place sealed bids for each lot of sponge to be sold, the lot going to the highest bidder, provided the Exchange does not withdraw it from sale, on account of bids being too low. During the period from 1923-24, 6,079,593 sponges were marketed.

Florida sponges are of the finest quality obtainable anywhere. They grow quickly. The United States Bureau of Fisheries has carried on

extensive artificial propagation in Florida, demonstrating that a sponge of commercial size can be grown in thirty-five months from a small cutting. The cutting is a piece taken from the green sponge. It is mounted with wire upon a cement disc and placed in waters where the various stages of its growth can be closely watched. Numerous experiments are conducted with a view to making the sponge industry produce a maximum revenue. Those familiar with sponge culture say that the sale of a cargo of small size sponges, five inches in diameter, bringing 65 cents a bunch, would bring \$4 a bunch if permitted to remain in the water and grow for another year. The state of Florida protects the sponge industry by preventing the gathering of sponges less than five inches in diameter.

Large shipments of raw shrimp are made by freight and express to northern markets, from Franklin and Nassau counties, where they are found in greatest quantities, although they occur along the entire coast-line of Florida.

Along the rocky coast from Sarasota County, south on the West Coast and north to Broward County on the East Coast are found crayfish, or "Florida lobster." These are caught in great numbers and shipped both to local and northern markets. Stone and blue crabs are found over the entire coast, but are gathered for local markets only.

The value of the fishing industry to Florida can be estimated annually in dollars and cents, but there is no way to estimate the value to the state of fishing as a sport. Many of the state's most distinguished winter residents and many of her heaviest investors were first attracted by fishing. The Tarpon or Silver King, of course, heads the list as the greatest prize of the quest. It is found both on the East and West Coasts.

From many of the ports near the state's best fishing waters guides maintain fleets which put out regularly during the summer months while the tarpon are running, carrying thousands of sportsmen during the season. Red fish and king fish rank high as game fish, though on the East Coast the sailfish rests on a par with the tarpon as a fighter.

But the greatest future of fishing in Florida lies in the state's development of it from a commercial standpoint. There will never be more than a limited number of sportsmen, whereas the appeal of fish to the palates of rich and poor alike will be limited only by the supply and the population of the country.

The Stevenson Memorial

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Lloyd Osbourne tells us that Stevenson had ever too much humor to take himself seriously. One almost hears him cry out: "Good Heavens! I hope nobody is going to take me as the model of anything." Osbourne also relates another similar incident of Stevenson's life at the Cottage. Laying down a copy of "Don Quixote" he had just been reading, the author of "Ballantrae" declared with a curious poignancy, "That's what I am—just another Don Quixote!" He often referred to this book as "the saddest book I ever read," and he frequently declared that "Don Quixote was the greatest gentleman in fiction."

Stevenson had a wonderful reading voice—full of pathos, sympathy, rage, mystery, or whatever tone-color the occasion demanded. In reading Shakespeare's plays aloud on winter evenings, he so stirred his listeners that they became oblivious to their surroundings and forgot the commonplace setting of the scene.

His habit of wearing his hair long was some-

times characterized as a pose, but this was unfair. The truth was that during prolonged illnesses he would be obliged to lie most of the time in the same position, lest in moving he might bring on a hemorrhage of the lungs. During these periods of enforced rest his hair grew long, and as cutting often caused him to catch cold, a thing to be avoided, it was left much as it was except for a slight trimming. We are told that "the shawls, cloaks, etc., so familiar and so fantastic in his photographs were only too often seized up hastily and thrown over his nightgown to save him the fatigue of dressing."

One of the letters written by him regarding the flavor of some mutton which had been sent by the Saranac butcher shows how his sense of humor leavened his indignation. It reads: "Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson presents his com-

pliments to Mr. Oldfield and begs to return him the remainder of a joint of mutton which he refuses either to eat or pay for. Fillet of beef had been ordered as far back as Monday. Mr. Stevenson can readily understand there might arise some difficulty in supplying that; but at least Mr. Oldfield knew that Mr. S. would want something on Thursday; and Mr. S. prefers to hope it was in error that Mr. O. sent him anything so perfectly uneatable as the joint of which he now has the pleasure to return him part."

Through the generous assistance of Colonel Walter Scott, President of the Stevenson Society, the property was purchased in March, 1925, at a cost of \$17,500, and has been instituted as a permanent shrine or memorial to him who once occupied it. It has become a mecca for Stevenson lovers from all parts of the United States and foreign countries. Hundreds of persons visit it every year and pay homage to the memory of one whose very initials are known the world over.

Florida's Prosperity

Here's what President Herman Dann of the State Chamber of Commerce has to say about the real underlying solid basis for Florida's present and prospective growth and progress

WHILE anti-Florida propaganda is rampant in the land, leading Floridians, aware that much of it is due to envy and jealousy and that much of it will be accepted as truth by persons unfamiliar with the state, are uniting in a \$150,000 advertising campaign "to tell the truth about Florida."

The Florida State Chamber of Commerce is taking the initiative in this campaign, which began in Tampa the latter part of November when Tampanians responded with \$45,000 for the advertising fund. The night following the Tampa meeting, St. Petersburg contributed \$25,000 to the fund, both cities over-subscribing their original quotas by several thousands of dollars. Dr. Harry R. McKeen, in charge of extension work in the state organization, plans to raise the stipulated amount in a series of ten meetings held throughout the state.

Speaking before one of the conferences of civic leaders, President Herman Dann of the State Chamber of Commerce outlined some of the fundamentals which the body believes should be generally known by the public. Mr. Dann's address follows:

During the few minutes at my disposal I desire to address myself to a discussion of what I consider to be a basic need in an all-Florida publicity and advertising campaign; and to outline some of the reasons why I consider such a campaign essential.

We should, of course, take proper steps at all times to correct misapprehensions regarding Florida. We owe that to ourselves and to the public as a matter of self-respect. This is our easiest task. We can meet critics with facts and figures and prove our case completely, so far as our present situation is concerned. But it is not our present situation which is at issue. The point to which we must address ourselves is the certainty of our future.

Jealousy of Others

For those who envy Florida her prosperity, endeavor by means of direct statement and subtle insinuation to create the belief that ours is a mushroom growth. They endeavor to prevent the migration of people and the flow of capital into our state by asserting that Florida is not a land in which values are permanent.

No hostile propaganda can stop the inflow of visitors, tourists or recreation seekers, but it can cause the home seeker, the developer, the builder, the small investor to hesitate about casting his future with us. The only way to turn such hesitation into assurance is to lay before, not only our own people, but before the nation, the economic foundations upon which our future rests. The facts are our most valiant champions. It is our part to make them known.

Florida has been described by one shrewd observer as the best advertised but least understood state in the Union.

Millions Hear

In so far as its various communities are concerned, Florida is undoubtedly the most thoroughly advertised spot on the globe. Private sales organizations and local civic initiative have carried the names and the merits of innumerable Florida communities to the four corners of the earth, until millions of people have come to think of Florida in the terms of a single community, accepting or rejecting it on that basis. But while the merits of our communities have been set forth in impressive fashion,

doubt arises as to whether Florida, the state, has fared equally well. Our local advertising and publicity programs may be compared to a mosaic in which the various squares, while complete in themselves, fail to fall into a state design.

Any one who desires confirmation of the fact that Florida, the state, is misunderstood has only to listen to and analyze the questions that are asked concerning her. Questions are being asked—make no mistake about that. Florida is in the public mind and in the public prints. Floridians who visit northern business men in their offices generally find that they must discuss Florida in general before they are permitted to discuss their own business in particular. In these discussions there is one inquiry which tops all others—and which demonstrates the contention that Florida, the state, is misunderstood.

This is the inquiry: "When will Florida reach her peak?" That question is encountered on every hand—in the business conference, in newspaper editorials, in financial reviews, books and special articles. The fact this inquiry is so frequently made demonstrates the extent to which the economic factors underlying Florida's development are underestimated.

Obviously, those who ask the question, "When will Florida reach its peak?" have set our state apart as one that differs in some very material manner from other communities. No one, for example, is spending any time inquiring when New York will reach its peak, or when Illinois, Michigan or Ohio will reach their peak. And certainly no one makes serious inquiry as to when the United States will reach its peak. In the case of our country as a whole, we all understand that there isn't any peak. So long as population increases, production and consumption will increase. As population, production and consumption mount, values will reach new figures and prosperity set new records.

No one community can live an economic life wholly unrelated to economic conditions in the nation as a whole. But Florida is in a very peculiar way the beneficiary of national progress and prosperity.

On Prosperity Basis

Therefore, the answer to the question, "When will Florida reach its peak?" is this: Florida will have reached its peak on the day our national prosperity starts down grade upon a permanent decline. And for this reason: So long as these United States continue to prosper and grow, Florida, the state, will continue to prosper and grow.

Our cycle of development will, of course, follow the path laid down by economic law. The wealth of the city of New York, for example, increases by the billions during every decade. There are particular parcels of ground in New York, however, that are not selling today at the price they sold for five years ago; other parcels of ground have quadrupled in value during that period. Values considered high a year ago are commonly accepted today. What were once residence districts have become business centers. Former business centers have been converted into manufacturing zones. But irrespective of the facts or fortunes of any particular plot of ground, New York as a whole has set a new peak for itself every year. The same situation exists in every other progressive American city located at a point where the tides of commerce must necessarily meet. But transcending all local development there always remains the stupendous fact of our national progress—a progress so inevitable and inherent with such possibilities that no one dares set a limit upon it.

Watching Investments

Every step forward in national prosperity is a part of the economic development which is underwriting Florida's future. The point we must bear

in mind is that 99 out of every 100 people who ask "When will Florida reach its peak?" are not thinking in terms of Florida, the state, at all. They are thinking of some particular investment. They are wondering what fortune will attend some particular tract of ground. No one can say with a certainty what any tract of ground, no matter where it is located, will sell for in the open market ten years from now. But any one can say, and with perfect safety can give their bond, that the value of Florida, the state, will set a new high figure not only at the beginning of every new year, but at the beginning of every new day. Values in Florida as a whole are greater at this minute than they were yesterday at this hour and they will be greater tomorrow at this time than they are now. This increase is inevitable. Private initiative and organized effort can accelerate the pace, but it is not within the power of any group permanently to deny Florida the status which is her rightful inheritance.

I have spoken of the economic factors which are sureties so far as Florida's future is concerned. What are some of them? We cannot in the brief space at our disposal survey them all, but we can pass a few in brief review.

The basic factor is the increase in natural wealth with its effect upon the economic status of the individual. If national wealth increases, expenditures increase. One of the growing items in the public's budget is travel. Increasing wealth and increasing population mean that there will, for years to come, be an increasing number of people in all parts of the country who make the trip to Florida just to look around. Florida is now and will remain on the travel schedule.

Population Grows

As wealth and population increase, moreover, there will necessarily be an increase in the number of people who will make Florida their home. The development of the country as a whole means a certain increase in the number of those who will come into the market to buy Florida's climate and her other natural advantages.

An increase in national wealth means an increase in what has come to be known as the great middle class—those who, through hard work, energy and grit, have acquired a competence. The farmer who has turned the homestead over to the boys, the business man who has reached the point where he is willing to take life a little bit easier, can be found in the thousands of northern communities. Their numbers grow larger every year and they are turning to Florida, first for a winter home and then, in many instances, as a permanent place of residence.

Then there are those who seek recreation. A few years ago they were numbered by the tens of thousands, but they are beginning to be numbered by the million, and they will come in ever increasing numbers. That is one reason for saying that the peak in Florida's resort business will not be reached until the nation reaches its peak in population. That is why far-sighted business interests continue to invest millions of money in hotels and resorts.

Agriculture Big Factor

But Florida is more than a delightful place in which to live. It is a center of production and in the field of agriculture it produces as a specialist. As population grows the number of those who desire the products in which Florida specializes is also growing. While Florida has marketing problems to solve, she is secure in one respect at least. She faces the certainty of an expanding market. In addition, however, to our present agricultural production, we have an additional guarantee of our agricultural future. This guarantee is our undeveloped land. For several decades there has been upon the part of the American public a turning away from

the soil. This current has changed. On every hand there is evidence of an increasing land hunger. For those who desire to till the soil, Florida is a permanent land of opportunity. Her climate and her markets cannot be alienated. Her agricultural resources cannot be dissipated. They are a part of the very scheme of nature itself.

While other sections of the country are suffering from the uncertain and inadequate returns from farming operations, examination of the situation in Florida reveals an attractive condition. The studies of L. M. Rhodes, marketing commissioner, Florida state marketing bureau, may be used to demonstrate the conditions in this state.

Grows Variety

"As an all the year round proposition, there are many crops that can be grown profitably in Florida. Take ten crops—tomatoes, potatoes, cabbage, celery, cukes, green peas, lettuce, snap beans, strawberries and watermelons; for a five-year period they have produced an average gross price of \$430.63 per acre in Florida, the average cost per acre for the same period being \$135.85. Average profit per acre, \$296.78."

The great resources of general farming have not been tapped to date.

Dairying and poultry raising have not been touched.

It would be possible to take up the question of Florida's industrial future and show that with the increase in population, with the increase in transportation facilities—on land, on the sea, and in the air—Florida is certain to become an industrial center of increased importance. Take the possibilities of paper manufacture. Not only is the south in the possession of large stands of pulp wood species, but it is capable of reproducing them rapidly. Twenty years are sufficient to produce trees of pulp wood size, which in the case of shortleaf pine on fully stocked land, will yield 38½ cords per acre, or an average of nearly two cords per acre per year. Northern spruce requires from forty to eighty years

to reach pulp wood size and represents an average yield per acre of only about one cord per year.

This places in our hands the key to a large and important part of the paper industry of the country.

Port Facilities Good

So far as a considerable part of our country is concerned we are midway on the water routes to our own Pacific coast, to South America, and we are a port of call on the waterway route to the far east. There has never been a time when such assets have not been capitalized by a progressing people.

The elements in successful manufacturing are cheap raw materials, cheap power, supply of good labor, and transportation.

Passing over the first, consider for a moment the second, cheap power. Florida is so located that it can benefit from the development of hydro-electric power in Alabama.

The municipal electric light plant of Jacksonville has demonstrated the practicability of using oil from the Mexican and Texas fields and the production and sale of power at the following figures, viz., first 10,000 KWH, rate of .02 cents; and .01¼ cents per KWH for all over 75,000 KWH per month.

This price indicates the low cost of power for cities with harbors.

The point I desire to drive home is that in whatever direction one looks the conclusion is unescapable that Florida's future can be predicted in the terms of our national progress. The products, commodities, services and national opportunities which Florida has to offer are all of the sort which will be demanded in increasing measure as national wealth and population increase. We cannot emphasize that fact too often. We must not only understand it ourselves, but we must see to it that the country as a whole understands it.

Ride With Nation

It is essential that those who are the spokesmen for Florida understand their client. Once the facts

are firmly grasped the answer to the inquiry, "When will Florida reach its peak?" becomes obvious. We ride with the nation. Florida is neither a fad nor a luxury. It is a national necessity.

It would be foolish for any one to conclude that our state can achieve its destiny without effort on the part of its people. Our task is to make our state known; to show that the structure we are building has a solid economic foundation. We must see clearly ourselves the reasons why we are building for permanence and then we must tell them to the world. "The truth about Florida" is more than a story outlining the development of any one section. "The whole truth about Florida" comprises the reasons why the factors which make for national development are likewise the factors which are underwriting development of Florida, the state.

In taking the "truth about Florida" to the nation, there is one enemy who merits immediate attention. This enemy is whoever undermines Florida's good name; who calls her good faith into question; who alienates her assets of good will. We can deal kindly and leniently with that sort of misrepresentation which has its roots in ignorance and which may therefore be wholly honest. But we cannot turn our faces too strongly against that brand of misrepresentation which utilizes dishonesty for private gain. In a state in which values are so real as they are in Florida it is never necessary to indulge in fraudulent misrepresentation in order to do business.

Nationwide in Scope

There is need for a "truth about Florida" campaign which will be national in its scope; which will acquaint the nation with the fact that Florida's development has been brought about through the operation of inexorable economical law, for a campaign which will broadcast the "truth about Florida" and make apparent to all honest questioners the economic props which underlie our present development and which will support our future growth.

Florida's Agricultural and Fruit-Growing Section Orange County, the Seat of Bithlo—"The Cross-Roads City"

(The Facts contained herein are taken from "Standard Daily Trade Service")

Reverence for the soil—the firmly fixed idea that the land was made to grow things on, rather than to speculate in, is the attitude encountered in Orange County. Wild speculation in town lots is not found here. Real estate transactions are based upon the firm foundation of essential production.

Both small and large truck farms flourish. One 400 acre truck farm, owned by a single individual, from which vegetables are shipped out in solid train loads, shows profits which make those from many medium sized Northern industrial establishments seem modest. The citrus industry likewise is followed on both large and small scale.

Of the 575,000 acres comprising Orange County, there are 400,000 acres undeveloped but suitable for cultivation. As raw material, this land sells for from \$50 to \$150 an acre, but as a finished product capable of producing three or four crops a year, it sells from \$3,000 to \$5,000 an acre.

Such is the sound economic environment surrounding Bithlo which is favorably located at the intersection of important commercial highways, a location which assures this growing city future prosperity as a shipping and trading center for a large and fertile territory.

Write for Further Information and Prices

Bithlo Sales Company

Orlando

Bithlo

Palm Beach

Boston



Bithlo



The Vigorous Heart of a
Growing Commonwealth

Amending the Federal Reserve

Continued from page 256

foundation of the Federal Reserve System will be materially weakened.

If state banks that are now members of the Federal Reserve System and those which desire to come in hereafter, are given greater opportunity than national banks are given for the extension and development of their business there will be very little incentive for a bank to remain in the national system and the disintegration of that System which has already started will continue.

In the opinion of many able legislators and hundreds of leading bankers and business men in the United States, the McFadden National Bank Bill which will be acted on by the present session of Congress offers the fairest, most reasonable, and practicable solution of the problem in that it will establish a single standard of banking practice for all members of the Federal Reserve System, strengthen the National Banking System and insure the permanency of the Federal Reserve System.

The Old Order Changeth

Continued from page 246

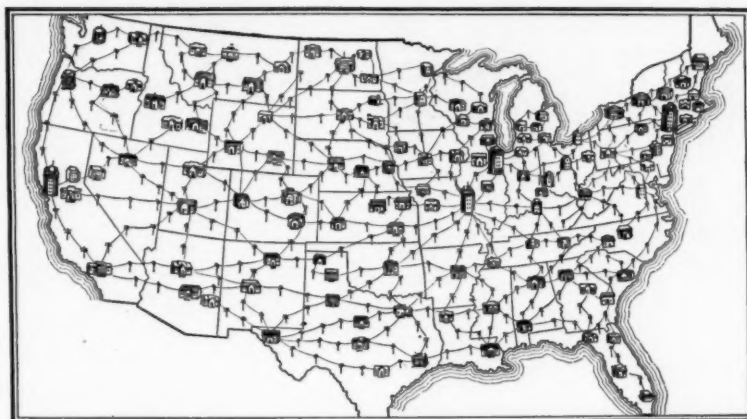
and with organizing ability sufficient to tackle and defeat the political "Czardom" that had controlled the city and county for thirty years past?

During the feverish period of the Irish uprising, true to his native instincts, Leo MacSweeney headed a drive in the city of his adoption which still stands as a record throughout the country. To this young man the group of public officials who had been turned down by their party now turned as a unit to lead their attack on the old machine.

With but little more than three weeks left in which to act, MacSweeney called on his old non-partisan associates of earlier political campaigns, his aids in the bond campaign for the Irish Nationalists, and within two weeks had built up a smoothly-running organization within the forty-three political units of Monroe County. He gathered together a corps of young speakers whose enthusiasm for the cause more than made up for their lack of practice. He launched a gigantic attack through the press and from the platform, and at the end of the campaign this young and hitherto almost unknown political leader emerged a victor and became over-night a figure of supreme political importance throughout the Empire State.

It was expected that this terrific primary battle would leave an unhealing wound in the party ranks. But here MacSweeney's ability as a leader came to the fore; here he displayed his ability as a party pacifier. One by one he called into conference the different leaders of the old organization who had stood loyally by their old machine in the primary, and rallied them to the support of the new regime.

Independent as liberty itself, he took a position that seemed the height of folly to many of his associates when he refused all assistance from the old machine and conducted his campaign entirely outside the breastwork of the old political organization. The Democrats put a strong ticket in the field and conducted an aggressive and well-directed campaign. But Leo MacSweeney, at the head of this new group in the



The Future of the Telephone

It was fifty years ago that Alexander Graham Bell invented the telephone, and yet this anniversary is but a milestone in the progress of telephone development. As the giant oak with its complicated structure grows from the acorn, so a nation-wide system has grown out of Bell's single telephone instrument.

The interconnection of millions of telephones throughout the land, regardless of distance, has not come about easily. It has resulted from a series of scientific discoveries and technical achievements embodied in a telephone

plant of vast extent and intricacy. Great economies have already been gained by such technical improvements and more are sure to follow for the benefit of telephone users everywhere.

There are still to come many other discoveries and achievements, not only in transmission of speech, but also in the material and construction details of every part of the network of plant.

The future of the telephone holds forth the promise of a service growing always greater and better, and of a progress—the end of which no one can foresee.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES



IN ITS SEMI-CENTENNIAL YEAR THE BELL SYSTEM LOOKS FORWARD
TO CONTINUED PROGRESS IN TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION

G. O. P., so solidified and healed the dissension in the party generally that when election day rolled round, the new organization, in existence for less than ninety days, elected its ticket which had come through the intense fire of the primary fight to be pitted against the best ticket that the local Democratic organization had put forward in a generation.

Prognostications are ever dangerous things, and the writer is far from willing to make any predictions as to the future. This much, however, may safely be said. That in the battle which has been waged in Rochester, a new leader of political thought has been developed. The future alone will determine what place Leo A. MacSweeney will hold in the councils of the Republican party of the state and nation.

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Why I Bet on Florida

Continued from page 202

contributed; of the immensity of the prospect not one dreamed.

But there it is. Study of the map; consideration of the trend of trade; the appreciation of the fact that man ever has moved onward; reflection on the location, the plain intent, the purpose and plan of Nature's God; the hinterland, the gigantic power—titanic in its might and immensity; the climate, affording undisturbed labor every month in the year—and the obvious conclusion is found:

Florida is merely starting. It must become majestic, for the simple reason that "the evidence of design in creation" has given this country now, when it needs it and has grown to it, the mammoth pier, the adequate shore abutment, the power house—and the need for their utilization.

Thus you have my reasons, as an observer, for expressing an abiding belief that those who wager on Florida cannot lose, eventually.

Faith and courage, hope and work, and a realization of the solemnity, the grandeur of it all, will enable mortals to make of Florida the superstate.

May Wisdom guide her lawmakers; may the Eye give more light and may she achieve her destiny in fitting dignity, never mistaking splendor for grandeur, or glitter for glory!

For she shall reign as the Queen of Trade's Empire.

"Happy the Man Whose Wish and Care—" *Continued from page 255*

cultivate many acres in order to be contented on his own ground.

A little more than twenty miles northwest of Fort Myers, in the Charlotte Harbor district, they think nothing of a yield of a thousand dollars an acre in garden truck, where they raise four crops in a season. And the season is the dead of winter, when northern markets readily pay the highest prices.

Garden farms in the vicinity of Punta Gorda can be purchased for three or four hundred dollars an acre—a third down and balance in one, two and three years, as the realtors say. Figure on the price of agricultural land in any other part of the United States and then compare the potential output—the actual production—or, down to brass tacks, the net results.

So Florida garden farm lands are not high-priced—not down on the sunny southwest coast, anyhow. And swamps are unknown to that district—any broadcasting to the contrary notwithstanding. It must be borne in mind that in radio terms "static" is an atmospheric disturbance and may be due to hot air.

If one should wish to engage in fancy farming—specialization—the way is open down in Charlotte County. For instance, around Punta Gorda they are raising bananas, as luscious fruit as can be found anywhere; pineapples are extensively cultivated in that section, and are recognized as the finest in the state; the avocado, or alligator pear, grows there as it does in the West Indies; and guavas are grown and easily cultivated any place in that gateway to the tropics.

Or it may be that poultry raising would appeal to the owner of a five or ten-acre garden farm. There's a small fortune in that alone for any man who is content to breathe his native air on his

own ground, and as the poet might have added, gather his eggs when the hens cackle—as they do claim here that the salubrious climate is conducive to copious egg laying.

There are no two ways about it—Florida is fertile, fruitful, rich in resources. And one need not invest a million dollars in real estate to live in comfort there. Be he plutocrat or plebeian, the little garden farm will afford him pleasure as well as profit if he will but turn a hand to it—for "Happy the man whose wish and care"—Alexander Pope was right.

The PawPaw King of Florida

Continued from page 248

will yield \$500 per acre in its fourth year, sometimes twice that, while the yearly increase in returns is approximately \$200 per acre. There is one tree in Florida in its twenty-fifth year, yielding \$200 worth of fruit annually—and there are trees in the West Indies, still bearing, known to be two hundred years old. An avocado tree ten to fifteen years old will bear from one to two thousand fruit yearly, each weighing from two to five pounds, or a total of five or six thousand pounds of fruit—equal to about ten thousand pounds of lean meat. When one considers that many of these trees can be planted on one acre, and that there are thousands of acres of suitable land for their culture in Florida and the West Indies, we should be able to worry along for a while yet with our food supply and our growing population in spite of an occasional warning issued from the Oaks of Dodona by economic prophets who always see red ahead.

Papayas and avocado pears are only two of the two hundred and seventy-one varieties of trees thriving on Dr. Peterson's farm, all of which do quite as well and confide their troubles and joys to him in as many different languages—native trees from China, Japan, the Himalayan mountains, Africa, Egypt, South and Central America—a veritable tree and plant menagerie growing together in peace under the sunny skies of southern Florida. The trees of "Favored Florida" are one of her greatest assets. When cultivated as Dr. Peterson has cultivated them, they become literal "acres of diamonds."

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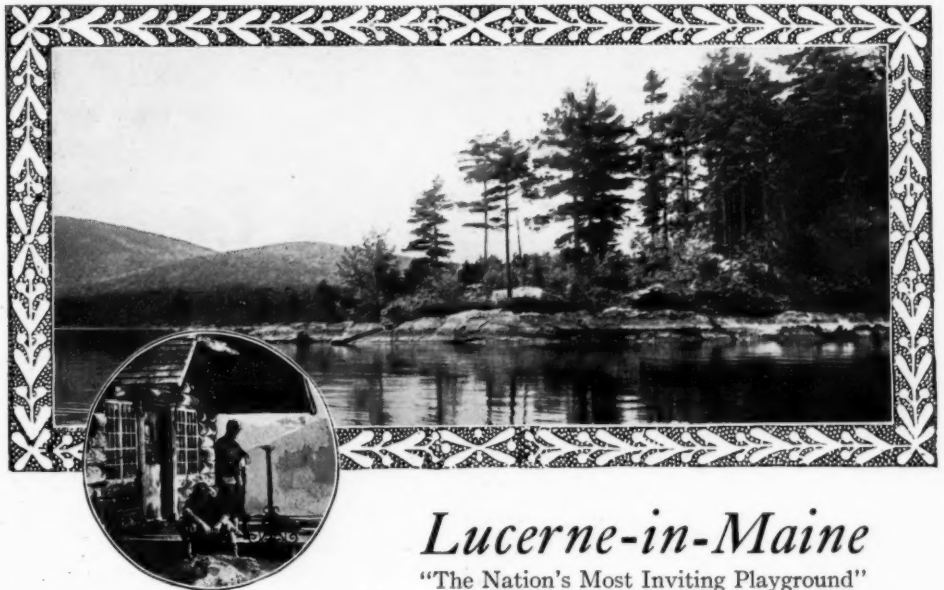
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IF YOU have not already sent for your copy of the free illustrated booklet, it will be well to clip the coupon below and mail it without delay. It contains a fine collection of duotone views (6 x 6 inches) of the mountains, lakes and rugged seacoast in the vicinity of "Lucerne-in-Maine," and will find an honored place on your library table.

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CORAL GABLES, Miami's most beautiful suburban city, is planned to give space and air, sun and breeze to every inhabitant. The magnificently wide avenues and plazas open the city to the cool, spicy trade-winds. The tropical planting and the forests temper, but never obstruct, the life-giving sun. The white sand beaches offer miles of sea-bathing that is as safe and pleasant as anywhere in the world. All that you seek in recreation is at your door. The peace and quiet, the freedom from noise and crowds, take away the lines from strained faces. Troubles have a way of disappearing at Coral Gables. Life becomes active, colorful and healthful.

Investments are Paying Remarkable Dividends

Under the wonderful city plan and the careful restrictions, property values tend to increase steadily and surely. Home-builders are even now watching their

property rise in value month by month. Every buyer of property in Coral Gables literally cannot help sharing in the profits that attend every step in the development of the city plan, and in the prosperity that is so rapidly transforming Miami and its environs.

The Coupon Will Bring You Rex Beach's Dramatic Story—Free

REX BEACH has written a fascinating tale about the miracle of Coral Gables. It not only tells the complete story of this city, but also contains the facts and figures that prove its success. We will also tell you about the special trains and steamships that we run to Coral Gables at frequent intervals. If you should take one of these trips, and buy property in Coral Gables, the cost of your transportation will be refunded upon your return. But first of all—*sign and mail the coupon—now!*

Remarkable Opportunity for Investment

The 1920 census showed a growth in Miami's population of 440 per cent in ten years. Since then it has increased even more rapidly. Bank clearances today are ten times those of a year ago. Every activity feels the stimulus of this tremendous growth, and especially is it manifested in the increase of property values in the city and suburbs. In Coral Gables the value of home, business and industrial sites has increased amazingly every year for the past three years.

Yet building plots in Coral

Gables may now be secured by a small initial investment. These plots are offered in a wide range of prices, which include all improvements such as streets, street lighting, electricity and water. Twenty-five per cent is required in cash, the balance will be distributed in payments over a period of three years.

The Facts About Coral Gables

Coral Gables is a city, adjoining the city of Miami itself. It is incorporated, with a commission form of government. It is highly restricted. It occupies about 10,000 acres of high, well-drained land. It is four years old. It has 100 miles of wide paved streets and boulevards. It has seven hotels completed or under construction. It has 45 miles of white-way lighting and 50 miles of intersectional street lighting. It has 6½ miles of beach frontage. Two golf courses are now completed, two more are building. A theatre, two country clubs, a military academy, public schools, a college for young women are now in actual use. More than one thousand homes have already been erected, another thousand now under construction. Thirty million dollars have already been expended in development work. Additional plans call for at least twice that amount. Seventy-five million dollars worth of property has already been bought in Coral Gables.

Mr. John McEntee Bowman is now building the ten-million-dollar hotel, country club and bathing casino in Coral Gables to be known as the Miami-Biltmore Group. The Miami-Biltmore Hotel will be opened about January, 1926. Coral Gables will also contain the following buildings and improvements:

The \$15,000,000 University of Miami, the \$500,000 Mahi Temple of the Mystic Shrine, a \$1,000,000 University High School, a \$150,000 Railway Station, a Stadium, a Conservatory of Music, and other remarkable projects.

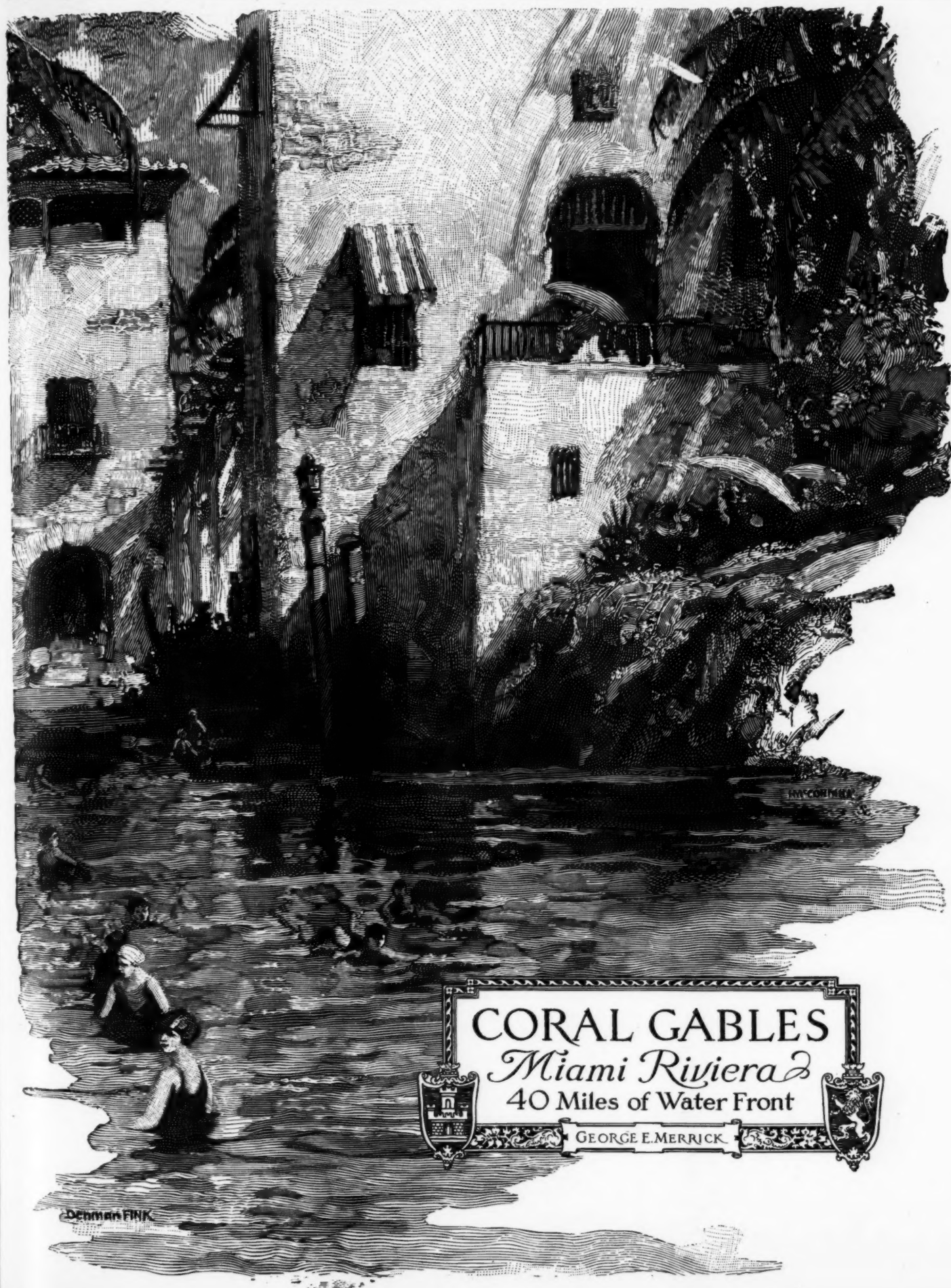
CORAL GABLES CORPORATION NM-42
Administration Building
Coral Gables, Miami, Florida

Please send me Rex Beach's story upon the miracle of Coral Gables. I understand that this places me under no obligation.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____



CORAL GABLES
Miami Riviera
40 Miles of Water Front

GEORGE E. MERRICK

... The creations of GEORGE WHEARY,
America's Master Trunk Designer, command
world-wide appreciation



Today, the Wheary Wardrola stands apart; it is the only trunk with cushioned top and solid base, built to roll open. Beauty is combined with "rigid-tested" strength; even its method of locking is distinctive. It is the only trunk that gives you *all* the travel conveniences created by George Wheary. See the Wheary Wardrola, in those distinguished stores and shops where the foremost merchandise is displayed.

WHEARY TRUNK COMPANY, Racine, Wis.

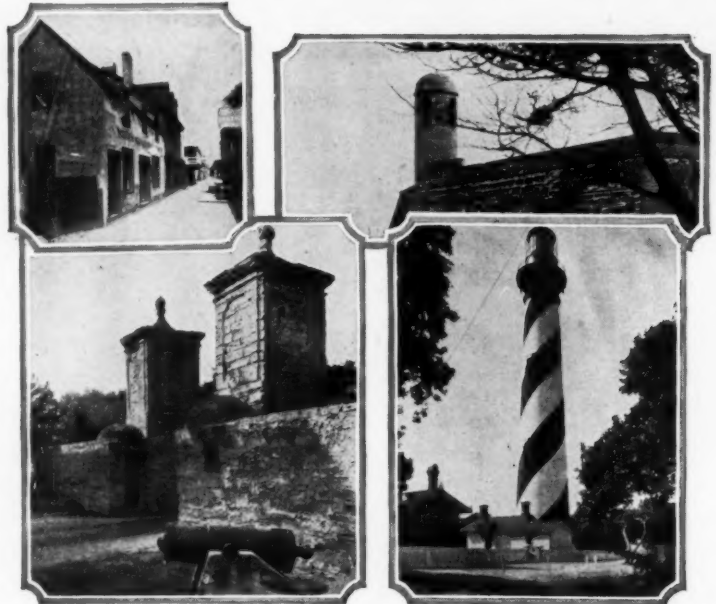
WHEARY
Cushioned Top
WARDROLA

Trade mark reg. U. S. Pat. off.



*The Trunk that
Rolls Open*

IT TOOK 400 YEARS To Build This Old-World Atmosphere



Here D. P. Davis is Building

Davis Shores
—another DAVIS ISLANDS
St. Augustine On the Ocean

WHEN in Florida do not fail to see Davis Shores and Davis Islands, the South's greatest realty project — the most fascinating development operations in America! See Davis Islands in Tampa, where many millions in homes, hotels, apartments and business structures are now completed or under way. And see Davis Shores in St. Augustine, the new \$50,000,000 D. P. Davis development in the heart of America's oldest city.

All world records for intensive development and sales achievement have been broken by Davis Islands and Davis Shores. And investors from everywhere are making quick, substantial profits—virtual fortunes in many instances—by following D. P. Davis. Ask anyone who has been in Florida—see for yourself when you get there.

D. P. DAVIS PROPERTIES
St. Augustine, Florida

Offices Throughout Florida

Every Enterprising Business Man Ought To Provide For His Future

Let JOHN F. HOMER tell you how

DEAR TOM:

You ask me how I like my new home. Fine, old boy, and I'm waiting for you to get on your feet again and get a place adjoining mine, so we can spend the rest of our days fishing together.

Henry Hallet was in to see me yesterday and I told him the way I got my start and began to save for a rainy day. I never told you the whole story, and now that it's fresh in my memory I'll spill it to you.

Of course you know after I left the farm I clerked in old Sock Timber's store awhile. Then like a darned fool I went to the city. For five years I had a run of bad luck. First, I couldn't get a position clerking and I almost starved to death looking for one. Then I got a job on the docks and worked so hard that I took sick and laid in the hospital for months.

When I got out I was too weakened for manual labor and at last got an office job; then I became junior salesman; and when I thought I was on my way to prosperity, the panic came along and wiped the company out of business. Me? Say, I was flatter'n a flapjack.

But I soon got a job driving a truck and when times got better I got my first *real* job selling goods out of Chicago. You remember that's when I first met you, down at South Bend, Indiana.

Well, as you know, I soon got married, and then came the first boy and I guess I've told you how the boss gave me an interest—small as it was. But say, Tom, I earned it, and I continued to work like blazes to get a larger share.

But you know I overworked. You remember the year you married I was all in and went down to Florida that winter for my health.

That trip got me to thinking. What if I should never be able to resume work. Gosh! I was not yet middle-aged, and had a lot of good years before me—and every darn cent I had was in that business—which was fairly prosperous, thank heaven!

By that time I had three children but never had owned my own home. So I decided I'd buy one, and if worse came to worst, I'd at least have a place for my family to call its own. I got well, resumed activity, saved money, and built my home.

Then you remember when it began to come a little easier for me, I started going to Florida every winter. That's what got me to thinking

again. What would I do when I got old? It's a horrible prospect, Tom!

That year I was offered land at \$40 an acre in Florida. Last year I bought practically the same land at \$700 an acre, and I got only 10 acres. But it was worth it, as I built a home on it—for my declining years.

No, Tom, I'm not on the skids yet, as you know, but the point I want to make to you is this: Build your home in Florida *before* you decline. You're ten years younger than I, you've got the making of a successful business, even though you're up against it now. But when you get to turning over a profit, draw out all you can and do as I did—buy 5 or 10 acres of productive land in Florida. Then when you're as old as I am now, you'll have something to retire on—a place of your own that will afford you an income the rest of your days.

Do as I did. Here's the way: First, out of my weekly drawing account in my business, I saved a few dollars a week, increasing that sum as I increased my business, and I also found many personal expenses that I could cut down—or out.

At the end of a few years I owned some gilt-edged bonds that amounted to several thousand dollars. Yes, that made me feel proud! By the time I went to Florida again last year, I had the money to carry out my plan, and I hadn't disturbed my business capital in the least. I had saved every dollar from my own personal income to buy that \$7,000 property. I could have bought as good land for \$300 an acre, but I wanted that particular piece.

Now comes the sequel, for I know you're wondering how I can afford to own my own home in Florida on a 10-acre tract that cost so much. Listen, Tom! I am now a farmer—a truck gardener. I'm marketing my first crop this season. Only 6 acres under cultivation, but my goodness, boy! I'm getting four crops off of every acre, at the highest market price that early vegetables always bring at this season in northern markets—enough income in one season to almost pay for the 6 acres.

Is this land too high at \$700 an acre? I'll say it's not! A fellow with 20 acres adjoining mine, for the last 5 years has averaged almost \$600 an acre *net* on his four crops a year. How's that?

I suppose you're asking "Where's that?" Well, it's where I told you—down in Florida on what I call the southwest coast, in Charlotte

County, near Punta Gorda, the county seat. One fellow right inside the city limits has a pineapple field on which he has cleared \$2,000 a year for the past four years. Another good stunt there is raising bananas. Then, of course, oranges, grapefruit, tangerines, limes, lemons and guavas are highly profitable. But I've decided to stick to the old favorite staples—potatoes, tomatoes, eggplant, peppers, and of course, lettuce, radishes, onions and George Ade's other common garden varieties. They're easier to cultivate, they grow quickly in this perfect climate, and they pack, ship and sell at the drop of the hat in the north, when it's freezing the buttons off your clothes.

But Tom! I've been rambling along on commercial opportunities, and haven't told you about the pleasures of living here. The climate—it's always June in Punta Gorda; the tropical scenery—gosh, it's beautiful; and O man!—the fishing! But that must hold over till the next letter. I could write you a whole volume about fishing down here on Charlotte Harbor—or out into the Gulf of Mexico. There isn't time or space for any more in this letter.

Save some money, Tom, and get a permanent home right down here. Think it over! Every word I tell you about it is the truth.

Love for you, old sport, and Nettie, and hoping you'll soon snap out of that old rut, I'm as ever

Your true friend,

JACK.

Cut Off Here When Filled In and Mail Today

ERNEST PEARCE,
Gen. Mgr. Punta Gorda Finance Co.
West Taylor Street
Punta Gorda, Florida.

Dear Sir:

Send me more information about opportunities in and around Punta Gorda.

NAME

BUSINESS

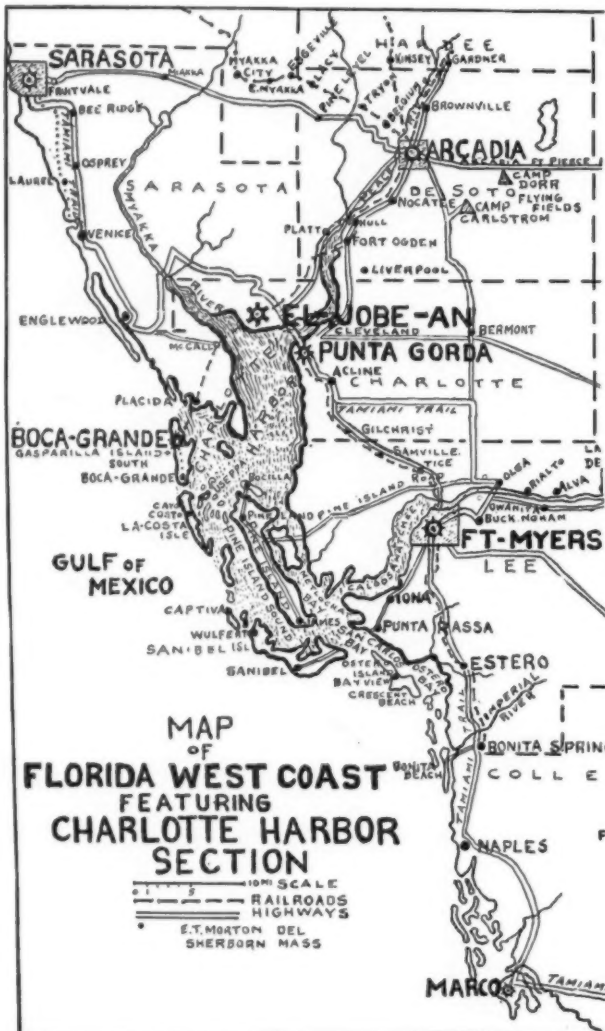
NUMBER AND STREET

CITY STATE

No Obligation Incurred

To be sold on a proposition you must have confidence in the owners

EL-JOBE-AN, the magic city, now forging ahead as one of the most promising sections of the west coast of Florida. This development is under the supervision of Mr. Joel Bean, of Boston, Massachusetts, a well known and successful Massachusetts realtor. Ideally located on the southwest coast of Florida, at the head of Charlotte Harbor, the second largest harbor on the west coast of Florida.



The following reference to El-Jobe-An is taken from the "Punta Gorda Herald" of Friday, December 18, 1925

Saturday evening, December 12th, the El-Jobe-An Social Club held a dance in the new restaurant building. The hall had been most attractively decorated with golden rod and bunting, by the ladies of El-Jobe-An.

The music was furnished by the El-Jobe-An Orchestra, and the lively tune of the quadrille and the dreamy strains of the waltz, floated out on to the Myakka until late into the night. This first social function of the Club was voted an overwhelming success by the eighty-odd members in attendance, and many more evenings of the same nature are now being planned for the future.

On Sunday morning at 9.30 a flag raising took place in the new restaurant building in El-Jobe-An. The citizens arranged themselves in a semi-circle and remained in reverent silence while Old Glory was raised on high. After the salute to the flag Ex-Mayor Morse of Haverhill, Mass., made a few appropriate remarks and pictures were taken of the gathering before it dispersed.

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts is well represented in El-Jobe-An with forty-four of her former citizens. Other states have their representatives, but so far the Old Bay State has the majority.

Green and Costain, contractors of El-Jobe-An, have been in Punta Gorda lately, purchasing building materials for the erection of several stucco bungalows for which they have contracts.

Mr. C. N. Jenks, Vice-President of the Florida Syndicate, Inc., and E. C. Hunt, Sales Manager, visited El-Jobe-An recently, and were pleased with development activities which were being carried on.

Among visitors last week at El-Jobe-An Hotel were Ex-Mayor C. A. Littlefield, of Lynn, Mass., and Ex-Mayor Morse of Haverhill, Mass. Both have become ardent boosters of Florida's West Coast, and Charlotte County in particular.

Developing Engineer Capt. B. B. Blood of El-Jobe-An, has just purchased a fleet of dump trucks and scrapers from G. S. Goff of Punta Gorda.

EL-JOBE-AN has been rightly named "The City of Destiny." Within a radius of forty miles of the limits of EL-JOBE-AN, tens of millions of dollars are being expended by some of the foremost business men of America.

Knowing the large profits made by those who invested at Miami and on the East Coast of Florida, it is the opinion of conservative investors that history is to be repeated in EL-JOBE-AN, the fast-growing city in Charlotte County, Florida. Five miles of beautiful beaches, ideal bathing and fishing. A short distance from Tampa, with direct railroads into the heart of the city.

Boston and Florida Realty Trust
Main Offices 455-456 Park Square Building BOSTON, MASS.

SWIFT

—a food service

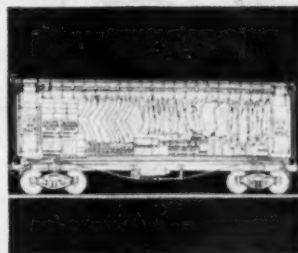
1 Immediately after it is dressed, meat is placed in clean, airy coolers. The temperature chills but does not freeze the meat



2 Meat is carried from the cooling room into refrigerator cars



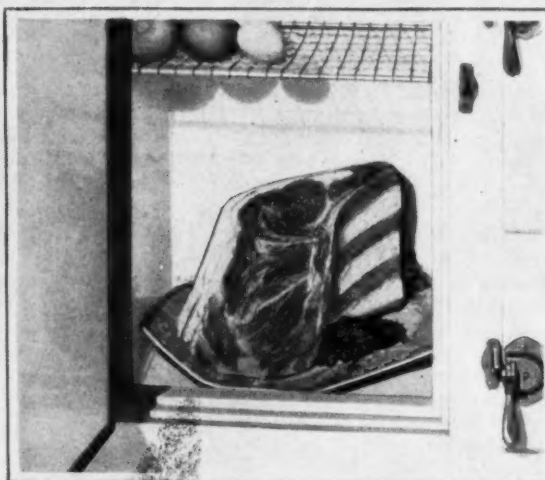
3 Swift refrigerator cars are ice-boxes on wheels. They are re-iced so as to keep the products in perfect condition during the journey



4 Here, in the branch house cooling room, your retail meat dealer selects meat for his customers



A BIT of artificial winter follows Swift meats every step of their way to you. How constant refrigeration is maintained, even on wheels, is one of the most interesting chapters in this story of a food service



YOUR juicy beef roast, steak or lamb roast owes its goodness not only to selection and preparation, but to the exacting care with which it is brought to you.

From the time meat is first hung in the cooling rooms of Swift & Company to the time it is delivered to your retail meat dealer, it must be kept at the right degree of temperature.

Swift & Company has the experienced men, the scientific knowledge, and the equipment which this requires.

Vital services, such as the one described here, are performed by Swift & Company for an average profit from all sources of only a fraction of a cent a pound—a profit which has no appreciable effect on prices paid to the live-stock producer or by the consumer.

Swift & Company

Founded 1868

Owned by more than 47,000 shareholders

© S. & Co.

Phillip S. Teller appointed to Shipping Board

IF sentiment and romance, if stories of pioneer days and hardships of the '49ers of the California gold rush and adventures on the seas redound to the making of good American citizenship and loyalty to one's country, then Phillip Shephard Teller, newly appointed member of the United States Shipping Board, can qualify as a specimen of the highest type of his countrymen. Romantic literature has no more thrilling tales of danger and deeds of bravery than have been bequeathed to this sturdy Westerner by the forebears on both sides of his honored family.

This sturdy son of the Golden Gate, who has done great things in building up the commerce of the Pacific coast, has just turned into his fifty-first year. With heavy gray hair, keen gray-blue eyes and strong facial features, tall, square-shouldered and trim of form, he can look back over a career that has been coeval with the growth of the great states of California, Oregon and Washington and Alaska and Hawaii, and the opening up of the Orient to American entry and development of trade of the Pacific Ocean, and in each of these he has played his part and received his reward in seeing his state and city grow and himself and family become prosperous. His appointment as a Republican member of the bi-partisan United States Shipping Board to succeed Meyer Lissner was sent to the United States Senate for confirmation January 12, on the recommendation of Senator Shortridge and he was confirmed two days later and entered upon his duties in the service of the United States government. But this service in the office of an important government function was not new to him, for he had served his state as a Commissioner having to do with similar duties.

Phillip Shephard Teller, a distant relative of the late Senator Henry M. Teller of Colorado, whose eloquent voice for the continued coinage of unlimited silver enriched the forum of American statesmanship, was born in San Francisco, California, January 14, 1861, the third son of six sons and one daughter of John de Peyster Teller and Sarah J. (Shephard) Teller. His father was a pioneer wholesale grocery merchant of San Francisco, but this immediate family connection started back in pioneer days when men were men, when the grandfather, Captain Phillip W. Shephard (on the mother's side), from Hagerstown, Maryland, and the father John de Peyster Teller, who domiciled on the Hudson caught the spirit, "Go West Young Man," and forsook their kith and kin for the new opportunity in the then distant lands.

John de Peyster Teller as a young man left his father's farm on the Hudson to engage in the wholesale grocery business in New York City, but found business dull there and the prospects of great success far distant, so he disposed of his holdings and turned up the Hudson to Buffalo and then to the unbroken West, taking up a home in Wisconsin. When word of the gold discovery in California reached him in the summer of 1849, he induced some of his new-made friends of the Mid-West to join him in the trials among the pioneers, many of whom were setting out on the journey from which they were never to return. They floated down the Mississippi to New Orleans, were deluged in the jam of the "rush" but finally got passage to Panama on a sailing vessel in the late summer 1849, then shipped up the west coast, arriving in the Golden Gate early in the year 1850. Landing, they ran helter

skelter in search of gold claims, this little band going as far north over the mountains as Trinity River in Northern California, where they mined for two years. Becoming weary of the life of a miner, John de Peyster Teller left his party and returned to San Francisco, and to his first love, the wholesale grocery business.

In San Francisco while Mr. Teller was laying the foundation for his fortune and building up a young mercantile business on the Pacific Coast the fabric of romance was being unconsciously woven from another angle of the globe. From Hagerstown, Maryland, unknown to the Tellers and to their possible destiny, Phillip W. Shephard and his wife had gone on a journey to England taking their favorite grandchild, Sarah J. Shephard, where they placed her in school. At the age of nine she returned to begin with the family one of the greatest sea voyages of history. For two years Phillip W. Shephard had been building the sailing ship, *The Arkansas*, of which he proclaimed himself captain. Gathering his family together early in the year 1851 on board *The Arkansas*, he sailed south from Chesapeake Bay, headed for the ice crags of Cape Horn (on the rim of the Antarctic), then set his course for the Pacific Ocean to the Golden Gate. It was far into the year 1852 when *The Arkansas* hove-

to and beached on a mud bank in San Francisco Bay, the crew deserting took to the wilderness in search of gold. Here for years shippers used *The Arkansas* for a warehouse.

Captain Phillip W. Shephard was a lawyer, then much in demand, and he was immediately elected judge and served until 1868, through re-election, until his death. John de Peyster Teller met Sarah J. Shephard soon after the adventurous voyage which ended in San Francisco and they later were married. There were seven children born of this union and the parents lived to ripe old ages, Mr. Teller dying in 1901 at the age of eighty-three, his wife outliving him nine years, dying in 1910.

Phillip Shephard Teller, the newly appointed member of the United States Shipping Board, was born in San Francisco, January 14, 1861. He was educated in the public schools of San Francisco, later being employed in the wholesale grocery business with his father. On this mercantile foundation which he in later life absorbed, he was very successful. His salesmen traveled all along the Pacific coast. He branched out into the steamship ownership business to carry on his increasing trade, engaged in lumber purchasing,

Continued on page 277



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Phillip S. Teller, a business man of San Francisco, who has been appointed a member of the United States Shipping Board to succeed Meyer Lissner, resigned. Mr. Teller was strongly recommended for the position by Senator Shortridge of California



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Affairs at Washington

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

THE usual inquiry goes the rounds on the floor and in the gallery of the Senate as new Senators are sworn in—"Is there a great man in the making among the recruits?" The Senate is a testing ground and the beginning of many an illustrious career.

I heard one old Senator remark in a casual way: "There is solid, level-headed sense in the head of the new Senator from Kentucky." Later on I met Hon. Frederic N. Sackett and the first impression confirmed the predictions of his colleague. In personal appearance Senator Sackett is a solid and substantial-looking man with the manner of one who would make things go through. Although new to politics, he is not a stranger to executive responsibility. Public service on Kentucky State Board of Charities and as Federal Food Administrator for Kentucky during the World War has already proven his faculty for applying his abilities for public as well as private affairs. His political record may be succinctly summarized in the impressive remark of a constituent: "He just ran for the office and won, as he has always had a way of winning results."

When he took his seat he had already been assigned on the important committees—Agriculture, Interstate Commerce, Banking and Currency. His broad and extensive experience in practical business affairs as a large coal operator in Louisville, demonstrated clear-headed judgment for twenty-five years. While not a lawyer, he has an analytical mind free from the limitation of making precedent a fetish.

Hon. Frederic N. Sackett was born in Providence, R. I., but adopted Louisville, Kentucky, in the bloom of early manhood. Graduating from Brown University and the Harvard Law School, he began the practice of law in Columbus, Ohio, but later moved to Louisville in 1898. His adaptitude for public service was fully demonstrated in the work he accomplished during the World War as Federal Food Administrator. In the extensive business activities covering the scope involved in coal production and cement he was equal to the demands for keeping a constructive adjustment and balance in business. "Edgecombe," in Cherokee Park, Louisville, Kentucky, his home, exemplifies the hearty hospitality of the Southland and the "old Kentucky home." While an adopted son of Kentucky, Senator Sackett has proven a most zealous and ardent citizen of the state of Daniel Boone, who himself was an adopted Kentuckian. There is something about the citizens of Kentucky that resembles kinsfolk. It matters not whether they were born on the soil where Abraham Lincoln was born if they measure up to the ideals of gentlemen in the full and unmeasured sense of the

word. Senator Sackett is business from the word "go," and the home folk feel that it was a lucky turn of political fortune that gave them a man of the solid business calibre of Frederic Moseley Sackett as United States Senator from Kentucky.

LITTLE do we realize the trials and tribulations of an interpreter in the State Department and how much depends upon the translation of letters and documents. In fact, one of the reasons why the League of Nations failed is because no one seemed to be able to translate the spirit of it correctly.

One prominent translator in the State Department related the incident of a letter received from an eminent French statesman written in his own handwriting. Although he was familiar with French, he could not seem to get the drift of the letter because of the handwriting which was so scrooled. He retired to his library and concentrated on the letter until the words came to him as in a vision, *il paraître*. This phrase was the keynote of the whole letter, because he requested that certain corrections be made in the book before it appeared (*il paraître*). Doubtless an acute diplomatic situation was averted by the keen vision and insight, almost clairvoyancy, and persistence of the translator in deciphering the handwriting.

VALUABLE historic papers relegated to the sub-basement of the State, War and Navy buildings during the War were recently "found" and returned to their former places of keeping. Among the documents are the original Emancipation proclamation, original ratifications by the states of the constitution, the Wayne Indian treaty signed by George Washington, the treaty closing the Revolution, the Northwest and Northeast boundary dispute evidence, the convention ceding Louisiana, records of presidential elections, and various executive orders and proclamations.

BEARING out the theory long since expressed by economists, that automobile credit is injuring the business of firms engaged in the production and sale of necessities, Louis T. McMahon of the William Filene and Sons Company of Boston declared at the Fourth New England Conference of retail credit granters that "People can't buy cars and other things, too. It is the retailer, not the buyer, that suffers. If auto owners don't pay, they lose their cars, so other creditors have to wait." Dealers in men's clothing complained that men do not care how they are attired as long as they have automobiles.

IN the prime of his life, the late Senator Henry Cabot Lodge conceived the idea of converting Egg Rock, a bleak isle off Nahant, Massachusetts, into a bird haven. Now the Massachusetts General Court has given favorable consideration to a bill to carry out the idea. If the bill passes, Egg Rock would become known as the "Henry Cabot Lodge Bird Sanctuary." What a unique monument for the scholar and statesman!

IT is more than a year since the historic Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, conceived originally by George Washington, was closed. A similar fate is now overtaking other old canals throughout the country. The Essex Canal is already no more, parts of it now being used as a roadway. Already there has been a proposal that the C. and O. be used for a scenic highway.

IT looked as if the great pillars of Uncle Sam's Economy Temple were about to fall when Comptroller-General McCarl ruled that Congressmen must take the salary increase they voted themselves, whether they want to or not. Several members had declined to accept checks with the increase. Although McCarl has notified the members that they can return the extra amount as a gift to Uncle Sam, only eight have so far returned the \$2,500, but there may be others as the next election days come closer in the calendar.

THERE is at least one difference between the opening and closing of Congress. The Congressional clocks are never put back on the first Monday in December, the day and date prescribed by the Constitution as the time for convening Congress. The clocks were, therefore, all on time on that first Monday in the twelfth month of A.D. 1925, when the sixty-ninth Congress was born. There were many new faces at the christening and a number of public careers were retired to the musty chapters of the Congressional Records.

THE League of Nations is to interest itself in other matters besides those concerned with international diplomacy, according to recent advices. A special committee is to list each year the best 6,000 books published throughout the world. Closer intellectual contact is the aim of this plan, according to officials. The rules of the contest allow each country publishing a minimum of 10,000 books to submit 40; smaller countries will submit proportional numbers. Novels cannot be included, and the subjects dealt with must be in the realms of history, law, social science, theology, philosophy, classical literature, art, geography, travel.

The Lincoln Library

IN my travels here and there, there is one volume, about three inches thick and weighing less than six pounds, that I always carry as a "library," complete unto itself. Indeed, "The Lincoln Library" is the most complete and concentrated register of human knowledge that I have ever seen. No matter where I am, in Bagdad, Egypt, Spain; in Canada, Mexico, or South America, The Lincoln Library seems always to meet the situation when I am looking for information.

This new and very practical book is the result of the vision of a man, who, in his youth, was absolutely hungry for a college education, and took up the selling of books as a means of earning his way through college. While a student and while teaching, he sold these books with enthusiasm because he felt he was not only earning something for himself, but broadcasting knowledge and information to all with whom he came in contact.

When he was graduated from Cornell University, he found that he still could not overcome his desire to distribute helpful books. Eighteen years ago, his ambition to become a book publisher on a large scale crystallized in the launching of "The Frontier Press Company," which is owned and controlled by himself and his several brothers. The first instructive volume published by this Company was "The Standard Dictionary of Facts," a handy reference work of about one thousand pages, which has been widely distributed and very extensively used.

The founder and principal builder of The Frontier Press Company of Buffalo, New York, is Mr. M. J. Kinsella, who is today regarded as one of the leading publishers of America. Mr. Kinsella has learned the publishing business from the bottom to the top—from salesman to the presidency of the great house of which he is now the head. In gaining this wide experience, he has come in contact with men and women of all classes, conditions, and needs.

He has always looked upon Lincoln, studying in the light of a flaming pine knot before the fireplace, as the *ideal* in the search for knowledge. Determined to bring the longed-for goal within the reach of all, he has worked with indefatigable energy until his carefully planned reference works have become a powerful factor in the lives of the multitudes to whom millions of copies have been sold.

It has been estimated that, during these great sales campaigns, approximately three millions of homes have been visited each year and the wisdom of possessing more and more knowledge has been suggested to each. The uplifting effect of those educational interviews is quite beyond one's power of comprehension.

Under the leadership of Mr. Kinsella, The Frontier Press Company has been built up into an extensive and enthusiastic organization. This is a result of the fact that he has imparted his enthusiasm to his associates in the same man-



M. J. Kinsella, Founder and President of The Frontier Press Company

ner as Schwab has done in the steel business and as Vail did in the telephone industry. From the modest beginnings of eighteen years ago, the Company has grown until it now has eighteen branch offices located in the most important cities of the United States and Canada.

But, it is of his latest project—The Lincoln Library of Essential Information—that I wish principally to speak. This extensive and unique volume is justly regarded by Mr. Kinsella as the triumph of his life work. The Lincoln Library is predicated upon Abraham Lincoln's statement with regard to education: "I view it as the

most important business which we, as a people can be engaged in." This is a broad statement coming from the immortal Lincoln, but it contains the essence of truth. I wonder how many people, in their mad chase for money as the most important thing in their lives, ever stop to think that Lincoln in his eminence declared that education comes first. People never tire of hearing the story of Lincoln's life—a story illuminated with the one premier quality—his devotion to education. And Lincoln was a self-educated man.

The Lincoln Library contains three million words, twenty-three hundred pages, twenty-one thousand articles, two hundred and fifty pages of tables, sixty-six dictionaries, eight hundred and eighteen color or half tone engravings, twelve thousand test questions, and twenty thousand index entries. Yet it is less than three inches thick. The book seems to have been one of the harbingers of education following the after-war period when education was being broadcast throughout the world as never before. It combines the ideas of the encyclopedia, the dictionary, the textbook, the handbook, the geography, and the gazetteer, to say nothing of the department of biography, which contains as much text matter as several ordinary books—the "essentials" of a college education skilfully packed into a single handy volume. Association with the book is like contact with the faculties of the great universities.

When, sometime ago, Dr. Epler of Boston called on me with a copy of The Lincoln Library and spent ten minutes discussing its qualities, I discovered there was no answering his challenge to present a single reason why I had no need for the book. We can never know, nor own too many good books. If we take the testimony of the ages, we find it focuses upon a single conclusion—that "Knowledge is to know, or know where to find the information desired." This is the verdict of Samuel Johnson and Alexander Pope, who insisted that "Knowledge is, indeed, that which, next to virtue, truly and essentially raises one man above another."

Quite often I dip into The Lincoln Library as a pastime, instead of idling away the golden hours in useless games, idle activities, and so-called recreations. As Wendell Phillips is quoted as saying: "The test comes over and over. Men some time or other realize that education is the only interest worthy the deep, controlling anxiety of the thoughtful man."

But the field of education is extremely broad—so much so that the seeker for knowledge is often discouraged in his search for the most worthwhile things. He may not know what knowledge is regarded as the most valuable in his particular field of endeavor, and often, when he *does* know what he ought to have, he is unable to find it without assistance. The great "essentials" in the leading fields of knowledge are to be found in the Lincoln Library.

LINCOLN

UNLEARNED in the cant and quip of schools,
Uncouth, if only city ways refine;
Ungodly, if 'tis creeds that make divine;
In station poor, as judged by human rules,
And yet a giant towering o'er them all;
Clean, strong in mind, just, merciful, sublime;
The noblest product of the age and time,
Invoked of God in answer to men's call.

O simple world, and will you ever learn,
Schools can but guide, they cannot mind create?
'Neath roughest rock the choicest treasures wait;
In meanest forms we priceless gems discern;
Nor time, nor age, condition, rank nor birth,
Can hide the truly noble of the earth.

—Wilbur Hazelton Smith

Judge W. E. Walsh of Miami is Interesting Personality

As President of Miami University, he hopes to see new Institution Direct Emotional Life of Tropics

By FRANCES MATHER

IN back of every great new undertaking you may be sure there is an interesting personality, and in the case of the unusual new University of Miami, Florida, that person is the prominent attorney, Judge William E. Walsh.

Truly, Florida offers an amazing spectacle of pioneering carried out on the vast scale of this twentieth century world of airplane, radio, and organized industry. Innovations here are almost a matter of course. Nevertheless it seemed surprising for this young city, apparently divided between pleasure seeking and feverish business activity, to be the site of a serious educational project. The answer is to be found in Judge Walsh's private life.

Born in Pittsburgh, William E. Walsh is a graduate of Washington Jefferson College and of the University of Pittsburgh. As a young man he was assistant district attorney there for four years. He found it necessary to move to another climate, however, because of his boy's illness.

The Walshes tried a number of places in the west to no avail, and finally came to Miami in 1921. Here at Miss Harris' outdoor school their son has attained robust health.

This personal experience impressed on Judge Walsh the value of outdoor study from the standpoint of good health. In the north shut-in classrooms with vitiated air are a more or less necessary evil. But in Florida such buildings are a bad habit resulting from thoughtless inadaptability.

Judge Walsh became impressed with the importance of establishing a university expressive of Florida and suited to her needs.

The mild Florida climate gives more than good health: it creates surroundings of vivid tropical beauty that stir in people unsuspected emotional depths. Ordinarily this results in nothing more than passing enjoyment. But since emotion and inspirational thought, when trained, produce art, why not use this setting for an outdoor school of fine arts. This department, Judge Walsh felt, should be one of the strongest in the university.

Florida also has many regional problems crying out for scientific research and investigation. No better method could be found of attacking these problems than through a permanent local university center acquainted with conditions here and designed to deal with them.

Moreover these conditions in tropical Florida are closely akin to those of the other Americas. Central and South American countries naturally turn to the United States as leader, but too often their problems have not been ours. There could be no better step towards a real Pan-American union than the establishment of a university in this tropical climate, where students of all the Americas would find common interests, and

would study problems concerning all in an accustomed setting.

Judge Walsh conceived the idea of establishing such an open air university here, consisting of a main administration building and such smaller buildings as are necessary, connected by arcades and cloisters, but with most of the classes held in outdoor pavilions.

His keen mind afire with this great concept, Judge Walsh talked it over with Frederick Zeigen, and he in turn took it up with George E. Merrick, developer of Coral Gables, the city beautiful of greater Miami. Mr. Zeigen secured a gift of five million dollars and one hundred and sixty acres of land from Mr. Merrick.



Judge William E. Walsh, of Miami, President of the Board of Regents of Miami University

As the result, Judge Walsh, president of the board of regents, presided at the laying of the cornerstone for the University of Miami on February 4, 1926.

This university has an endowment fund already close to eight million dollars, and a campus of one hundred and sixty acres. The plan for this institution of international scope now calls for twenty-two buildings and an endowment of fifteen million dollars. Its architecture will show the picturesque Spanish influence so admirably adapted to the outdoor idea and to the historic background and tropical beauty of Florida.

The thought, work, and responsibility required of Judge Walsh and his associates in establishing this great public institution has been tremendous. It will entail an even greater sacrifice of time and energy when the university is actually opened. Such labor is all the more noteworthy because Mr. Walsh is a prominent attorney with an extensive law practice.

The entire seventh floor of the Olympia Building, comprising eighteen offices, is taken up by the firm of Walsh, Beckham, and Ellis. Here they carry on a complete legal business with special departments for income tax, litigation and real estate. From the middle of July to the first of September, they drew up the papers forming new corporations at the rate of one a day.

The position of legal advisers to northern clients is one of unusual responsibility because these clients are not acquainted with conditions in Florida and therefore call upon their lawyers to help them make many important decisions, often at very short notice. The first piece of advice Judge Walsh usually gives a client investing in Florida real estate is to buy only from reputable brokers.

Judge Walsh is also president of Lauderdale Country Club Estates, a development recently opened in a desirable section of Fort Lauderdale, the most active and most rapidly growing city of the Florida east coast.

Because he has found Florida to be the greatest health resort of America or Europe, and therefore the place where people live most efficiently and happily, Judge Walsh believes that Florida will be appreciated increasingly as time goes on, and as people learn that they can add twenty years to their lives by escaping the sickness of cold northern winters. "People from the north will even find a summer vacation in Florida enjoyable," he smilingly asserted.

The period of exploration has passed. Already the period of Florida's true development is well advanced. No better proof could be had than the founding of this far reaching and advanced institution of higher education, the beautiful University of Miami.

Key West, Where Winter is Summer—and Summer is Eternal

*Town Furthest South in the United States, Former Home of Pirates, Important Government Base—
One part of South which did not secede during the Civil War*

KEY WEST, the southernmost city in the United States, and county seat of Monroe County, comprising the magic chain of Florida Keys, is destined to become the marine Gateway to the Tropics with a port expansion that will make her a seaport town of world consequence. But that is not all; as the only frost-free city in the United States her future is also concerned vitally with winter-resort development, comparable to that of the European Riviera.

Sentinel the entrance to the Gulf of Mexico, as it likewise guards the Caribbean and the approach to the Panama Canal, Key West is a port of strategic importance from the military standpoint. Boasting a harbor the peer of any in the state in area, and superior to many in depth, it is also important from a commercial standpoint. But "Forty-Five Minutes off the Broadway" of marine trade from Gulf to Atlantic, its harbor is more accessible than any other port in the state. There are no devious routes to be followed into winding rivers, or landlocked bodies to be traversed for several miles before shipping may dock in Key West. Over five thousand ships pass this port annually; within less than half an hour these ships may slide into berths alongside Key West terminals, to discharge cargoes, take on supplies or to await orders, going on their way with expedition.

Today Key West's harbor is a maze of shipping craft from humble fishing smacks and spongers' dinghies to majestic car-ferries and palatial steamships. Tied up at her wharves are lumber ships bearing cargoes of spruce from distant British Columbia, steel from Germany, and concrete from Amsterdam; yet others are enroute to her port in an endless succession of burden-bearing to Florida, the land of golden sunshine and stupendous development. Because of the diversified marine interests here and the accessibility of its harbor, Key West is capitalizing the exigencies of the railroad embargo against south-bound freight into Florida in offering its port and rail facilities to a world commerce now seeking entry into the Land of Flowers. Manufacturers, lumber dealers and companies handling builders' supplies are eagerly availing themselves of the opportunity to get into Florida through Key West's "Open Door." Approximately two thousand tons of miscellaneous freight are being speeded into the state by rail from this city, making Florida accessible to those who are contributing so materially to her development.

Imports and exports through Key West totalled over \$51,000,000 for the past year. What this one item alone could be made to read through the expansion of this port in attracting trade with countries to the south of Key West, only a mathematical expert might estimate. Certain it is that Key West's future as a marine port is limited only by the initiative of her own people. As the nearest American port to the Panama Canal—the Gateway to the Tropics—she is dis-

tinguished from other cities of the eastern and southern seaboard. Already shipping is finding its way down the Pacific coast through the Canal to this port; as time passes the entire commerce of tropical countries is sure to find a port of entry into the United States through Key West. This city is firmly established today in the minds of the Cuban people as the port of entry into this country. It is the policy of Key West to foster this idea in the minds of Central and South American people, that Key West may come to be recognized by every tropic land as the logical port for importing and exporting to and from the United States. Once that is accomplished, its future as a seaport city of world consequence is fixed.

Various aerial corporations are now seeking to establish stations upon the island of Key West in forming routes from the United States to Cuba and Mexico. One corporation plans to extend its lines to South America as soon as practicable. Unquestionably, aerial commerce has made great forward strides within the last few years; as time passes it is becoming more and more a stabilized medium of commercial transportation. What more advantageous, then, than Key West's opportunity to become identified with this great aerial expansion now beginning to ramify the continent, in the hey-day of its initial growth. Just as this city controls a large marine area by virtue of its strategic position at the mouth of the Gulf, just as vitally does it figure in aerial control, commercially as well as in a military sense.

Inevitably, this unique seaport city standing at the southernmost end of the United States, situated upon an island approximately half way between the two Americas, shall become the commercial hub of the western hemisphere, reaping untold benefits from its central position between these two great continents.

But there is yet another side to the development of this Island City. Like the many-faceted gem of the lapidary, she has yet another face to present: That of winter-resort development.

Several years ago, a prosperous Miamian climbed out of an automobile into Key West's warm sunshine. As he paused upon the curbstone before a friend's residence, he glanced straight out to sea—a mobile, opalescent sea whose waves were but then laving the nearby shoreline with a secession of foam froth. Against the horizon a freighter was rocking leisurely southward, its deck-housing silhouetted into cameo-clearness against an azure sky. A gay hibiscus nodded across the low wall to shower pollen upon his coatsleeve, and two little children in bathing suits danced gleefully by on their way to play upon the beach. A beaming sun made his winter clothing seem irksome, heavy things; the sight of approaching pedestrians clad in light summery attire made him seem out of place in overcoat and winter hat. "Yes," he

opined aloud, "in less than five years, Key West shall become known all over the United States as the most wonderful winter resort in the United States. Why, if other cities had the wealth of assets this city possesses, they would capitalize them to the limit!" And so they would. For in Key West one may dive off either end of the main street into the sea. One may also drive a ball on its marvelous golf links from the Atlantic to the Gulf in one stroke. Or better yet, one may motor over isle and sea with its chameleon-like variety of color effects defying description for miles. There is still left the finest game fishing in the world or the opportunity to cruise about among Florida's emerald isles, as so many wealthy yachtsmen are wont to do in winter-time. Submarine gardens in nearby waters may be visited where this fantastic flora of the sea is visible through fathoms of ocean; and then there are still left all the other things one may do in resort cities—dancing, movies, a multiplicity of outdoor sports. Social life is colored largely by the existence of various military units established here, and many gay events occur during the height of the season when society is most active.

The Miamian's prophecy is coming true; for today the hands of myriad resort developers and city builders are at work upon her surface, making Key West into the scintillating bejewelled beauty she is destined to become. Like Cinderella's godmother, they are waving the fairy wand of transformation across her shores and the time is not far off when she shall come to rival other fair cities of the state in power to attract.

As the only frost-free city in the United States, Key West enjoys a distinction accorded to no other city of the state. Weather records kept by the United States Weather Bureau over a period of fifty-three years prove that never once in that interval has Jack Frost ever visited the city. During that time the thermometer has never gone below 41 degrees, and that low mark occurred only once. The maximum temperature ever recorded for Key West was 93 degrees, which was registered only twice in that period. Key West's average summer temperature is 84; her winter average, 69 degrees. Possessed of an equable climate, summer and winter, flooded with sunshine the year round, its warmth tempered by invigorating salt-laden breezes, the Island City is an ideal site for winter resort development. There life in the open is possible the year round, and going out in its balmy climate is a mere matter of unlatching the door and running down the steps into the street—a wonderful privilege. But it is not until the rest of the world is chilled with the rigors of winter that Key West's marvelous climate appeals in its full potency to visitors by virtue of its pronounced contrast to other sections of the country.

A painted city in a golden sea, standing firmly upon its coral strand, bathed in tropical sunlight, surrounded by seas of sapphire, jade and

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The Florida Keys

By HELEN HOLLAND

ISOLATED, detached, mysterious with the subtle fascination of the tropics, reeking with romance, aloof from the rest of the world, with their marvelous charm of opalescent seas and sunny skies, the Florida Keys yet are doing more to publicize Florida than any other section of the state in its construction of the only Over-Sea Highway in the world.

This unique automobile road is now in process of building from Key West to the mainland of Florida. It has already crossed several islands on its way to meet the northern terminal somewhere along the central Keys. The latter link is now progressing rapidly down Key Largo, the first and longest island in the chain. This great undertaking is a county enterprise, Monroe County having already issued bonds to the sum of \$2,360,000 for the purpose of financing initial stages of construction. The completion of this wonder highway with its infinite variety of scenic beauty, its panoramas of sea and sky, indented by the emerald isles of the Florida Keys, will undoubtedly intrigue the interest of the nation in its departure from conventional highway building as it is known upon the mainland. Inevitably, it will be the instrument of bringing increased prosperity to this isolated group of sunny islands.

Long ago when the Indian reigned supreme over America, the Florida Keys were also populated by the Red Man. Many of these islands still bear Indian names, pretty with the liquid euphony of their language. Game was plentiful then, the climate was ideal, fishing and hunting all that these tawny sons of nature could desire—a "happy hunting ground" in fact.

In the early part of the nineteenth century a bold bad man appeared on the Florida Keys—the pirate. There for years he held sway, dominating southern waters, burying his ill-gotten treasures on various Keys in the chain where he was wont to hold rendezvous with others of his ilk. Spanish galleons bearing cargoes of spices and Mexican gold or English ships laden with textiles and fruits from far-distant colonies were despoiled alike of their riches, much of which doubtless remains in its secret cache upon those islands until this day. Some of this pirate booty, placed there ages ago by greedy hands, has been discovered from time to time, and one never knows but that still greater riches shall be unearthed some fine day when the developer's dredge and shovel begin to excavate Florida Key soil?

If it be true that the spirits of the dead linger on earth after they have passed into the Great Beyond, then it is certain that the shades of long-deceased pirates must still hover around the beautiful Florida Keys reluctant to depart from the scene of many an ancient rendezvous. Perched upon the sands of its sunny beaches they doubtless sit, reminiscing among themselves in ghostly voices of the good old days when they fought and conquered many a gallant prize.

The passing of the pirate was heralded by oncoming homesteaders who were induced to settle there by the warm climate and unusual fertility of the soil. Though beset continually by warring Indians, enduring massacre and devastation at their fiendish hand, these sturdy pioneers remained obdurately upon their beloved Keys, farming, fishing and sponging in between battles with the Seminoles. With the suppression of Indian hostilities brought about at the close of Florida's long and tedious war, homesteaders populated the Florida Keys from end to end, dwelling upon these isolated islands in peace and plenty.

But this Elysian bliss was soon to be disturbed by the invasion of industry. Thrust forward by the indomitable will of that great financier and dreamer, Henry M. Flagler, the Over-Sea Railway crept slowly and tortuously down the Florida Keys, this great builder emptying the coffers of a Croesus in his determination to span the emerald chain as it curved gracefully out to form the Florida Straits some one hundred and eleven miles from the coast of the peninsula. Neither men nor money were spared; for the ruthless hand of destiny had written success against the struggle of accomplishment thus undertaken, and accomplished this great achievement must be.

In 1912, with a great fan-fare of music and a grand celebration, the Over-Sea Railway was completed, and so strung into a scintillating necklace the magic chain that is the Florida Keys.

The era of the homesteader is passing. There are a few of him left yet. But with the invasion of the Over-Sea Railway his days began to be numbered, although he and his brothers reeked little of that then. With the conception and

actual construction of the Over-Sea Highway which was begun two years ago, the tiller of the soil is rapidly disappearing; in his stead is the modern Goliath, the resort-developer. Yesterday, the Florida Keys were the peaceful homes of honest sons of toil, the agriculturist, the fisherman and the sponger. Today these islands are the sites of countless winter-resort developments. Tomorrow?—well, of tomorrow who can say?

But it may be safely prophesied in the light of present elaborate development inaugurated for the Florida Keys that they shall come to rival the resorts of the world in point of magnificence and beauty. Enhanced by the artifice of man who has only to wave the wand of achievement over its surface and presto!—the natural charm of these islands is transformed into a glorified playground destined to become the entertainment centre of America.

Venetian canals overhung with rustling coconut palms gesturing languorously to one another as they are swayed by the gentle sea-breeze, the blue-white luster of pearly globes at dusk, with their highlights of flame magnified in limpid depths beneath into huge opals of wondrous fire, at eventide. The gay red tiles and turrets of Granada crowning a distant stone palace lending the happy illusion that grand and magnificent old Castile stands again in all its ancient glory; laughter, sunshine, or sharp moonlight—the carnival spirit of a Mardi Gras—combined with "the splendor of the tropics" might picture the magic possibilities of this amazing emerald chain—a potential fairyland of beautiful homes, sea-shore boulevards, bathing casinos, Roman pools and amusement centres to draw the world like a magnet finely sensitized to every alluring whimsy of entertainment.

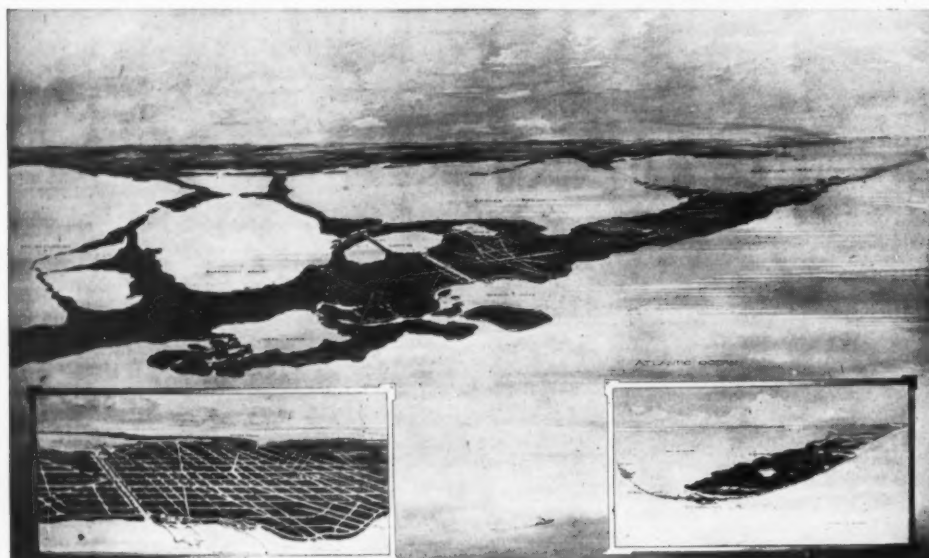
The Florida Keys get their name from the Spanish "Cayo," meaning "island." This has been corrupted by time into the more English "Key." The Florida Keys possess a strange title, peculiarly apropos, since it reflects the combined Spanish and American influence which has figured so graphically in the history of the emerald chain. There are approximately two hundred of these islands which are found in the waters of the Florida Straits and Bay of Florida about fifty miles south of Cape Sable, the southernmost promontory on the coast of the peninsula, as the crow flies. Key West, county seat of Monroe County, is located upon the last island in the chain. This city is about 111 miles from the mainland, following a route across the principal keys in the chain to the peninsula.

More than thirty islands are joined into one continuity by the Florida East Coast Railway, and it is the intention of Monroe County to construct the Over-Sea Highway parallel to this railroad except where the latter deviates to pass along the ocean front of some of the larger Keys.

The formation of the Florida Keys is of coral rock. Three types of soil are found upon these islands—in the swampy sections there is a marl



E. Bascom Slemph says that viewing the Florida Keys from a seaplane is the one way to appreciate the beauties of these tropical developments



AN airplane view of the development of Key Largo City, a tract comprising 6,000 acres in the heart of the "South Sea Isles of America"—the Florida Keys. This undertaking is backed by almost unlimited capital, while the men interested in it are of outstanding prominence and successful experience in the development field. The sale of lots in this development will be publicly announced shortly.

All the main boulevards of Key Largo City will be either 100 or 80 feet wide. Back of every street in the downtown section (which will largely be apartment houses, hotels and business) there will be an alleyway to provide rear entrance services. This alleyway will also serve for sewer and water pipes, telephone and telegraph wires, and all other similar public utility provisions. Thus will be avoided all necessity for digging up streets once they are laid, while the elimination of trucks and delivery wagons from the business streets and boulevards will make Key Largo City an exceptional civic community.

The parkway system which surrounds Key Largo City, and restricted wholly for the pleasure of the public, will be a feature that will signalize it beyond any other city in the United States.

From Palm Beach to Miami is a stretch of seventy miles, and anyone knowing not only land values, but particularly ocean-front land values, will appreciate what it means to give to Key Largo City eighteen miles of ocean-front property, or more than one-fourth of the ocean frontage between Miami and Palm Beach. In addition, there are sixteen miles of Biscayne Bay shore line property likewise dedicated to a parkway system, and forever to be for the pleasure of Key Largo City's residents and visitors.

While many Florida cities are already congested, due to narrow streets, and the result of a lack of building restrictions is painfully apparent, Key Largo City is laid out today for the requirements of years to come. Throughout the entire country civic communities are bemoaning the fact that their public buildings are placed all over their city, as the result of political and selfish interests. Key Largo City has already set apart several squares, where 120-foot Dixie Highway crosses the 120-foot Flagler Boulevard, for its civic center, and sites are now held in reserve for every building that can come under the head of a public building.

Of great protection and benefit to property owners are the building restrictions. Certain sections *must* be business, while certain other sections *must* be apartment houses. A number of lots have been designated as theatre sites, upon which the buyer cannot erect a building for any other purpose. Almost every religious denomination has been provided for in the way of holding specific lots for church buildings. School and playground sites have been determined upon. In fact, every possible provision has been made now to meet the requirements of future years, and so avoid the civic disappointments that mark so many communities.

Key Largo City is building that which will become the best designed civic community in the entire country, being planned on the best of all well-planned cities, with the mistakes of none.

mud, or a silt; upon the higher portions of the principal Keys is found a particularly fertile soil, pebbly, but nevertheless profitable in its richness. Almost every island is composed of substantial, high land, fringed with mangrove swamp upon its Bay of Florida side, a little of this swamp being noted also upon the ocean coastline, although fine beaches are possessed by numbers of Keys on the Atlantic and Straits of Florida shore lines. Both of the Mattecumbes, Plantation Key, Big Pine, No Name, Sugar Loaf, Ramrod, part of Cudjoe, Boca Chica and Key West have good beaches upon the ocean

side. Mangrove swamp lands are almost always paralleled by submarine beds of marl rock, a sticky substance like glue that makes the finest natural fill known. This deposit is also used to surface highways, and is incomparably superior to other materials. This rock is pumped by means of dredges or draglines into low areas, the machine performing the twofold purpose of deepening channels and at the same time raising land elevations. The roots of the mangrove tree which covers areas subjected to inundation make an ideal mattress for this fill, and are therefore an asset to property owners.

Any one who has lived in Miami for the past twenty years knows that Miami Beach was once similar to the present topography of the Florida Keys; the fact is, that island was, if anything, poorer in substantial land area than the majority of islands of the Florida chain is today. What developers have done with Miami Beach may be done again with these emerald Keys, possessing as they do a much more substantial soil formation than that originally owned by Miami Beach.

Waterways threading these islands are comparatively shallow with the exception of Niles Channel, Tavernier Creek, and Pelot's Creek. Those paralleling the Keys afford passage to yachts and small craft along the inner channel, which occurs between these islands and the Bay of Florida. These boats find easy passage; the outer channel along the oceanfront between the Keys and the Florida Reef permits safe navigation to vessels of light draught; and the highway of trade, which is beyond the reef, is but forty-five minutes from the chain making them easily accessible to the commerce of the world. Light-houses, beacons, buoys and markers define these marine routes, protecting mariners from unseen dangers throughout either course.

Notable harbors along the Florida chain are Rock Harbor, Turtle Harbor, Spanish Harbor near Bahia Honda, New Found Harbor south of Big Pine Key, and Key West Harbor, one of the finest natural deep harbors in the state.

The climate of the Florida Keys is the most equable in the United States. Frost never touches this chain of magic Keys, the range in temperature being about 15 degrees within a twelvemonth. Average winter temperatures are 69; average summer temperatures, 84 degrees. Vegetables, fruits and flowers mature quickly in this climate and crops upon the Keys are an endless cycle of harvests. Because of the equability of climate there, very little sickness exists, pneumonia and other virulent diseases being practically unknown. Winter upon the Florida Keys is a succession of blue and gold days with the sun coming up out of the Atlantic like a ball of gold to wend its way westward across cloudless azure skies, descending at dusk amid twilight shadows and brilliant sunset hues into the purple waters of the Gulf of Mexico. Then down comes the dark upon the Florida Keys in all its dusky star-strewn beauty, the bright moonlight sharply silhouetting the rustling coconut palms into gigantic fans murmuring softly in the night. Lights glimmer out upon the sable waters like giant fireflies beacons to the passerby that the yachting fleet has once again dropped anchor off the Florida Keys—"the yachtsmen's paradise."

Because of its superb winter climate, the Florida Keys offer continuous life in the open to all who halt upon its threshold. A multiplicity of outdoor sports await those who visit this land of enchantment, and summer raiment elsewhere is winter raiment there. In its balmy air, the weak and the robust, the child and the athlete alike find pleasure in play; unlike other sections of the country which are wrapped in snow "when winter comes," the Florida Keys are a land of perpetual sunshine and blossoming flowers, a place where winter is summer and summer is year 'round.

Industrially, the Florida Keys are important. They contribute vitally to the needs of the nation through their sponge, fishing and cigar manufacturing interests. Approximately \$1,000,000 is realized annually from the fishing, sponging and crawfishing done in these waters. This does not include the income from the turtle-soup canning business which is the only plant of its kind in

the United States. Approximately five million pounds of fish are shipped from this section every year, not to mention crawfish exports, which are sent to far-away San Francisco, alive in barrels of ice. (These latter compare favorably with the northern lobster and are considered by some to be superior to that crustacean.)

Limes, tomatoes, cantaloupes, oranges and other members of the citrus family which are raised on the Florida Keys net handsome incomes to farmers there. Limes average \$8.80 a crate. One farmer on Sugar Loaf ships annually 500 crates from his place, which brings him in a yearly sum of \$4,400. Bees, chickens and hogs are raised on these farms and supplement incomes from produce very substantially. Asparagus grows wild there, and sweet potatoes require absolutely no care; so prolific is this tuber that the farmers welcome invasions from raccoons, declaring that there is plenty left for them, and they do not have to go to the effort to dig the surplus because of the 'coon's industry!

Farming methods on the Florida Keys would compare favorably with those of the Thibetian plateau. A stick, possibly a hoe, and a packet of seeds or a sufficient stock of plantlets is all that is needed. The farmer scratches a hole among the pebbles, plants his plant or his seed, covers it and goes his way; at harvest time he reappears to gather in the mature crop. That constitutes the story of agriculture on the Keys. So rich and fertile is the soil that no artificial fertilizer or cultivation is required. Possibly a weeding or two, and the product is ready to garner. Cauliflower have been seen there growing two heads on one stalk, and pepper plants produce three crops in a single season. Tomatoes have netted farmers one thousand dollars an acre when conditions were favorable, and cantaloupes cannot be raised in sufficient quantities to meet the demand.

Aside from these commercially valuable crops, large quantities of tropical fruits are grown for sale in Miami and Key West. Grapes and dates are also being produced on the Keys with splendid results. Vines mature in six months and a two-year old plant has borne as many as two hundred clusters of fruit at one time. With the construction of the pipe line across the Florida Keys, made possible by the special session of the state legislature, bringing its inexhaustible supply of fresh water from the mainland, there is no limit to the agricultural possibilities of these magic, tropical islands.

But the paramount industry of these islands, as is the case with the entire state of Florida, is its winter-resort development and the consequent increased activity in real estate from Key Largo to Key West. Prices for key acreage until last February, varied from \$1.25 an acre for government lands to \$25 an acre. Today, no acreage can be bought for less than \$1,000, and some has actually been purchased for as high as \$25,000 an acre. These, of course, are the two extremes. Where developments are occurring, land values are high; other Keys, however, which as yet have not known the fairy-touch of the developer have property for much more modest figures. Averages scale from \$10,000 an acre to \$3,500 on down to the \$1,000 quoted above. Because of the potential possibilities of swamp land, it is especially interesting to note that those areas are being sold and resold for almost as much as high lands.

Notable winter-resort developments upon the Florida Keys are numerous. Only those which are actually under way will be described here. On Key Largo, The Key Largo Club Properties

is especially notable. This country-club community is being developed under the direction of Senator William M. Butler of Massachusetts, well-known as President Coolidge's Campaign manager, who together with other influential men form the corporation controlling this area. There are 594 lots in the property upon which it is planned to erect hotels, a country-club, a golf course, and fishing lodge. The rest of the tract is subdivided into residence lots. Details of this improvement include landscaping, boulevards, three canals running into the property at right angles to the water-front with yacht basin terminating the central canal. When completed, this resort will undoubtedly be comparable with the most attractive developments of the east coast Riviera. Already much of this property has been disposed of to wealthy tourists.

There are many smaller developments going on upon this island which is twenty-eight miles in length, and there is a portended improvement of a large tract around Key Largo City within the next few months to cost approximately twenty million dollars.

The Madison Holding Company of New York owns a tract on this Key which the New York Yacht Club has been said to want. That piece of property has been the means of bringing a fortune to its former owners, and with every sale it increases thousands of dollars. There is already a fishing club composed of wealthy New

Yorkers established on this Key near Islamorada, and several millionaires own winter homes there. One of this contingent aeroplanes to Palm Beach for golf daily, returning to his beloved Mattecumbe to spend the rest of his time.

Lower Mattecumbe, which was sold for \$40,000 year before last by heirs of the original owners of this 900-acre Key, was disposed of in less than one year for approximately \$750,000 to the Mattecumbe Properties Company. This corporation is composed of members of the Newport Beach Association who control the Miami Beach Casino. Realtors of Miami have passed the word around that when its owners are ready to develop this Key it shall be made into a second Monte Carlo.

Plantation Key has been the scene of spectacular prices based largely upon a several-million dollar development for that island which is being held up pending the arrival of the Over-Sea Highway to that Key. Since it is immediately below Key Largo and work is being speeded upon that island, the Over-Sea Highway should reach Plantation soon.

On Long Key there is already Long Key Fishing Camp, visited annually by wealthy sportsmen and yachtsmen of America. This camp is operated in connection with the chain of hotels owned by the Florida East Coast Hotel Company who own hostleries from St. Augustine, Palm Beach, Miami to Key West. It caters principally to those who come down for the game fishing in winter.

Big Pine is looked upon, by those who know, as a strategical point in the chain of Florida Keys because of its fine substantial land, its wonderful New Found Harbor, and its deep-water channels straight out to the Atlantic. It is also adjacent to famous Spanish Harbor where most of the wealthy yachtsmen rendezvous in winter for the game fishing. Already a \$2,458,000 development is being made upon one of the New Found Harbor Keys, similar to that of the Key Largo Club Properties with yacht-club, boulevards, golf links and other trappings of resort-development, and other keys in this chain already form the winter home sites of northerners. Big Pine is controlled by many property-owners some of whom possess large areas which they purpose to develop. Plans for these activities have not sufficiently matured to publicize them in this narrative, however.

All of this unprecedented activity upon the Florida Keys has been precipitated within the last year by the progress of the Over-Sea Highway toward the mainland of Florida. Bids are now being asked by the Board of County Commissioners who are also advertising that they will grant franchises to private corporations desiring to finance construction of the two concrete viaducts occurring in this highway across the major water gaps. It is the intention of this county to complete this wonder highway by the year 1928, and every effort is being made toward expediting its progress across the Keys to the peninsula. More than thirty islands will be linked into one continuity of automobile roadway forming one of the most picturesque and unique highways of today.

When this undertaking is finished, unquestionably it will do more to attract tourists to Florida than any other single achievement of the many this state is now sponsoring. What it will do to bring benign summer to the door of every American, what power it will have as a drawing card to the southernmost city in the United States, the passage of time will reveal and every month and year is a startling revelation in these swift-moving days in Florida.

Phillip S. Teller

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manufacturing, and shipping both domestic trade and export business, and helped build up the present Dollar Line Steamship business, that carries a great portion of the commerce of the Pacific to the Orient.

In 1886 Mr. Teller married Miss Anna C. Newman, of California, daughter of the pioneer glass manufacturer of the Pacific coast, Carton and Newman, and two fortunes were united by this union.

His father-in-law, Judge L. R. Newman, lives at Alameda, California. Mr. and Mrs. Teller have one child, a daughter, who is married and the mother of three children.

When Mr. Teller accumulated wealth and planned to retire from active personal business, he became interested in civic work in San Francisco and the commercial development of the Pacific coast generally. He visited the Orient and helped open up the trade for the Dollar Lines. He headed the joint delegations from the Chambers of Commerce of Seattle, Tacoma, San Francisco, Los Angeles and San Diego on a voyage early in 1923 down the west coast of Mexico, through the Panama Canal and along the east coast of South America to stimulate the trade of the Pacific coast. The following year he directed a delegation of business men from the Pacific coast on a trip around the world in booming up trade for the Dollar Lines.

Mr. Teller has been active in the political affairs of California for many years. He served, under appointment from the governor, for two years as a member of the California Board of Harbor Commissioners and was State Chairman of the Republican party in California in 1908, having charge of the Taft presidential campaign in California. He has served four terms as President of the Commercial Club of San Francisco, is a ship owner and engaged in the lumber business, and director of the Alameda Bank. His home is at Alameda.

A Live Bunch—the Over Sea Company

Seeing the Tide of Affairs on the Keys at the Flood, as Julius Caesar advised, they grasped the opportunity, organized a triangular business in Key West, and it led to fortune as the great Roman General said it would

IT was the great Julius Caesar who said that "there was a tide in the affairs of men which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." That was true more than two thousand years ago, and it is no less true today. The great men of the world are those who recognize an opportunity when they meet it in the street and possess the courage to grasp it by the hand. The ordinary mortals of the earth, such as myself, generally do not know when affairs approach a flood tide, and when we do see it—or think so—we get frightened and take for the tall timber. Opportunities are not worth a continental, even when they are seen, unless they are appropriated to our uses.

But the group of men who own and manage the Over Sea Company of Key West, Florida, are in Caesar's class. They saw the tide of affairs on the Florida Keys approaching a flood. All the rest of the state was surging with real estate activity. Development after development was being put on and marketed. The waters of the great Florida boom were gradually rising—the Keys were next to be visited by a high tide. These men, whom I shall mention by name later, saw all this about a year ago—saw it clearly—got together and organized a company, for the purpose of engaging in a three-fold business—real estate, construction work, and the financing of such operations—and Caesar, with all his conquering of Gaul, had nothing on them when it comes to pulling down a fortune. In a little less than a year they have handled millions of dollars' worth of real estate, built fine homes, raised islands from the sea, and are now working crews on their construction projects twenty-four hours a day, developing properties which run into many millions.

The story of how this strong group of men—some of them old residents of the Keys, the others middle western college men—got together is almost as fascinating as the tales of Sinbad the Sailor. The Keys abound in romance. Robert Louis Stevenson got his idea for Treasure Island there. Stories of pirates, hidden treasures, Indian fairy islands, myths, legends, are as plentiful as the fish of the sea and the fowl of the land. And here in the flesh and blood of today is a true story, stranger than fiction, of how these graspers of an opportunity got their heads together and organized the premier operating company of Key West.

A year or so ago things were quiet in Texas. Cotton planting days had not yet begun. Time was heavy on the hands of Austin Texas Drew, his brother Warren, and George A. White, developers of Dallas, Texas. They had rounded out certain projects at home. It was off-season, so to speak, and they needed a vacation. A trip abroad, if only a short one, would be quite the thing. And the objective of this Lone Star State trio was that wonderful oasis of our sister republic, more commonly known as Havana, about three good hops from Key West. And there we

By KEENE DE SAVEE

leave them for the moment, eating and drinking, and making merry, while we introduce the other characters of this yarn—Key Westers of long-standing—browned by the sun and breezes of semi-tropical America.

While the two Drews and their life-long friend, George A. White, were looking for the great opportunity, three other good friends of Key West thought they saw something very like that

prise—a three-cornered, well-managed, solidly financed company comprised of engineers to handle large construction work, real estate developers and brokers to take care of that end of the opportunity, and a finance company to provide ways and means for home-building and other constructional work. This group of men possessing the varied talent called for in such an undertaking, pooled their knowledge, interest, and capital, and casting forth their nets from their three-masted schooner, the year's haul of opportunity has been about the biggest catch of the



Men and equipment of the Over Sea Company, Key West, working on their Sun Krest development

sort of an animal coming up the street. It was the tide of the Florida real estate boom surging southward to engulf the Keys. This trio of heroes in this South Sea Island tale—Clifton G. Bailey, Joseph N. Watkins, and L. M. Pierce—men of the highest local standing, fine gentlemen of the Southland, were busy gauging this high-tide, and were about to follow Caesar's lead in taking timely advantage of the occasion, when the Texans blew in on their way back from Cuba, bound back home.

But here the divinity that shapes man's ends intervened. Unable to make direct connections from Havana to Texas, they had to remain for some time in Key West, where through American Legion channels the two groups of life-long friends met for the first time in this island city. And within twenty-four hours thereafter the Over Sea Company was born with which they proposed to grasp the opportunity which they all agreed knocked at their very door. As a balance-wheel for the vehicle in which they planned to pursue and conquer the great opportunity, they selected an older and more experienced man, Mr. William F. Maloney of Key West, to become president of the corporation. Thus the management of this enterprise is vested in these seven men—the three young Texans, born and educated in the Middle West, the three young Key Westers, prominent in local circles, and the older and more experienced man, who steers the ship.

When this company was formed about a year ago, Key West was in need of such an enter-

season. Even the Merchant of Bagdad, who always brought home a bag of gold in spite of the misfortunes he met with on each voyage, was a piker by comparison with the exploits of this group of seven men.

From the very day of the opening of their doors for business, the success of the Over Sea Company has been phenomenal. Their first development was the opening to the public of their Sun Krest sub-division of Stock Island Key, the adjacent key to Key West. This sub-division is located immediately across the automobile bridge which connects the two Keys and overlooks the Over Sea Highway and the Municipal Golf Course, reputed to be one of the sportiest in the South. The newly completed Key West Country Club is also located there.

Although miniature in size, this sub-division is without a doubt in one of the most unique locations in the state. The northern edge of the property faces the Over Sea Highway now under construction, connecting the city of Key West with the mainland. This highway, which will be over one hundred miles long, consists of smooth coral roads over each Key with long bridges spanning the intervening water gaps. Like the late Henry M. Flagler's Over Sea Railroad, this automobile highway, when completed in a year or two, will be another of the daring engineering achievements of the world—a project which will attract the tourists to the famous Florida Keys.

The southern end of Sun Krest fronts upon a perfectly land-locked yacht basin, affording yacht passengers proceeding westerly therefrom

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The Awakening of St. Augustine

The story of D. P. Davis, the modern Crusoe who creates islands and shores in Florida

THE life story of D. P. Davis reads as though it had been written by Horatio Alger, only Horatio never could have dreamed the spectacular sequence of events that have made the career of Mr. Davis the most colorful, perhaps, of all of those young men who have had a hand in the making of the new Florida.

David Paul Davis was born forty years ago on a small farm near Green Cove Springs, on the St. Johns River in northern Florida. His parents, George R. and Gertrude M. Davis, were hard-working people of Welsh descent. The father was a native Floridian.

David moved with them to Tampa in 1893 after the "big freeze" had killed the citrus fruit industry of northern Florida. David was the oldest boy of the six children, and he soon could be seen on the streets of Tampa selling newspapers. He was a newsboy during the Spanish-American war.

He loved the water and liked to go with other boys on excursions out into Tampa Bay in small boats. Often these parties would land on a group of small delta islands near the mouth of the Hillsboro River. These islands were later to play a big part in the drama of his life. The youngsters dug for pirate gold there, like most of the others who live on the shores of Florida have. They never found any, however.

Later young Davis worked his way through high school. It was during those years that he and other youths were caught by a squall in

Tampa Bay. They were on a Sunday-school picnic, with a party of women and younger children, and they probably saved the lives of all by beaching the boat, an old tub driven by a "one lugger" gasoline engine, on the sands of the islands at the mouth of the Hillsboro.

He also worked his way through school at the University of Florida, then a brand new school at Gainesville formed by the amalgamation of several smaller colleges.

It was there that he first displayed his genius in real estate matters. State authorities had put the University some distance from the city of Gainesville because land was cheaper where the school was built. Young Davis decided that in time the town would build out to the school, so he put on a subdivision and sold for a good profit the lots on the main street leading to the University.

At twenty-one he was in the real estate business and from then on until the present day he has never been out of it except temporarily. He was always on the verge of making a "killing," but Fortune proved elusive. But he was learning in that great school—Experience.

Then a series of events happened which took all the money he had and at thirty he found himself broke, with a family, in Tampa. He had to borrow the money for railroad fare to get him to Jacksonville where he had a job.

He ran a commissary there during the World War, but when the war ended he had made no great profit. Then he went to Miami, which



DAVID P. DAVIS, a Floridian by birth, who has been phenomenally successful in real estate development and is now engaged in a mammoth development known as Davis Shores, across the river from St. Augustine

was beginning to feel the growing pains of the great era of awakening.

His first reputation was made as a salesman. He got permission to sell the remainder of a subdivision which had been practically sold out and then the original promoters got tired. He was to give the owner his price and keep the proceeds.

Mr. Davis had photographs made of the property and then went out and sold it off, single-handed. He traveled day and night, selling lots. In one day he sold twenty-six lots and soon completed the sale of the subdivision.

A wealthy man then heard of D. P. Davis and his success as a salesman and asked him to go in on a subdivision. Terms were reached whereby he provided the capital and D. P. Davis did the work. It was sold out in ten days with large profits.

Then, in quick succession, D. P. Davis put on a series of subdivisions in and around Miami. He sold property from which the purchasers have made in profits as high as ten times the original cost.

He quickly became several times a millionaire. He was a real pioneer, as Carl G. Fisher was the only one doing any development around Miami at that time. Coral Gables and other major operations had not been thought of then.



Courtyard of the oldest house in America, at St. Augustine, showing the Wishing Well



St. Augustine home of the late Henry M. Flagler, now owned by Mrs. Louise Wise Lewis



Old gun emplacement of Governor Oglethorpe of Georgia, on Davis Shores, opposite St. Augustine. Old Fort Marion, chief target for his guns, is at the left of the picture



Old Slave Market in City Plaza, St. Augustine



Aerial view of Davis Shores, opposite St. Augustine, the mammoth development of David P. Davis

D. P. Davis returned to Tampa. He looked about for close-in property for development. There was none suitable that was available.

There was a marked contrast in his returning, however. You would have searched the papers in vain for an item about his leaving on a ticket bought with borrowed money ten years before. This time every paper in town had a streamer headline "Dave Davis Returns to Tampa."

Then he conceived the most spectacular project in Florida, that of Davis Islands. He obtained permission from the city, state and Federal governments to build up the low-lying islands in the mouth of the Hillsboro River on which he had hunted for gold as a small boy, and where as a youth he and others had saved the lives of the picnicking party.

He hired a fleet of ocean dredges, the greatest ever assembled on a private contract up until that time. He built the low land, fit only as a breeding place for mosquitoes, into 875 acres of island property, on which he immediately began a program involving the expenditure of millions for landscaping, beautification and building.

Davis Islands, a magic city, soon grew out of the waters of Tampa Bay. They were raised to a height of three feet above the shore line of Tampa. Seven million dollars were spent in building in less than a year on the spot which at the beginning of that period of time was under water. A causeway was built connecting the islands to the bay shore boulevard of Tampa, the most exclusive residential street of the city.

On the islands business blocks, office buildings, banks, hotels, apartments and clubhouses and distinctive residences have gone up with a rapidity that is startling. And all of it was only a half mile from the city hall of Tampa. D. P. Davis' genius had created his close-in property.

Davis Islands made the developer more millions and also made many of the investors in the project wealthy.

And now D. P. Davis is engaged in the major undertaking of his life. This is the \$50,000,000 development of Davis Shores, just across the Matanzas River from the main business section of St. Augustine, the oldest city in America.

Dredges play an important part here. A fleet of them started pumping on the largest dredging contract in the world on November 1st. The low-lying 1,500 acres of marsh land must be filled to a height of more than two feet above the shore line of St. Augustine, and this will require 13,000,000 cubic yards of sand pumped from the bottom of the Matanzas River.

All of the romantic past of St. Augustine is closely linked with Davis Shores. It was on this low-lying land that Sir Francis Drake established his base in his raid on St. Augustine in 1586, when in the retaliation for the killing of his sergeant-major, while he was sacking the fort, he burned the town.

Later, in 1740, Governor Oglethorpe, of Georgia, established his batteries there and bombarded the city and Fort San Marcos, now called Fort Marion.

This fort, incidentally, is one of the most interesting relics of the Spanish regime. It was begun early in the seventeenth century after permission had been obtained from the King of Spain for the expenditure incidental to its erection. There was no rock to be found at first and the beginning was undertaken with coquina hauled in boats from Cuba. Later a coquina quarry was established on Anastasia Island and the work dragged along for one hundred years. It was built by the labor of slaves, many of them Indians. The total cost was \$30,000,000, and



DAVID P. DAVIS pointing out to **A. Y. Milam**, speaker of the Florida House of Representatives, and **Mayor Peter R. Perry** of St. Augustine where he will build a million-dollar hotel on Davis Shores

when the King of Spain learned of this he inquired sarcastically if the bastions and aprons were built of solid silver.

However, the fort stands as a masterpiece of Spanish engineering. The mortar used to bind the coquina blocks has never been equalled for

durability. The main arch in the fort, without a keystone, has been the wonder of modern engineers who have inspected it. Thousands of sightseeing parties visit it yearly.

A part of the Davis property is Fish's island. Here we have a link to the earliest extensive real estate business in Florida.

Jesse Fish was a New Yorker who came to St. Augustine in about 1750. He received a grant from the Spanish government for the island that still bears his name. In 1763, when Florida was transferred to England, the Spaniards were given a year to sell their property and move out, otherwise the land went to the English Crown and the Spaniards would have to collect their claims from their own government.

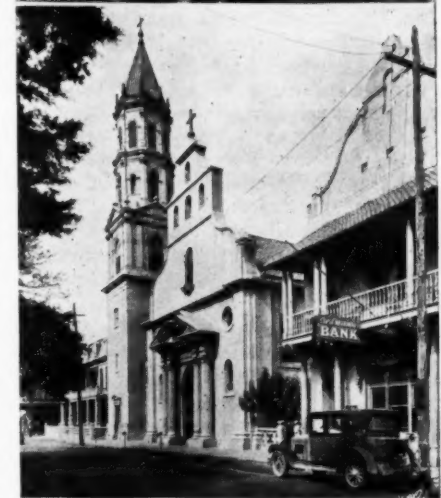
As the Spaniards saw no chance to do this, they "sold" all of their possessions, in confidence, to Jesse Fish. The sale was not sanctioned by the English governor, and a lawsuit followed. It was finally settled by Parliament for fifteen thousand pounds. During that period Fish was the ostensible owner of 185 houses and lots south of the governor's house—the present postoffice—in St. Augustine.

John Gordon was also deeded land by the Spaniards. Some of these Spanish land owners were shrewd real estate men and while they were in Cuba, during the twenty years of English occupation of St. Augustine, they subdivided their tracts in Florida. This caused a great deal of confusion in titles when Florida was returned to the Spanish Crown in 1783 and the Spanish colonists again returned to take possession of the land.

During that time, also, Jesse Fish is mentioned in old records as having been very kind to the three signers of the American Declaration of Independence who were confined by the British in Fort San Marcos. He visited them often and took oranges and other fruits which he raised on what is now Davis Shores. These prisoners were Arthur Middleton, Edward Rutledge and Thomas Heyward, Jr. General Gadsen was also confined in the fort for nearly a year by the British. Fish was killed by lightning in 1790, but his land remained in possession of his descendants until it was bought by D. P. Davis.



The City Gates of St. Augustine, oldest town in United States



Water tower of old Fort Marion and dredge pumping on Davis Shores

Oldest Catholic church in America. The Cathedral at St. Augustine

Treasury Street, St. Augustine, six feet wide—the narrowest street in America

Mr. Davis is planning for Davis Shores the same sort of development which he has accomplished in Davis Islands in Tampa Bay. He will build a million-dollar hotel on a separate island directly across the Matanzas River from old Fort Marion. A yacht club, palatial in its appointments, will fly the pennant of the St. Augustine

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The Child of Harry I. Magid

*Yankee Lad Finds Fame and Fortune in Sunshine State Building
Hollywood Beach Heights*

HELP the other fellow make money too," has been the motto of that eminently successful Florida realtor, Harry I. Magid. And thereby hangs the tale of an interesting man and his part on this tremendous stage on which are centered the eyes of the world.

Mr. Magid stands for the sound developing of residential property for that backbone of our nation, the great middle class. It is men such as he who are building a solid economic foundation for this great new commonwealth of Florida.

The best way to become really acquainted with this man from Fall River, Massachusetts, who has brought along with him his full share of New England reserve, is to accompany him on a trip to Hollywood Beach Heights, the dear child of his own creation. It was in the course of that pleasant afternoon that bit by bit I gleaned his story.

One of a large family growing up in Fall River, Harry I. Magid found it necessary to go to work at an early age. But true to the scholarly traditions of his ancestors, he is nevertheless a well read man.

Starting in the wholesale jewelry business, he branched out into the manufacture of cut glass, and was comparatively successful as a young man, when fire wiped out his business.

Perhaps the most difficult task is to start out again in business, and Mr. Magid knows all about it, for this was the path he chose instead of the easier salaried position suggested by his successful brothers.

In January, 1921, he brought his family on a visit to Miami, then a city of twenty-five thousand, and decided to stay in this land of opportunity.

After a short time, Mr. Magid entered real estate brokerage, making a large fortune for himself and a number of his friends. One of his keenest regrets is that a lifelong friend hesitated to act on his advice to invest twenty thousand dollars at Hollywood in a piece of property that today exceeds one and a quarter million dollars in value.

Mr. Magid was quick to foresee the great future of Hollywood. There lay the one big development center directly on the ocean, with no large bodies of water obstructing it from the mainland. Behind it reaches a hinterland of rich Everglade farm land. And there also are being developed facilities for great industry and commerce around the fine harbor now under construction. In fact he saw there the location of a great city in the years to come. Already his belief in the growth of Hollywood has proved true.

In the latter part of 1922, Mr. Magid was given the opportunity to buy a tract of land at Hollywood which he had himself commented on the week before as being a beautiful piece of property.

Mr. Magid called in a friend to whom he outlined the possibilities in its development. They

By VIRGINIA W. UPDEGROFF

immediately agreed to buy it, together with the adjoining piece of property. And in March, 1923, the first lots were sold in Hollywood Beach Heights. His partners, S. W. Charvat of Boston, and J. P. Morse of Boston and Hollywood, left the entire responsibility for the development in the hands of Mr. Magid.

From the very outset Hollywood Beach Heights was tremendously successful. It has entailed his unflagging attention, but has exceeded his original estimate tenfold. This success is founded on sound economic principles that the future will continue to bear out.

True prosperity reigns where the average family can live comfortably and reasonably within easy reach of business. There was need of home sections for those permanent inhabitants who will carry on the work of this great city as well

as for those vacationing here. Such a development Harry I. Magid has created in Hollywood Beach Heights, a ten minute drive from the ocean, and directly adjoining Hollywood Hills with its splendid hotel and golf links. Hollywood Beach Heights has one and a half miles frontage on Johnson Street, one of the two chief thoroughfares of Hollywood, at the foot of which, a few yards from the ocean, is located the magnificent Hollywood Beach Casino with its large swimming pool.

Through Hollywood Beach Heights runs the new West Dixie Highway, known as the Military Trail in West Palm Beach County, a hundred-foot boulevard under construction from Jacksonville to Miami. This road is badly needed to help relieve the congestion on the Dixie Highway which at present carries all the traffic of the east coast of Florida.

When we reached the property I began to understand how it had gripped the imagination of this New Englander, so that he would forgo the fishing trip I had heard him cancel in order to spend an afternoon of inspection. There is a distinctive home atmosphere pervading this well elevated plateau land graced with lofty pines, spreading mango trees, and groves of avocado pears and oranges.

Everywhere there was activity: gangs of men completing a field office and gas station, laying sidewalks, piping water, cutting through cross streets. And everywhere Mr. Magid was acquainted with the smallest details.

We visited the cement block plant where property owners have the privilege of buying their materials at cost. Followed the inspection of one of the attractive Spanish type homes being erected by the company.

With a glow of pride Mr. Magid pointed out the beautiful estate including three entire blocks which he and his partners are holding for their three homes.

As we stopped for a moment to watch a sturdy tractor blaze the way for a street, Mr. Magid sheepishly confessed, "Ever since we started work here, I have wanted to run that machine, and some time I am going to take the day off and do it." I doubt whether he ever will find time, for his business allows this successful man less personal recreation than the average worker, but that expresses his attitude. This development is his creation, and he is engrossed in every bit of it.

The sun's rays were slanting long shadows when we made our last stop at the community center—a lovely five-acre park beautified with palms and tropical shrubbery. Here stands an attractive rustic auditorium, the personal gift of Mr. Magid, equipped with a stage, kitchen, spaces for booths and tables, and a large dance floor. This I learned has already been used for numerous festivities. The waterworks with their deep wells will also be located in the park, and are to be surrounded by a beautiful lagoon.

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Harry I. Magid, successful Florida realtor—developer of Hollywood Beach Heights

Where Youth is on the Prow

The story of Willard E. Campbell, president of the Miami Real Estate and Building Company, who has built up a huge enterprise in Florida and is still very young

By HUGH HYAT

THE Ponce de Leon and Fountain of Youth gags have been worn threadbare by every brass-throated ballyhoo artist working the come-on for many Florida developments. That historic old Don Juan must have gone in for discovering on a wholesale basis, as the exact site of his youth-giving spray is indicated on 742 subdivision plats in one county alone. All of which is out of place, as the Miami home builder said when they installed a furnace on his front porch.

Florida, just lately, has been rediscovered as the land of youth by a writer of note (modesty forbids me to be so crass as to use my own name). The land in which a young man has equal opportunity with the established man of affairs; where ambition and enthusiasm are welcomed and not discounted as the effervescence of a babbler; where sound business judgment does not have to be accompanied with gray hairs and doddering age to be accepted. Here in every phase of

life is proven the age-worn adage, "Youth must be served."

To digress, back in the wilds of Indiana, where up to a year ago I was reporting exclusive interviews with corn kings and champion guinea pig breeders, vague rumors reached my unbelieving ears about the opportunities Florida offered. The big hearted publisher that I was serving time for

of them were in the thirties, some in the twenties and none of them were past the early forties—why, you had to be fifty where I came from before they considered you out of the kid class.

Here then truly was the Land of Youth; where alert brains on young shoulders had pioneered the way. Experience counts for naught when the project to be undertaken is the first of its kind. Florida is a frontier, different by far from any other, so experience was a handicap rather than an aid. Youth, enthusiasm and a will to



Willard E. Campbell, president of the Miami Real Estate and Building Company, a Florida "cracker" who has succeeded in a big way



A typical house—one of sixty—built by the Miami Real Estate and Building Company, of which Willard E. Campbell is president

doled out a pittance that even Judas would have turned up his nose at, which didn't increase the popularity of the home town one bit as far as I was concerned. Figuring I could starve as well in Florida as on the Banks of the Wabash, sans worry about where the winter overcoat was coming from, I succumbed to the lure of the Land of Sunshine.

Once arrived, I remembered that "Genius treads not the beaten path," so I passed up the real estate game and pursued journalism just to be different. Really I have met some very nice people who wouldn't have noticed me otherwise because of this thoughtful step. It is so refreshing to talk to someone who doesn't produce a map or price list after five minutes conversation, they tell me.

One assignment after another to interview the local men of prominence brought out the fact that I was meeting executives and managers of companies whose yearly volume of business ran up into the millions of dollars and that these men were all young. No they hadn't bathed in Ponce de Leon's magic potion nor had the balmy breeze of the Gulf Stream combined with the glorious Florida sunshine rejuvenated them. These were youths both in body and spirit. Most

work accomplished miracles where experience had become bewildered by the absence of established commercial dogmas, practices and customs.

Many outstanding personalities among the successful young executives I have met are worthy of chronicling as proof that Florida is promised-land for the young as well as the old. But none are more interesting than the story of Willard E. Campbell, president of the Miami Real Estate and Building Company.

Mr. Campbell—you are tempted to call him Willard, and with his kind permission I will—is the son of a former plantation owner who recouped a lost fortune. However, he is an exception to the accepted type of rich man's son. A light of pride gleams in his eyes when he tells you that never has he borrowed or received one cent of his father's money. The financing necessary to expand his business has been raised through other sources than his family and his friends.

The quality of indomitable will so marked in Mr. Campbell's nature is inherited, as a brief outline of the ancestral history will show you. The Civil War wiped out the family fortune. The large Campbell plantation in Georgia was utterly devastated by Sherman's march to the



A view of the Campbell Lumber Company plant, partially showing the huge storing sheds and stock

sea; crops and buildings were burned, stock killed and the slaves driven off. Broken but undaunted the family moved to Madison, Florida, there to make a fresh start. Here it was that Willard Campbell was born. In 1903 the family moved to Miami where the senior Campbell opened a general store. As the business grew, the savings were invested in real estate. The wisdom of these investments cannot be questioned, as they have made John R. Campbell independent. He retired from active business in 1920 to reap the well-earned profits of an uphill struggle to regain the wealth that once was his. In a modest home that faces the translucent waters of Biscayne Bay, together with his faithful helpmate he is enjoying a golden old age, glorying in the achievements of the son who is a chip off the block.

The boyhood of Willard Campbell was picturesque, as his new home in Miami was little more than a lean-to in a virgin wilderness. There were but few white families living in Miami at that time. As an illustration of what remarkable development has gone on in this section of Florida in the last score of years, Mr. Campbell told me this story. In 1908 together with two other youths he went duck hunting in Biscayne Bay. A sudden squall drove their small boat across the bay to Miami Beach, which was a dismal waste with no inhabitants and only one building on its entire length. Anxious parents soon had the entire population out looking for the lost boys. They searched everywhere, the male portion out in every available specie of watercraft looking for the overturned boat which would indicate the probable fate met by the youngsters. No one thought of looking for them on the desolate strip of beach but three miles across the bay. Hope finally was abandoned. The next day an adventuresome fisherman saw some tiny figures waving a distress signal from the beach. The boys were returned and the whole town rejoiced—quite in the manner of the return of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn made famous by Mark Twain. Now 100,000 people journey back and forth between Miami and Miami Beach, one of the world's finest winter resorts, every day. A brief number of years has seen this same island grow from a strip of uninviting mangrove swamp to "America's Winter Playground."

Miami's first high school numbered Willard Campbell among its pupils. A decided bent for business overcame any further desire for

study, so we find him helping his father in the store, spending his odd moments along the waterfront building a boat of his own. Something in the man's manner impresses you unconsciously that he has a decided leaning for the sea.

The day after our country's entrance into the World War Mr. Campbell enlisted in the United States Navy. As a machinist mate he served twenty-three months in the patrol of Mexican waters. Here he became still further enamored of the life of a salt-skipper and gained much valuable data which was to be helpful later when he started transporting building materials. But we are getting ahead of our story.

A small office with one desk and two chairs—one for myself and one for the prospect, as Mr. Campbell explains—was the modest launching of the present large organization of which he is the head. It was at the time when Florida was coming into her own—the great trek had just started. The small office was soon doing a volume of business that made it necessary to add salesmen and clerical help. The unprecedented growth of this new company cannot be accounted for by the conditions at this time solely. Mr. Campbell's genius first as a salesman then as an executive made this an outstanding firm among many others of longer establishment. Anticipating demands, new brokerage departments were added. Ten well organized departments, each functioning separately and covering every phase of realty brokerage, comprise the real estate branch of the company today. One of many typical deals which Mr. Campbell consummated was the sale in 1924 of 27,000 acres of land for The Southern States Land and Timber Company, a subsidiary of the Seaboard Airline Railway.

The influx of newcomers in ever increasing numbers emphasized the pitiable lack of housing. The crowded conditions resulted in exorbitant rentals. Sensing the unfavorable reaction this would have on Miami, Mr. Campbell threw his whole energy into building as many homes and apartments as was consistent with the capital at his disposal. Architects and draftsmen were immediately put to work planning a large program of construction. A construction superintendent was given carte blanche to secure the best workmen and equipment possible. Materials were bought in carload lots. The initial success was so great that the fall of last year saw a still larger construction program being started.

Then the freight embargo was declared—a death knell to the building trades. Here it was

that the true quality of Mr. Campbell's executive capability was given its acid test. Three large steamers were chartered on a hurried trip to the north and material orders were increased from car load lots to cargo lots. A concrete block plant and a lumber yard and mill were built in record breaking time. A former United States Shipping Board tug was purchased to expedite movements of materials upon the arrival of the steamers. Here in a few twists of the wrists as it seems Mr. Campbell had thwarted the deadlock of the embargo. Without any break in the schedule, materials were pouring in—enough to take care of the company's demand and still supply other builders who lacked the initiative, foresight and capital to provide their own.

As an outgrowth of this emergency the Company now is operating its own lumber yards, lumber mills, concrete block plant, tile works and novelty mill, from each of which a handsome profit is being realized. Over seventy-five homes and apartments and one hundred stores and offices have been completed by the Company's building department to date. The Miami Real Estate & Building Company at present has over three hundred employees with a payroll in excess of \$25,000 weekly.

In addition to being head of the above concern Mr. Campbell is president of the Marmon Miami Company and The Campbell Lumber Company. He also has the exclusive selling right for the Miami district of the Rolls-Royce. His success in the automotive field is as phenomenal as his other records.

A million dollar stock issue to finance a further expansion of business, included in which is the largest building program the company has yet undertaken and the subdividing into residential lots and small farms of a company-owned five thousand acre tract between Jacksonville and St. Augustine, is now being placed on the market. The confidence in which Mr. Campbell is held by his fellow citizens is revealed by the number of



Mr. Campbell inspecting the rigging of his schooner-yacht "Sunshine"



Willard E. Campbell, Billy, and Lady Elizabeth

advance reservations being made by Miamians for blocks of this stock. In the coming year the company is seeking to double their volume of business, and once knowing Mr. Campbell you are certain they will.

Using a frayed expression, Mr. Campbell is a self made man. Lacking a finished education, refusing financial aid from his family, he has built up an organization—so thorough as to details that it has its own legal staff of three counsels—which is second to none. Dynamic in personality, his greatest fault is in striving to do too many things himself. Showing genius in the

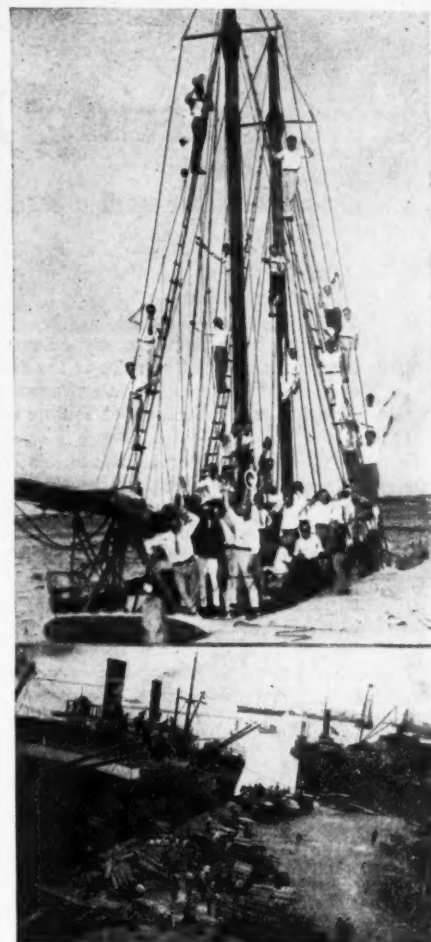
selection of his managers and advisory experts, still he is loathe to sit idly back and watch them complete his plans as ordered.

When asked his age the reply was thirty, but an amused twist to the corners of his mouth and the merry little twinkle in his eyes make you suspect he has added on a few years so that his youth will not be questioned by those who are not intimate with his capabilities. Imagine a man just arrived in the thirties having the business acumen, the keen insight, and the supreme confidence in his own ability to accomplish what he has in the space of three years.

Mr. Campbell is married—his wife is an unusually attractive young lady formerly from Chicago. Another union of the North and South as it were. Two sturdy young chaps give every evidence that they are going to step into daddy's shoes when they grow up. Mr. Campbell's other hobbies as he puts it, are boating and fishing—he holds a master's license at sea and is the owner of the schooner-yacht "Sunshine" which has a cabin capacity of ten in addition to crew accommodations.

This year, not many weeks hence, Mr. Campbell hopes to realize his fondest ambition, namely, to land a fish from "Dead Man's Hole." Twenty miles south of Bimini in the Bahamas is a spot chartered under the aforementioned descriptive name where the water runs to an unusual depth and from which no fish has ever been landed. There are plenty of fish or some weird sort of sea monster there because he has made two previous attempts in which the unknown-of-the-deep has broken every kind of a line, including a 2½-inch manilla rope. He has figured out a special rigging which he believes will do the trick.

Under the same conditions, Mr. Campbell would have found his age a severe handicap in my home town (and there are thousands of others just like it). Lack of years and experience would have outweighed his administrative ability or any other claim to consideration. Now do you see what I mean when I say that Florida is the Land of Youth?



Above—Willard E. Campbell's yacht "Sunshine" with employees from his organizations ready to sail to Bimini for a week end

Below—One of the steamers chartered by Mr. Campbell to break the embargo unloading building material on some of the Company's trucks

The Awakening of St. Augustine

Continued from page 281

yacht club, which is the oldest in the United States. Two eighteen-hole golf courses and a \$250,000 club house and a great Casino with a Roman bathing pool are also included in his program of making Davis Shores an ideal center of homes and recreational activities.

It is interesting to note that at this moment while Mr. Davis is building a model home and resort center in the heart of the oldest city of America, there is an Englishman engaged in a somewhat similar work in the oldest city of the Near East. Just on the outskirts of Damascus this new development is under way.

Standing with D. P. Davis at Fort Marion, overlooking the fleet of dredges at work, he looked upon all these marvelous developments of even remaking the map of the oldest town of America as a mere matter of course. In a house nearby was a large model, perhaps fifty feet long, which indicated that this achievement was preceded by something very definite in the manner of planning. There was a model of old St. Augustine, showing every historical spot reproduced in miniature; the great basin and lake

were filled with boats and steamers; the bridge as it will appear completed; the great areas of Davis Shores; the business blocks, golf courses, country clubs—as distinctive a display as it will be in the future from an airplane or bird's-eye view of this historic shore. The model was being made by Mr. Leith, who made the models of the harbors at Sydney, Australia, which were exhibited at the Wembley Exposition in London. When Mr. Davis saw this exhibition, he determined that here was the man to present to the eye of the passerby what he had in his mind. Maps and mere details could not convey all that this model, with its green trees, lawns, waterways, lagoons, suggested in forecasting the complete development.

It is no wonder that when a sale is announced by D. P. Davis that the people are ready to go with him in investing, because he has literally created islands, rising out of the sea, and built cities in the waste places. Passing the old governor's mansion, built one hundred years ago by Spain, I could not help but think, as I saw Mr. Davis standing on the threshold, of how much

more real dominion and power this modest man born in Florida has exercised in the development of Florida than those representing the ancient monarchies of Spain and Britain under the great seal of kings and emperors. It was an object lesson of modern conquest, where the constructive spirit prevails and where beauty and utility are blended for the benefits of mankind in a very concrete way by the use of concrete for bulkheads and by the calm sweep of flotillas of dredges.

Verily they have added more to human progress than the royal armadas of Spain that ruled the seas in centuries past.

With all of the success that has come from these undertakings, D. P. Davis does not forget that it isn't the work of his own mind alone that achieves, but the co-operation and co-ordination of others who are enthused over the dreams that have never ceased to come to him since the days he laid aside his text books in the old college in Florida and decided to devote his life to the development of real estate, and Florida was the fortunate place of his beginning.

Putting Punta Gorda on the Map

Upon the same spot where the noble red man wooed his dusky bride there now stands a going and growing city

By FARQUSON JOHNSON

MORE than forty years ago, on the sunny lower west coast of Florida, at the head of a long, wide body of water known as Charlotte Harbor, the little town of Trabue was founded.

In the early eighties Colonel Isaac H. Trabue had gone from Kentucky, his native state, to Florida, to regain his health. He found the West Coast, where he established himself, in a primitive condition; but, soon restored to his former sturdiness by the health-giving climate, he plunged into the labors of a hardy pioneer with renewed vigor.

This intrepid Kentuckian, having had a military training, was a "go getter" born and bred. To drag in an old quip that may answer as evidence of the Colonel's natural warring proclivities, the state of Massachusetts was not yet noted for its boots and shoes, but shoots and booze had already made Kentucky famous.

In establishing a new settlement, Colonel Trabue's first encounter was with the Indians who laid claim to this ideal hunting and fishing rendezvous; his fight was carried on with unneighborly natives; but as its first settler he laid out the town and named it for himself; then in a dispute with the new village authorities, the tables were turned and resulted in changing the original name of the town to Punta Gorda.

The fighting Colonel owned the larger part of the land within the corporate limits, it having cost him around a dollar an acre; but as he sold the greater portion of it as town lots for upwards of three thousand dollars an acre, he did not fare badly at that.

So much for the history of Punta Gorda's birth. Now for its nursing, its rearing—its kindergarten days and its schooling—its growth and development—which is a long story, but will be blue penciled as we go along.

Punta Gorda was a healthy child and passed through its teething with little difficulty. At an early age it learned to walk alone. Its childhood education was somewhat neglected. It grew into sturdy boyhood—passed the university age without ever having looked into the door of a college—and yet it gained its knowledge mostly in the university of experience—and now is on the way to cityhood.

There! That was easily condensed, and now we come to the growth and development of this frontier town.

About the time that Mr. Flagler invited Mr. Plant to attend the formal festivities celebrating the opening of Miami, on the East Coast, the Atlantic Coast Line had shoved its steel rails into Punta Gorda's midst—right down one of her principal streets and on into the beautiful bay.

That was the day that Punta Gorda began to have growing pains. Up to that time it was a mere fishing village tucked away out of sight of civilization, right down on the frontier. True, its waterway to the Gulf was being put to good

use by upstaters. Phosphate was being towed down Peace River into Charlotte Harbor and thence to the inlet opening into the Gulf of Mexico to be loaded onto ocean freighters.

But as the child tires of its play, Punta Gorda soon became fatigued and laid down for rest, arising only for recreation—hunting and fishing. It was not ready to take the world seriously.

Came the day, as the silver scenarioists say, when playthings must be laid aside for the sordid pursuits of commercialism. It was in the year of 1924, forty years since Colonel Trabue had laid the corner stone of his town, and after "the booming of the boom" on the East Coast had set the whole world agog.

Then Punta Gorda arose from its prolonged slumber and got busy. Civic bodies were organized; city improvements were planned—paving, lighting, sewers, water—all were started. As the county seat of Charlotte County, it was up to the town to brush up a bit and make a showing commensurate to its place in the sun. It must be put on the map of Florida.

Standing as it does at the head of the finest natural land locked harbor on the North American continent, surrounded by navigable rivers emptying into this great waterway; fertile land that stands up high and dry; an undulating surface that naturally drains into adjacent flowing waters; and an equable climate—warmer in winter, cooler in summer, due to an ideal point of latitude and longitude—naturally it becomes the logical focal point of the southwest shores of Florida.

What do these natural advantages mean to Punta Gorda? First, its waters—the tidewater rivers, the enormous bay that leads to the Gulf, all teeming with fish of every kind known to tropical waters. Charlotte Harbor is the abiding place of the famous silver king tarpon, the gamest fish that ever flopped over the side of a boat. On the pier at Punta Gorda one may be pulling out sheephead or sea trout, while another hauls out mackerel or snook—and neighboring devotees may be landing some others of the hundreds of varieties of fish that are always to be found at Punta Gorda's front door. Then to the north and south of the city, bordering the new city limits, are rivers quite as prolific of fish as the harbor.

Colonel Trabue chose wisely when he established his settlement in the midst of soil so productive that it readily grows four crops in a season. Not only that, but upwards of two hundred different varieties of vegetables and fruits can be grown on this fertile land, in less time, with less labor, and with far better results than can be hoped for elsewhere.

Get out the old atlas and compare Punta Gorda's location with that of any other city in the well known U. S. A. See how far north of it is Los Angeles, the pride of southern California; compare its setting with that of Galveston, subjected to the ravages of the Gulf; or to New Orleans and Mobile, both noted seaports; or even to Tampa, the substantial metropolis of Florida's West Coast.

But the Southwest Coast is something else again—and that's where Punta Gorda climbs aboard. What Tampa has done and is doing in the center of the Gulf borders, Punta Gorda can

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The Collier-Vanderbilt Hotel on the waterfront at Punta Gorda, Florida, was officially opened as the Charlotte Harbor Hotel on February 6, 1926, with a formal reception and dance, which was attended by the wealth, intelligence, and aristocracy of that fair city



Affairs in Florida

PIONEER WOMAN BROKER

THE first woman to go into business as an independent broker in stocks and bonds, Margaret E. McCann has made a splendid record as the pioneer of her sex in this difficult field of finance.

Contrary to the popular opinion held regarding women's loquacity, Miss McCann does not like to talk about herself, and it was not until I asked her to talk on woman's place in the business world that she showed enthusiasm.

"I am greatly interested in furthering woman's education in financial affairs. Indeed, every woman needs to know the A B C's of business," stated Miss McCann, her blue eyes deeply earnest. "And women who enter the active business world of real estate and finance," she continued, her handsome face lighting up, "have, in my belief and experience, as fine an opportunity for success as any man."

Miss McCann's opinion carries weight; she is considered an authority on standard oil stocks and bank securities, and is an outstanding figure among Florida real estate firms.

Margaret McCann was born in San Francisco. Her family later moved east to New Jersey, where she attended school in Jersey City. Very naturally she was drawn to the business of the great metropolis looming across the Hudson River. Indeed, New York became her home for fifteen years.

Like so many business women, Miss McCann started out as a stenographer. She rose to the position of secretary to the H. S. Pierce estate, where in fourteen years through her clear, decisive mind and ability to grasp details, she acquired an intimate knowledge of finance. Here she also became acquainted with many outstanding men of business.

Five years ago Miss McCann went into business for herself, putting to work her valuable experience, with the result that without any outside aid she has become a wealthy woman.

Before the mind of the nation had fully awakened to the untold possibilities of Florida, Miss McCann learned through her contact with the master minds of finance what was about to happen, and came to Miami in March, 1924.

Here she has developed a splendid real estate business through her keen business insight, serving a large clientele that includes many names famous in Congress.

Her dignified real estate brokerage office at 301 East Flagler Street reflects Miss McCann's



Miss Margaret E. McCann, pioneer woman broker in stocks and bonds, and a successful Miami realtor

own, quiet, sound, businesslike manner. Miss McCann also handles the sale of Atlantic Shores, one of the higher class developments near Miami. She is one of the comparatively few individual brokerage realtors who have achieved an office on Flagler Street, that Mecca of Miami real estate men.

When questioned as to her opinion of the future of Miami, she instantly replied, "It will be the Manhattan of the south."

"What Florida needs," she remarked briefly (several engineers were then awaiting her), "is colonization—for agriculture and for industries. There is need not only of factories, but also of distributing plants for various commercial

interests. The wealth of the whole world is here. There is much money to be made here by the people who buy conservatively and are able to meet their payments. But they must not overbuy.

"There is a great deal of propaganda against Florida throughout the United States," Miss McCann concluded, "but if all those who are in earnest would inform themselves and combat it with real statistics, telling the facts in their conversations at home, that, more than any thing else, would help to establish the truth about Florida in conservative minds."

KEY WEST—WONDER CITY OF FLORIDA

KEY WEST'S climatical conditions are unsurpassed by those of any other section of the United States. With a harbor second to none, fishing opportunities unequalled by those of any other city, with more than four hundred known varieties of the finny species, ranging from the sword-fish, tarpon, barracuda and sail-fish to the lesser and edible species of mackerel, king-fish, snapper and pompano, all waiting for the angler's eager hook, fishing for sport in the waters around Key West has begun to assume the proportions of an industry. It is from this tropical fishing ground that so many recruits of New York and Philadelphia's aquariums are found. That colorful procession of strange and many-tinted fishes one sees finning their way languidly about the tanks of northern city aquariums come from far-away Key West, where annually ichthyologists make pilgrimages for no other purpose than to secure these wonderfully beautiful fish.

Key West has marine surroundings comparable to the multicolored waters of the South Sea. Its blending of jade, turquoise, amethyst and mauve defy verbal description. Yet so varied is its coloring, so exquisite its harmony that to those who live here year after year it is a source of continual delight; to the newcomer, it is indeed a revelation. Today, the sea is a perfect pastel with huge billowy clouds mirrored upon its surface; again, it is a vivid jade green with foam-flecked waves stirred into whitecaps here and there over its surface by the wind. Yet another time it is a sparkling blue with golden paths of sunbeams dancing across its mobile depths to the distant horizon. It is this chameleon-like quality that makes it forever one of the most potent scenic attractions Key West possesses.



Harry Boyajian, President of the Vic Realty Company of Key West

With its many scenic advantages, more truly tropical than that of any other Florida city, Key West's destiny is that of America's Riviera. With the completion of the Over-Sea Highway, forming as it does, one of the "high-lights" of progress in Florida, Key West with its southern vividness and its tropical glamour will be hostess to thousands of tourists each winter. This last link in Florida's Dixie Highway will undoubtedly comprise its most picturesque road, with its infinite variety of scenic beauty.

Key West is logically the hub of all Florida Key developments. As county seat of this unique island county no undertaking is launched without some connection with that city. With its varied commercial industries, its importance as the gateway to the Panama Canal, the West Indies, Central and South America, no one can escape the fact that Key West's destiny is interwoven with that of its sister-keys of the Florida chain, if for no other reason than that its many industrial activities make it the county mart of trade.

The railway over the Florida Keys paved the way for commercial and industrial expansion, but the Over-Sea Highway over the Florida Keys will make of this city the winter-playground ideal of the nation.

It may be safe to venture that of all the people visiting Florida in a season, 95 per cent of those tourists will turn their motors to the city farthest south, traversing the automobile roadway over these Keys.

In this tropical garden spot, where Nature has been prodigal with her distribution of beauty, will come to live that vast contingent of winter visitors who desire a resort that is actually in the tropics; where winter is summer—and summer is eternal. Thus, without a doubt, Key West shall come to be known as the "Wonder-City" at the extreme tip of the emerald chain of Florida Keys.

WOMAN FIGURES IN KEY DEVELOPMENT

ONE of the pioneers and outstanding figures in the development of the Florida Keys is that quietly efficient woman real estate operator, Mrs. F. B. Emerson.

The Key-Largo Chamber of Commerce recently showed appreciation of her activities by electing her vice-president of the organization. At that time the Key-Largo *Breeze* made the following comment: "Mrs. Emerson was elected by a standing vote of all the members as a tribute to the great and sustained interest she has shown in Key Largo and the effort she had expended to bring it before the public. Mrs. Emerson was one of the first to see the possibilities of the Key, and began to subdivide and advertise long before any of the other developers, with the exception of one or two residing there, realized the possibilities."

Mrs. Emerson came to Florida from Illinois fourteen years ago. In 1918 she organized the Emerson Realty Company in Miami, an organization unusual in the fact that it was composed entirely of women.

Talking in her offices in the Olympia Building, Mrs. Emerson smiled reminiscently as she explained that she first became interested in the Keys through a trade made with site unseen.

She has always been a believer in waterfront properties, and from the time she first saw the Florida Keys three years ago, Mrs. Emerson was so charmed with them that she immediately became engaged chiefly in handling that property. In that time the Emerson Realty Company has handled a number of successful subdivisions and its acreage holdings alone now amount to more than half a million dollars, with interests in land on Key Largo, Big Pine, and Boca Chica Keys.

Mrs. Emerson's first Key investment is amusing now in view of her careful policy of personally inspecting every piece of property offered for sale by the organization. Her judgment has proved its worth by the number of large transactions in which she has figured.

Mrs. Emerson has probably done more than anyone else to make known the tropical splendor of the Keys, their excellent fishing, and their suitability for home sites as well as for true vacationing. Nevertheless she considers them only in their infancy. The easy access to Key Largo assured by the imminent completion of the Dixie Highway will mark the beginning of tremendous growth. She feels that their future is so wonderful that an attempt to express it would merely sound exaggerated.

A PREMIERE DANSEUSE

MISS MARY ELIZABETH KERR is the charming daughter of Mr. J. L. and Mary Burke Kerr, of 110 N. E. 60th Street, Miami. She has already made a large circle of friends in Miami and Miami Beach since coming here from her former home in Oak Park, Illinois, a few months ago.

Miss Kerr was born under the Southern Cross, at Colon, Republic of Panama, during the construction period of the Panama Canal. Her father furnished the tile for the building of the Panama Canal and also for the Panama Railroad Company.

Mary Elizabeth has just completed an engagement at the Chinese Gardens at the Fleetwood Hotel, Miami Beach, being one of their headliners at the opening of the Gardens on

New Year's Eve and week following, where she danced the Charleston and a number of her character dances.

Miss Kerr began her study of the dance with Theodore Kosloff of Los Angeles, and Miss Edith Lindsay of Hollywood, California, and after returning to Oak Park, in August, 1924, continued her dancing under Pavley and Oukrainsky, Directors of the Chicago Grand Opera Ballet, and during the summer of 1925, she studied with Ned Wayburn. At the end of this school year Miss Kerr and her mother expect to go abroad in order that Mary Elizabeth may add the finishing touches.

During the Monroe Centennial and Moving Picture Exposition, held in Los Angeles July 2 to August 4, 1923, Mary Elizabeth had the

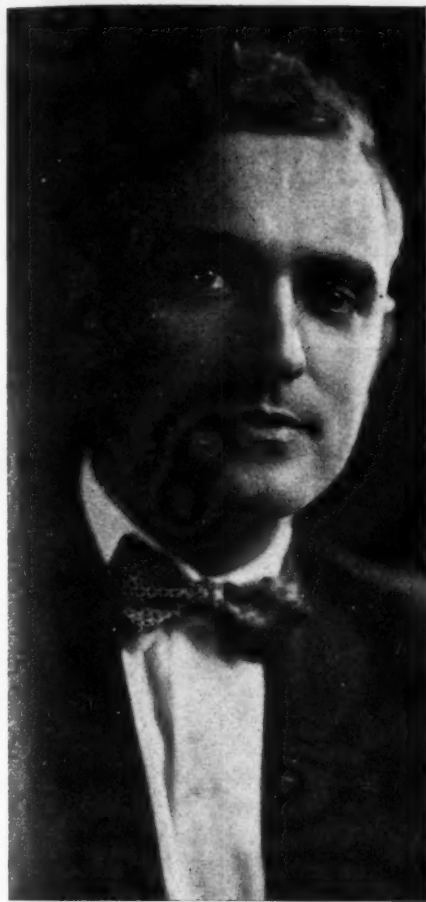


Miss Mary Elizabeth Kerr, in the dress worn by Mrs. Monroe, wife of President Monroe, at the inaugural ball

honor of being chosen to wear the inaugural gown of Mrs. Monroe (President Monroe's wife.) She was to have made the presentation in this gown to Mrs. Harding in behalf of the ladies of Los Angeles and Hollywood on August 2, 1923, but owing to President Harding's illness, which resulted in his death, this engagement was cancelled, but on August 4th, Mary Elizabeth wore this gown and danced the old-fashioned Minuet at the Woman's Court. The Keystone people took her picture in this gown and it was shown in the movies and in the newspapers of all the leading cities of the United States.

Miss Kerr has been called "Anna Pavlowa the Second." She was very popular in Los Angeles, Pasadena and Hollywood, having danced at all the leading clubs and hotels in these cities, and filled an engagement at Loew's State Theatre, Chicago and Oak Park, Illinois, also claim her as theirs.

Miss Kerr is the granddaughter of Dr. W. W. C. Spencer, of 1888 Beacon Street, Brookline, Massachusetts, and while visiting him at his summer



V. Earl Irons, President of the Irons Land and Development Company, is the founder and developer of Irons Manor—"Where six highways meet"

1st and 2nd, but owing to her engagement at the Fleetwood Hotel she was unable to take part.

Miss Kerr has for some time been sought by several producers, having refused two very good contracts in New York City the past summer, and she also refused a contract with the Chicago Grand Opera Ballet, her mother maintaining that her education should come first. Miss Kerr is at present attending St. Catherine's Academy, Miami. She has donated much of her talent to charity.

EARL IRONS AND IRONS MANOR

V. EARL IRONS, founder and developer of Irons Manor, is one of the most successful young men in the Miami district. The phenomenal successes of the man and the projects he has undertaken are pointed to by developers throughout the state as examples of what can actually be accomplished in Florida.

The story of Mr. Iron's meteoric rise in the real estate world reads like a success tale in one of the current fiction magazines. Possessed of a very limited capital but an abundant supply of energy and common sense, he arrived in Miami in February, 1924.

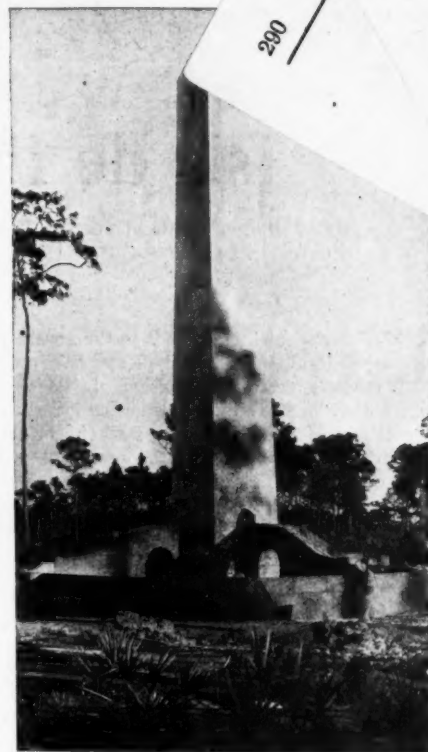
Endowed with a power of keen analysis, Mr. Irons readily saw that the secret of the success of a real estate subdivision was its location. Consequently when the opportunity came for him to acquire the small forty-acre tract (the beginning of Irons Manor) in March, 1925, he grasped it eagerly, because he realized that it possessed advantages of location shared by no other development in the Miami district.

"Where six highways meet" was the apt slogan which he applied to the first section of his favorite development because it was at the point of junction of the six great highways of the north Miami district.

Because of the immediate success of the forty acres, other sections were added to the Manor, until today it is one of the larger subdivisions of the Miami district.

Mr. Irons readily realized that the second factor in the success of a subdivision was the actual development work done where persons intend buying homes. For that reason he immediately started on a program of improvement which has already mounted to \$5,000,000.

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Key West, Where Winter is Summer—and Summer is Eternal

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Such is Key West, once a rendezvous of pirates, and the only city of the South that did not secede during the Civil War.

Putting Punta Gorda on the Map

Upon the same spot where the noble red man wooed his dusky bride there now stands a going and growing city

MORE than forty years ago, on the sunny lower west coast of Florida, at the head of a long, wide body of water known as Charlotte Harbor, the little town of Trabue was founded.

In the early eighties Colonel Isaac H. Trabue had gone from Kentucky, his native state, to Florida, to regain his health. He found the West Coast, where he established himself, in a primitive condition; but, soon restored to his former sturdiness by the health-giving climate, he plunged into the labors of a hardy pioneer with renewed vigor.

This intrepid Kentuckian, having had a military training, was a "go getter" born and bred. To drag in an old quip that may answer as evidence of the Colonel's natural warring proclivities, the state of Massachusetts was not yet noted for its boots and shoes, but shoots and booze had already made Kentucky famous.

In establishing a new settlement, Colonel Trabue's first encounter was with the Indians who laid claim to this ideal hunting and fishing rendezvous; his fight was carried on with unneighborly natives; but as its first settler he laid out the town and named it for himself; then in a dispute with the new village authorities, the tables were turned and resulted in changing the original name of the town to Punta Gorda.

The fighting Colonel owned the larger part of the land within the corporate limits, it having cost him around a dollar an acre; but as he sold the greater portion of it as town lots for upwards of three thousand dollars an acre, he did not fare badly at that.

So much for the history of Punta Gorda's birth. Now for its nursing, its rearing—its kindergarten days and its schooling—its growth and development—which is a long story, but will be blue penciled as we go along.

Punta Gorda was a healthy child and passed through its teething with little difficulty. At an early age it learned to walk alone. Its childhood education was somewhat neglected. It grew into sturdy boyhood—passed the university age without ever having looked into the door of a college—and yet it gained its knowledge mostly in the university of experience—and now is on the way to cityhood.

There! That was easily condensed, and now we come to the growth and development of this frontier town.

About the time that Mr. Flagler invited Mr. Plant to attend the formal festivities celebrating the opening of Miami, on the East Coast, the Atlantic Coast Line had shoved its steel rails into Punta Gorda's midst—right down one of her principal streets and on into the beautiful bay.

That was the day that Punta Gorda began to have growing pains. Up to that time it was a mere fishing village tucked away out of sight of civilization, right down on the frontier. True, its waterway to the Gulf was being put to good

By FARQUSON JOHNSON

use by upstaters. Phosphate was being towed down Peace River into Charlotte Harbor and thence to the inlet opening into the Gulf of Mexico to be loaded onto ocean freighters.

But as the child tires of its play, Punta Gorda soon became fatigued and laid down for rest, arising only for recreation—hunting and fishing. It was not ready to take the world seriously.

Came the day, as the silver scenarioists say, when playthings must be laid aside for the sordid pursuits of commercialism. It was in the year of 1924, forty years since Colonel Trabue had laid the corner stone of his town, and after "the booming of the boom" on the East Coast had set the whole world agog.

Then Punta Gorda arose from its prolonged slumber and got busy. Civic bodies were organized; city improvements were planned—paving, lighting, sewers, water—all were started. As the county seat of Charlotte County, it was up to the town to brush up a bit and make a showing commensurate to its place in the sun. It must be put on the map of Florida.

Standing as it does at the head of the finest natural land locked harbor on the North American continent, surrounded by navigable rivers emptying into this great waterway; fertile land that stands up high and dry; an undulating surface that naturally drains into adjacent flowing waters; and an equable climate—warmer in winter, cooler in summer, due to an ideal point of latitude and longitude—naturally it becomes the logical focal point of the southwest shores of Florida.

What do these natural advantages mean to Punta Gorda? First, its waters—the tidewater rivers, the enormous bay that leads to the Gulf, all teeming with fish of every kind known to tropical waters. Charlotte Harbor is the abiding place of the famous silver king tarpon, the gamest fish that ever flopped over the side of a boat. On the pier at Punta Gorda one may be pulling out sheephead or sea trout, while another hauls out mackerel or snook—and neighboring devotees may be landing some others of the hundreds of varieties of fish that are always to be found at Punta Gorda's front door. Then to the north and south of the city, bordering the new city limits, are rivers quite as prolific of fish as the harbor.

Colonel Trabue chose wisely when he established his settlement in the midst of soil so productive that it readily grows four crops in a season. Not only that, but upwards of two hundred different varieties of vegetables and fruits can be grown on this fertile land, in less time, with less labor, and with far better results than can be hoped for elsewhere.

Get out the old atlas and compare Punta Gorda's location with that of any other city in the well known U. S. A. See how far north of it is Los Angeles, the pride of southern California; compare its setting with that of Galveston, subjected to the ravages of the Gulf; or to New Orleans and Mobile, both noted seaports; or even to Tampa, the substantial metropolis of Florida's West Coast.

But the Southwest Coast is something else again—and that's where Punta Gorda climbs aboard. What Tampa has done and is doing in the center of the Gulf borders, Punta Gorda can

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The Collier-Vanderbilt Hotel on the waterfront at Punta Gorda, Florida, was officially opened as the Charlotte Harbor Hotel on February 6, 1926, with a formal reception and dance, which was attended by the wealth, intelligence, and aristocracy of that fair city



Affairs in Florida

PIONEER WOMAN BROKER

THE first woman to go into business as an independent broker in stocks and bonds, Margaret E. McCann has made a splendid record as the pioneer of her sex in this difficult field of finance.

Contrary to the popular opinion held regarding women's loquacity, Miss McCann does not like to talk about herself, and it was not until I asked her to talk on woman's place in the business world that she showed enthusiasm.

"I am greatly interested in furthering woman's education in financial affairs. Indeed, every woman needs to know the A B C's of business," stated Miss McCann, her blue eyes deeply earnest. "And women who enter the active business world of real estate and finance," she continued, her handsome face lighting up, "have, in my belief and experience, as fine an opportunity for success as any man."

Miss McCann's opinion carries weight; she is considered an authority on standard oil stocks and bank securities, and is an outstanding figure among Florida real estate firms.

Margaret McCann was born in San Francisco. Her family later moved east to New Jersey, where she attended school in Jersey City. Very naturally she was drawn to the business of the great metropolis looming across the Hudson River. Indeed, New York became her home for fifteen years.

Like so many business women, Miss McCann started out as a stenographer. She rose to the position of secretary to the H. S. Pierce estate, where in fourteen years through her clear, decisive mind and ability to grasp details, she acquired an intimate knowledge of finance. Here she also became acquainted with many outstanding men of business.

Five years ago Miss McCann went into business for herself, putting to work her valuable experience, with the result that without any outside aid she has become a wealthy woman.

Before the mind of the nation had fully awakened to the untold possibilities of Florida, Miss McCann learned through her contact with the master minds of finance what was about to happen, and came to Miami in March, 1924.

Here she has developed a splendid real estate business through her keen business insight, serving a large clientele that includes many names famous in Congress.

Her dignified real estate brokerage office at 301 East Flagler Street reflects Miss McCann's



Miss Margaret E. McCann, pioneer woman broker in stocks and bonds, and a successful Miami realtor

own, quiet, sound, businesslike manner. Miss McCann also handles the sale of Atlantic Shores, one of the higher class developments near Miami. She is one of the comparatively few individual brokerage realtors who have achieved an office on Flagler Street, that Mecca of Miami real estate men.

When questioned as to her opinion of the future of Miami, she instantly replied, "It will be the Manhattan of the south."

"What Florida needs," she remarked briefly (several engineers were then awaiting her), "is colonization—for agriculture and for industries. There is need not only of factories, but also of distributing plants for various commercial

interests. The wealth of the whole world is here. There is much money to be made here by the people who buy conservatively and are able to meet their payments. But they must not overbuy.

"There is a great deal of propaganda against Florida throughout the United States," Miss McCann concluded, "but if all those who are in earnest would inform themselves and combat it with real statistics, telling the facts in their conversations at home, that, more than any thing else, would help to establish the truth about Florida in conservative minds."

KEY WEST—WONDER CITY OF FLORIDA

KEY WEST'S climatical conditions are unsurpassed by those of any other section of the United States. With a harbor second to none, fishing opportunities unequalled by those of any other city, with more than four hundred known varieties of the finny species, ranging from the sword-fish, tarpon, barracuda and sailfish to the lesser and edible species of mackerel, king-fish, snapper and pompano, all waiting for the angler's eager hook, fishing for sport in the waters around Key West has begun to assume the proportions of an industry. It is from this tropical fishing ground that so many recruits of New York and Philadelphia's aquariums are found. That colorful procession of strange and many-tinted fishes one sees finning their way languidly about the tanks of northern city aquariums come from far-away Key West, where annually ichthyologists make pilgrimages for no other purpose than to secure these wonderfully beautiful fish.

Key West has marine surroundings comparable to the multicolored waters of the South Sea. Its blending of jade, turquoise, amethyst and mauve defy verbal description. Yet so varied is its coloring, so exquisite its harmony that to those who live here year after year it is a source of continual delight; to the newcomer, it is indeed a revelation. Today, the sea is a perfect pastel with huge billowy clouds mirrored upon its surface; again, it is a vivid jade green with foam-flecked waves stirred into whitecaps here and there over its surface by the wind. Yet another time it is a sparkling blue with golden paths of sunbeams dancing across its mobile depths to the distant horizon. It is this chameleon-like quality that makes it forever one of the most potent scenic attractions Key West possesses.



Harry Boyajian, President of the Vic Realty Company of Key West

With its many scenic advantages, more truly tropical than that of any other Florida city, Key West's destiny is that of America's Riviera. With the completion of the Over-Sea Highway, forming as it does, one of the "high-lights" of progress in Florida, Key West with its southern vividity and its tropical glamour will be hostess to thousands of tourists each winter. This last link in Florida's Dixie Highway will undoubtedly comprise its most picturesque road, with its infinite variety of scenic beauty.

Key West is logically the hub of all Florida Key developments. As county seat of this unique island county no undertaking is launched without some connection with that city. With its varied commercial industries, its importance as the gateway to the Panama Canal, the West Indies, Central and South America, no one can escape the fact that Key West's destiny is interwoven with that of its sister-keys of the Florida chain, if for no other reason than that its many industrial activities make it the county mart of trade.

The railway over the Florida Keys paved the way for commercial and industrial expansion, but the Over-Sea Highway over the Florida Keys will make of this city the winter-playground ideal of the nation.

It may be safe to venture that of all the people visiting Florida in a season, 95 per cent of those tourists will turn their motors to the city farthest south, traversing the automobile roadway over these Keys.

In this tropical garden spot, where Nature has been prodigal with her distribution of beauty, will come to live that vast contingent of winter visitors who desire a resort that is actually in the tropics; where winter is summer—and summer is eternal. Thus, without a doubt, Key West shall come to be known as the "Wonder-City" at the extreme tip of the emerald chain of Florida Keys.

WOMAN FIGURES IN KEY DEVELOPMENT

ONE of the pioneers and outstanding figures in the development of the Florida Keys is that quietly efficient woman real estate operator, Mrs. F. B. Emerson.

The Ley-Largo Chamber of Commerce recently showed appreciation of her activities by electing her vice-president of the organization. At that time the Key-Largo *Breeze* made the following comment: "Mrs. Emerson was elected by a standing vote of all the members as a tribute, to the great and sustained interest she has shown in Key Largo and the effort she had expended to bring it before the public. Mrs. Emerson was one of the first to see the possibilities of the Key, and began to subdivide and advertise long before any of the other developers, with the exception of one or two residing there, realized the possibilities."

Mrs. Emerson came to Florida from Illinois fourteen years ago. In 1918 she organized the Emerson Realty Company in Miami, an organization unusual in the fact that it was composed entirely of women.

Talking in her offices in the Olympia Building, Mrs. Emerson smiled reminiscently as she explained that she first became interested in the Keys through a trade made with site unseen.

She has always been a believer in waterfront properties, and from the time she first saw the Florida Keys three years ago, Mrs. Emerson was so charmed with them that she immediately became engaged chiefly in handling that property. In that time the Emerson Realty Company has handled a number of successful subdivisions and its acreage holdings alone now amount to more than half a million dollars, with interests in land on Key Largo, Big Pine, and Boca Chica Keys.

Mrs. Emerson's first Key investment is amusing now in view of her careful policy of personally inspecting every piece of property offered for sale by the organization. Her judgment has proved its worth by the number of large transactions in which she has figured.

Mrs. Emerson has probably done more than anyone else to make known the tropical splendor of the Keys, their excellent fishing, and their suitability for home sites as well as for true vacationing. Nevertheless she considers them only in their infancy. The easy access to Key Largo assured by the imminent completion of the Dixie Highway will mark the beginning of tremendous growth. She feels that their future is so wonderful that an attempt to express it would merely sound exaggerated.

A PREMIERE DANSEUSE

MISS MARY ELIZABETH KERR is the charming daughter of Mr. J. L. and Mary Burke Kerr, of 110 N. E. 60th Street, Miami. She has already made a large circle of friends in Miami and Miami Beach since coming here from her former home in Oak Park, Illinois, a few months ago.

Miss Kerr was born under the Southern Cross, at Colon, Republic of Panama, during the construction period of the Panama Canal. Her father furnished the tile for the building of the Panama Canal and also for the Panama Railroad Company.

Mary Elizabeth has just completed an engagement at the Chinese Gardens at the Fleetwood Hotel, Miami Beach, being one of their headliners at the opening of the Gardens on

New Year's Eve and week following, where she danced the Charleston and a number of her character dances.

Miss Kerr began her study of the dance with Theodore Kosloff of Los Angeles, and Miss Edith Lindsay of Hollywood, California, and after returning to Oak Park, in August, 1924, continued her dancing under Pavley and Oukrainsky, Directors of the Chicago Grand Opera Ballet, and during the summer of 1925, she studied with Ned Wayburn. At the end of this school year Miss Kerr and her mother expect to go abroad in order that Mary Elizabeth may add the finishing touches.

During the Monroe Centennial and Moving Picture Exposition, held in Los Angeles July 2 to August 4, 1923, Mary Elizabeth had the



Miss Mary Elizabeth Kerr, in the dress worn by Mrs. Monroe, wife of President Monroe, at the inaugural ball

honor of being chosen to wear the inaugural gown of Mrs. Monroe (President Monroe's wife.) She was to have made the presentation in this gown to Mrs. Harding in behalf of the ladies of Los Angeles and Hollywood on August 2, 1923, but owing to President Harding's illness, which resulted in his death, this engagement was cancelled, but on August 4th, Mary Elizabeth wore this gown and danced the old-fashioned Minuet at the Woman's Court. The Keystone people took her picture in this gown and it was shown in the movies and in the newspapers of all the leading cities of the United States.

Miss Kerr has been called "Anna Pavlowa the Second." She was very popular in Los Angeles, Pasadena and Hollywood, having danced at all the leading clubs and hotels in these cities, and filled an engagement at Loew's State Theatre, Chicago and Oak Park, Illinois, also claim her as theirs.

Miss Kerr is the granddaughter of Dr. W. W. C. Spencer, of 1888 Beacon Street, Brookline, Massachusetts, and while visiting him at his summer



V. Earl Irons, President of the Irons Land and Development Company, is the founder and developer of Irons Manor—"Where six highways meet"

home at York Cliffs, Maine, last July, put on a programme at the Passaconaway Inn and drew rounds of applause from its distinguished guests and other visitors from the summer colony at York Cliffs and York Beach. She delights in outdoor dancing and in addition to this she is a strong swimmer, golfer, tennis player and rides horseback. She is a descendant of Robert Emmett.

Miss Kerr was chosen to represent Miss Texas at the Fiesta of the American Tropics, which was held in Miami December 31st and January

1st and 2nd, but owing to her engagement at the Fleetwood Hotel she was unable to take part.

Miss Kerr has for some time been sought by several producers, having refused two very good contracts in New York City the past summer, and she also refused a contract with the Chicago Grand Opera Ballet, her mother maintaining that her education should come first. Miss Kerr is at present attending St. Catherine's Academy, Miami. She has donated much of her talent to charity.

EARL IRONS AND IRONS MANOR

V. EARL IRONS, founder and developer of Irons Manor, is one of the most successful young men in the Miami district. The phenomenal successes of the man and the projects he has undertaken are pointed to by developers throughout the state as examples of what can actually be accomplished in Florida.

The story of Mr. Iron's meteoric rise in the real estate world reads like a success tale in one of the current fiction magazines. Possessed of a very limited capital but an abundant supply of energy and common sense, he arrived in Miami in February, 1924.

Endowed with a power of keen analysis; Mr. Irons readily saw that the secret of the success of a real estate subdivision was its location. Consequently when the opportunity came for him to acquire the small forty-acre tract (the beginning of Irons Manor) in March, 1925, he grasped it eagerly, because he realized that it possessed advantages of location shared by no other development in the Miami district.

"Where six highways meet" was the apt slogan which he applied to the first section of his favorite development because it was at the point of junction of the six great highways of the north Miami district.

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Isla de Palmas *and* Its Developers

THE beautiful little islands to the south of the Florida mainland, the Keys, have only recently received recognition. Little jewel caskets, they are heavily wooded with luxuriant tropical jungle and lacy palms, set in waters unbelievably lovely, beyond the power of pen to tell or brush to paint, where live algae, coral, and strange sea life in greater profusion than anywhere in the world. They are coral islands in jade seas.

Veritable South Sea islands, though but two days by boat or train from New York City, and hitherto practically undiscovered, except as they were known in romantic history as a part of the picturesque Spanish Main, when pirates held the sea and buried their rich plunder upon their white-beached shores, they are now coming into their own.



Walter C. Stevens, Secretary of the Miami Land Corporation

From such a background comes the legend of Phillipe Gomez, the story of the son of the captain of a Spanish merchantman.

On a moonlit night, early in the seventeenth century, the merchantman was cruising past the Keys when a light was discerned upon an island, well in from the ocean and the boat was tricked, by attempting to approach the light, to strand on a coral reef. This was the primitive method of capture used by the Mattecumbe Indians of this region, who could then easily board and capture the vessel in their crude dugouts.

Phillipe swam and waded to a nearby island on the night of the vessel's disaster and found a bed for himself in the roots of a great banyan tree. He called this little Key "Isla de Palmas" because of the profusion of coconut palms that grew upon it.

For three months he lived quite alone on this lovely island, about three miles from the larger Keys that are now known as Big Pine, Torch and Ramrod, subsisting upon the abundance of tropical fruits, the sea life and the ever-present coconuts.

The Indians left his home unmolested as their folk-lore had, because of the island's natural beauty, peopled it with Indian fairies.

Now the Indian chief of this vicinity who had lost a son of the same age as Phillipe some years previously, had been told by a soothsayer, who sought to assuage his grief, that his boy had been taken by these spirits and would return, a glorified son, to the chief. So that when a humble fisherman told of having seen Phillipe on the shore of this fairy island, the chief had deemed it his right to go for him, claiming it as his right to bring him home to his people.

Phillipe grew up among the Mattecumbe Indians and revelled in his life upon the Keys, though always longing for his little Isla de Palmas, which he was prevented from revisiting because of the superstition which wrapt it. He not only learned but improved upon their piratical practices. Having captured a fleet vessel by the old stranding method, he and his men, with much labor, had gotten her afloat again, and with a crew composed of the Indians and renegade sailors of ships he had captured, he became a most notorious pirate.

Also, as he grew, his love for an Indian girl blossomed, whom he had known since childhood and with whom, when they had married, he went in his dugout to the Isla de Palmas for a honeymoon.

This is the story of the Isla de Palmas, one of the new found harbor Keys, which is told in a booklet of the island, being published by the Miami Land Corporation, for M. M. Borchardt and Walter C. Stevens, its owners and developers.

Isla de Palmas is a Key of some three hundred acres, situated on the Atlantic Ocean, between Mr. Munson's Island and Mr. Cook's Island off



M. M. Borchardt, President of the Miami Land Corporation

the extended arm of Big Pine Key and about twenty miles from Key West. Sixty of the three hundred acres will be given over to a beautiful golf course; a deep yacht basin on the bay side will allow safe anchorage for yacht and houseboat in this the center of the world's best fishing grounds and a quaint old-Spanish club hotel will be at the disposal of all who come to the Isla de Palmas. Winding paved roads and several smaller parks will help to make the subdivision more attractive throughout. There will be a profusion of the graceful coconut palms on every lot or park, while a wide driveway will encompass the shore skirted by a wide ocean beach that will give access to bathers in the exquisite jade seas in this land where it is always summer, for it is the purpose of Mr. Borchardt and Mr. Stevens, large holders of other Key properties, to fulfill a vision in this island and to hold that idea of exclusion and charm which in the legend is given as its natural heritage.

Key Largo Club Properties Make Jungleland into Fairyland

As the Pioneer Developers of Key Largo, one of the Largest of the Florida Chain, they focussed the eyes of the Nation on this tropical paradise

By AGNES GRANT

THE world famed coral Keys of Florida, veritable tropical palm fringed gems, heretofore uncut and unpolished, but now taking on a perfected beauty, are jotted for over a hundred miles along the southeast coast of Florida, terminating in the Gulf of Mexico. On the west, these romantic Keys form a series of beautiful bays, offering a haven for the yachtsman, and a paradise for the fisherman.

The Gulf Stream with its tepid indigo blue waters parallels the Florida Keys, assuring these fascinating bits of God's footstool a delightful frost-free climate.

The enchantment of these islands—Keys as they are called—("Keys" being derived from the Spanish "Cayo" meaning island), has attracted the lovers and seekers of adventure from the days of the bold pirates of the Main and the early Spanish dons to our days of recreative leisure.

Largo, the glistening gem of Florida's island empire, is now coming into its rich heritage. This elongated Key has a basic formation of limestone and coral. Specimens of coral rock picked up at random on this Key have designs and patterns as delicate and beautiful as the most exquisite lace.

The soil on Key Largo is richly productive. Limes, grapefruit, oranges, lemons, sapodillas, melons, papayas, mangos, sugar apples, pineapples, bananas, and many other luscious fruits, as well as a variety of vegetables, grow in great abundance. Among the many trees seen are the mahogany, lignum vitae, Spanish cedar, many kinds of palms, Australian pines, dogwood, and the fragrant frangipani.

In the past year, many developments have come into existence on Key Largo—the pioneer of them all being the Key Largo Club Properties.

The idea of this unique community was conceived by Charles S. Baxter, Manning S. Burbank, and other Massachusetts men who had wintered for many seasons in Miami. Knowing

ized as a fact) for the development of the Keys and the building of the Overseas Dixie Highway from the mainland of Florida to Key West. Then these Massachusetts men were more determined than ever to have a community where one could have a summer home, a winter home, or a fishing lodge under azure tropical skies,



Spanish style of architecture to be used on Key Largo

well the wondrous beauty of the Key lands, they were fascinated with the possibilities of having a club colony in this practically unexplored but ideally desirable country. About two years ago came rumors of the proposed bond issue for several millions of dollars by the Counties of Dade and Monroe (which rumors have since material-

where the balmy trade winds so constantly and caressingly blow, making a well nigh perfect climate with every day a summer day. After a careful survey of the Keys for the purpose of selecting the choicest site possible to establish this exclusive Club Colony, these Massachusetts men obtained a tract of several hundred acres of the very finest land on the wonderfully beautiful Key Largo.

This superb site is located in the approximate center of Key Largo about four miles north of the railway station in the town of Key Largo. It extends from the Atlantic Ocean on the east a distance of about a mile across the Dixie Highway, thence undulating westerly in graceful contours to the shore line of the expansive glimmering waters of Barnes Sound. One may have the delight of viewing both the Atlantic Ocean and Barnes Sound from the main thoroughfare of these properties—the Dixie Highway.

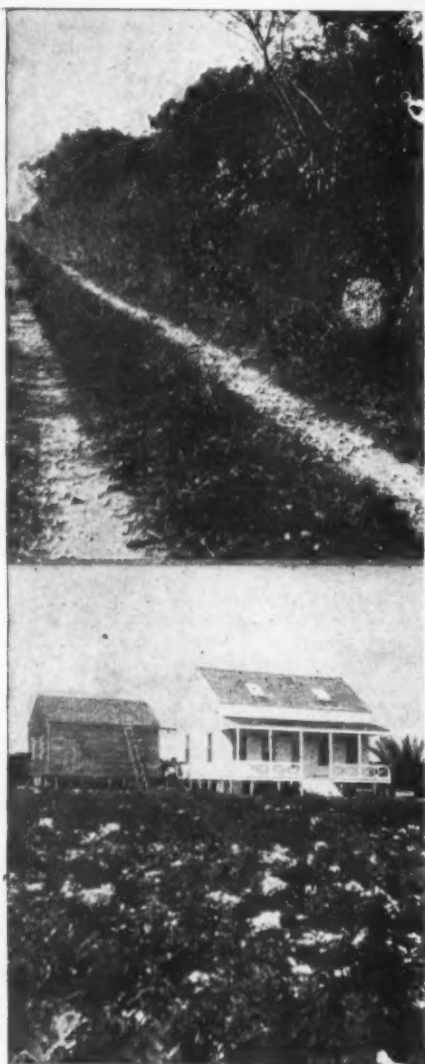
Three huge inland waterways extend into these properties from Barnes Sound, the grand central canal terminating in an immense turning basin for yachts of the club members.

The entire tract will be landscaped, and the banks of the canals will be planted with tropical flowering shrubbery and vines, and stately palms and fantastic Australian pines—so splendidly adapted for rapid and decorative growth on the Florida Keys.

The pleasures and recreations to be had in this colony are many and diversified.



Group of prospects just landed from the yacht "Akbar" viewing the Key Largo Club properties. Charles S. Banter, Vice-President, in the lead, describing the plans of development



Above—County Road, Key Largo. This is a part of the Over Seas Dixie Highway now under construction from the Florida mainland

Below—Key Largo Club properties. Pioneer house used as headquarters by Captain Frank Hardee, who cleared the properties

In the center of these properties on the shores of the Atlantic Ocean will be built an attractive community clubhouse for the comfort and pleasure of club members. Ample provisions will be made for lounging and sleeping, and charm and elegance will be attendant on the many social functions that will be held in this clubhouse so happily situated in the American Tropics.

Just off shore from the clubhouse in the depths of the Atlantic Ocean flows that marvelous indigo blue river—the Gulf Stream, in whose waters abound the gamest of big game fish.

Here the venturesome sportsman may match his wits against the giant tarpon, barracuda, sailfish, kingfish, bonita, and many other tropical finny folks of the deep.

On Barnes Sound, fishing from motor boats gives the sportsman an opportunity to try his skill to ensnare the wily bay fish.

There is such an abundance of fish in these waters that it is possible to make a fine catch from the beach or piers.

Here the fisherman may revel in his particular paradise!

Yachting and all forms of water sports may be enjoyed by the members of this club colony.

Near the clubhouse will be constructed a strong sightly pier, a basin for fishing boats, and a large Roman swimming pool where one may bathe in delightfully tepid water disporting to the heart's content in the golden sunshine of Florida.

A most attractive feature of this unique colony is the golf course designed by Wayne Stiles and John Van Klee of Boston and New York, the eminent golf architects who have designed many of the finest courses in the North as well as in Florida. This sporty eighteen-hole course, lying in the center of these properties, starts near the clubhouse on the ocean, thence shooting across the Key, first on one side and then on the other of the grand central canal, gracefully skirting the lime groves and the avocado groves, and back to the last hole near the clubhouse.

Among other attractive features included in the plans are an archery field, tennis court, and a charming bird sanctuary.

In the Key Largo Club Properties away from the restlessness of the surging eager crowds of

humanity, one may enjoy the dignified quiet of Floridian home life, indulge in wholesome outdoor sports, and participate in the social affairs and festivities of the colony.

A seemingly unconquerable jungle with gnarled mangrove swamps and virgin hammock land has yielded its proud indomitable spirit to the relentless machete and many kinds of modern machinery directed by the courage and skill of the sturdy men who have transformed the tract of the Key Largo Club Properties into a gorgeous tropical wonderland.

Key Largo fairly reeks with stories of adventure and romance. Many strange tales are recounted of bygone days when pirates and buccaneers, preying on Spanish galleons carrying gold and silver and precious jewels, and on English ships laden with rich Eastern cargoes, held forth in Southern waters. The Florida Keys were known as their stronghold, and were used as a cache for fabulous amounts of ill-gotten gold and other valuable loot. From time to time some of this treasure is found, and again and again are vividly recalled the piratical lawless days of yore.

To Key Largo is often given the distinction of being the repository of much of the hidden treasure of the famous Captain Kidd. As a matter of fact, a northerly point of the Key Largo Club Properties near the Dixie Highway is often designated as the spot where Kidd buried some of his gold. Even today an occasional adventurer comes along with a pick and shovel to these properties hoping to unearth some of the buried treasure, only to meet with the disappointment of being invited to leave without having had the opportunity to search for the gold supposed to be entombed in this tract.

In the Key Largo Club Properties one may luxuriously laze, rest, recreate and play. Here one may know the daily delights of sunrise and sunset, and to the seductive strumming of the vibrant guitar or ukelele enjoy the ecstatic charm and romance of the luminous moonlight of the tropics.

It would seem that Nature has conspired in lavishly endowing this wonder key—LARGO—with gorgeously glistening tropical grandeur, making Largo truly an Eden on earth!

Putting Punta Gorda on the Map—Continued from page 286

do on the lower shores of this great body of water—and more, only because of the latter's adjacent agricultural activities that are now in progress before it has come into any considerable fame as a commercial center.

As to Punta Gorda's growth and development, little can yet be said of the former. From Colonel Trabue's settlement of a handful of friends and neighbors there grew up a fishing hamlet of a few hundred souls. Then followed lovers of hunting and fishing who doubled the population, but it had reached its peak of importance in population, something like eight hundred or a thousand permanent inhabitants, when the band began to play throughout Florida in 1924, and has perhaps doubled twice since then.

Of its development there's still more to be said. At the present writing there are many millions of dollars being spent to make of this overgrown town a beautiful city. It is being spruced up—modernized—enlarged—in readiness to be placed on the map of Florida where it will stand out like a twenty dollar gold piece in a flock of nickels.

Charlotte County and Punta Gorda together are spending in and around the town more than three millions of dollars in permanent improvements. The already fairly good roads leading into the city are being hard surfaced and additional highways are being opened; a new county court house and a modern city hall are under way; many streets are paved and others have been started; the water system is practically completed and sewer work is progressing rapidly; new docks and piers soon will be under course of construction; the erection of a white way through the city and across the long concrete bridge is being pushed to completion; a public utilities company has taken over the electric plant with an assurance of better service. So much for public improvements.

The Collier-Vanderbilt hotel was officially opened to guests last month, the Lodge at Radair Park also has opened its spacious doors, and the Charlotte Bay hotel recently increased its capacity by adding another floor. What more could one desire in the developing of a city than to be

able to properly house its transient as well as its permanent people.

And so from a puny child to a boisterous and bold contender for supremacy on the lower west coast of Florida, Punta Gorda has bowled along without the interference of wild speculators—without the backing of multi-millionaires—with no outside pull or influence—and only with nature's resources—soil, climate, water, and elevation—to carry it along to supremacy.

In summing up it may be said that Punta Gorda's foundation is practically completed. It has schools, churches, fraternal societies and civic organizations. Its citizens are sound thinking and far seeing. Its location is perfection itself. Its natural advantages are unsurpassed on this continent. And although it may sound like the recommendation to the departing employe, Punta Gorda is honest, earnest, and wholly trustworthy in every respect.

So Punta Gorda is on the map. It now requires only more men and more money to build an everlasting superstructure on its firm foundation.

La Concha Starts New Era for Key West

One of the finest hotels in Florida, just completed in southernmost city of the United States, is a monument to Carl Aubuchon, man of vision and courage

ORATORS make better speeches, they say, after they get up from the festive board, where they have had enough to eat and drink to make them merry. That is true of writers also. Most of us are *bon vivants*, who loosen up under the influence of wine, women, and song. Somehow words seem to come easier when we crawl out of our formal shells, get our feet together under the table, and get chummy over our coffee and cigars.

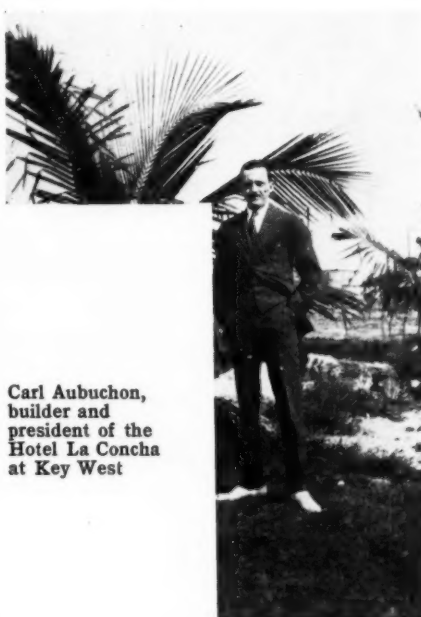
And that is the way I feel after having been the guest for three days of Carl Aubuchon, builder and president of the Hotel La Concha of Key West, the southernmost city of the United States. Indeed, I am fairly full of my subject, and am going to tell the world about this magnificent hostelry and the man whose courage and vision made it possible in this island city of Florida.

A young man, tall and slender, with keen but kindly expression, possessing the faith in his ideas that removes mountains, the La Concha—modern from the basement to the roof—rose up at his will to tower above the other low buildings of Key West. Overcoming obstacles which would have discouraged lesser spirits—problems of local co-operation, limited funds, and a thousand and one other difficulties—Carl Aubuchon went ahead with the project, allowing nothing to brook his plans. It was, therefore, a great event and a great gathering which broke bread with him at the formal opening, January 22, when some two hundred and fifty of his friends and well wishers attended the brilliant affair. As a guest, seated at Mr. Aubuchon's table, alongside of Representative Charles H. Ketchum, the sparkling toastmaster of the evening, I witnessed all of the passing show, and listened to the wit of the wise men of the town, which increased as their belts tightened. I also saw the beautiful women there, the elite of Key West, with shimmering gowns and flashing jewels, providing a perfect setting for the large dining room, with its rich draperies, mahogany furniture, and mellow, cream-tinted walls and ceilings.

As the local papers said the next day, the La Concha opened in a blaze of glory. The beautiful building rose majestically against the dimness of a tropic sky, while a stream of light poured from every window. This formal opening was the blossoming of Carl Aubuchon's dream. It was a night of brilliant beauty—a symphony of loveliness. By way of entertainment, troubadours from the sunny slopes of Spain poured forth the plaintive strains of their folk music, while Miss Maude Maury Lowrence sang airs from the leading operas. And that charming dancer, Miss Martha Lane, of New York, gave us the thrill of the evening, with her splendid interpretation of various kinds of light fantastic. Before the wee, small hours of the morning, the strum of the guitars, the voice of the singers, the patter of dancing feet, and the

By DIRK P. DEYOUNG

clink of glasses at the various tables, blended the guests into one mellow spirit, bringing speech and song from ordinarily silent souls. And the toast of the assemblage was Carl Aubuchon—who had brought all this to Key West.



Carl Aubuchon, builder and president of the Hotel La Concha at Key West

The Hotel La Concha is the first important commercial hostelry to locate there—right in the heart of Key West. This hotel, the dream of Aubuchon fulfilled, is among the finest in

Florida. Like all other great general hostelries, it is built primarily for the comfort and convenience of its guests, people of every class and station in life. It is designed to be a home, a place of comfort to the weary traveler who comes within its gates. Everything there, the food, the furniture, and the decorations, are all restful and satisfying. The harmony of colors, lights, and shades, unconsciously soothe the feelings of the guests. Even the plate for the dining room was especially prepared with marine scenes to correspond with the aquatic surroundings of Key West. Like George E. Merrick, Addison Mizner, and others who are using art in their development ideas here, Mr. Aubuchon has done the same in this hotel with painstaking detail.

In the guest rooms, for instance, the color of the furniture is a Venetian gray, a pastel blue, or parchment. Color schemes are thus made to harmonize with whatever shade of furniture is used, draperies carrying out the color note of blue, parchment or gray, as necessary. The beds are of Spanish mission design, finished in dull oak and cypress. And there is a writing desk, glass-covered and distinctly Spanish. All of the windows are casements and perfectly screened. I slept three nights in one of these rooms, as soundly as if I had drunk a potion of hemlock, breathing deeply of Key West's tropic air. But before yielding to Nature's sweet restorer, the harmony of my surroundings so overwhelmed me that I felt something like Alice in Wonderland. The effect of the La Concha color schemes, the restfulness of the air, and the soft bed on which I reclined, made me feel as if I were another Elijah, being transported in this chariot of restfulness to some fairyland in the sky.

On the floors, covering every inch of space from wall to wall, are ingeniously woven rugs and carpets, of a deep-pile fabric of velvety



Hotel La Concha—Key West's only fireproof, and most modern hotel



Miss Martha Lane, who danced at the opening of the La Concha Hotel, Key West, studied in prominent New York schools, including Chalif's, Ned Wayburn's and the Metropolitan Ballet School. Now associated with the Miami Beach School of Dancing. She formerly had a studio on Long Island, N. Y. Miss Lane spent last summer as a dancing counselor at Camp Hiawatha, Maine, and expects to return there this summer. She has danced for many New York clubs and societies, and has taken part in and presented numerous recitals. Miss Lane had her first dancing class at the age of fourteen, and is now but nineteen years old.

softness, with a never-recurring figure worked out in a suitable contrast of color. The guest rooms, double and single, most of them with baths, and some two-room suites, thus elaborately furnished, are to be found on each of the upper floors. The two lower floors of the building are devoted to the lounge, office, writing room, cuisine and dining hall on the second, with the first floor arranged for retail stores of all description, shops of the up-to-date sort.

Few cities of the south can boast of a hotel with more lavish grandeur than this monument to the man Aubuchon in Key West. It is a massive, yet gracefully proportioned milestone in the art of hotel building, designed for comfort and pleasure in accordance with advanced metropolitan ideas. "Nothing is too good for

the La Concha," has been the builder's motto. From the actual pouring of the foundation to the furnishing of the lobbies, lounges, dining hall and guest rooms, the hand of a master in hotel planning is evident. It would take a whole day to tell of its wonders. There is nothing below Coral Gables in Florida to compare with it. The visitor to Florida will find the trip on down to Key West worth while, if only to enjoy the privilege of stopping for a few days at this Aubuchon castle.

The hotel is equipped with a high-speed elevator and a spacious stairway. The building is six stories high and is located in the heart of the business district. It has one hundred rooms now, and an addition of eighty rooms is planned for in the spring. The roof of the La Concha has already become popular on account of the fine view therefrom of the city and the surrounding waters of the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico. Sunrises and sunsets seen from the roof of this hotel are wonderful sights to behold. And the moonlight, and the starry skies above, observed from here, beggar description. Even after the dinner and the dance previously mentioned, I found none of the wits present who could give a complete word picture of the wonderful heavens seen from the roof of the La Concha. As said before, no Florida trip is complete until you have got a glimpse of the Keys and a view of the waters and the skies from the roof of this home of Aubuchon. Only the soul of an artist could develop such a hostelry.

Key West is but a small island, with no skyscrapers, and the traveler scarcely realizes the beauty of its isolation until he takes the elevator in this hotel and goes to its roof for observation. In the distance are the towers, boats in the harbor, ships at sea, the old fort, the sun or moon shining down on the glassy waters, fishing smacks, and turtle crawls. Getting up there in Key West is like going to the top of the Woolworth building in New York. There is nothing else in the town any higher. It stands out as a sort of a sentinel in the middle of the island.

William P. Chase, the manager of the Hotel La Concha, is well-known and highly esteemed by tourists and travelers. He has successfully



Representative Charles H. Ketchum of Key West, sparkling toastmaster at the formal opening of the Hotel La Concha

conducted large winter and summer resort hotels and prominent hostelries in New York. He is a thoroughly practical hotel man, and a very pleasant gentleman, who knows good service and gives it. The food at the La Concha—coming from one of the best-equipped kitchens I have ever been in—tastes like the eats that mother used to make. And that other thing which most of us look for, next to a good place to eat and sleep, is reasonable rates. Although the La Concha is in a class by itself at Key West, advantage of that condition in the way of exorbitant prices is out of the question with men like these in charge.

One of Mr. Aubuchon's chief desires in the operation of this hotel is to offer the utmost in dining room service—a term which includes the kitchen, the preparation of food, the service, the appointments, dancing and entertainment, all of these featured at reasonable prices.

Key West, with its favorable climate, equable the year round, is to be congratulated on its new hotel, brought there by a man still only thirty-one years of age. Carl E. Aubuchon was born in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1895. He spent several years traveling in the United States and abroad, subsequently establishing a mortgage business at the corner of Wall Street and Broadway, New York City. At the age of nineteen he established a silica mining operation at Festus, Missouri, which has since developed into one of the largest concerns of the country. He later spent two years in the oil fields at Bowling Green, Kentucky, founding one of the most successful oil and gas concerns of that region. In 1920 he secured the franchise for establishing sewer and water works in the city of Key West, and it was this ownership that originated his interest in the La Concha Hotel.



Maude Maury Lawrence, soprano, the star of the evening at the opening entertainment of the Hotel La Concha

Florida's Marvelous Muck

Said to be the richest agricultural land in the world

By JOE HUGH REESE

SOME years ago Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, of pure food fame, made an official investigation of the muck lands in Florida and in his report he used the following language:

"Passing from the Kissimmee River through Lake Okeechobee, we come to the largest body of muck lands in the world. The northern shores of Lake Okeechobee are fringed with a very little muck, but as you approach the southern border the muck deposits become deep and wide, until finally they merge into those vast deposits of muck which form the northern border of the Everglades. The exact extent southward of this body of muck is not known, but it has been accurately surveyed for a distance of about fifty miles and found to be of excellent character throughout the whole of this distance * * * *There is practically no other body of land in the world which presents such remarkable possibilities of development as the muck lands bordering the southern shores of Lake Okeechobee.* With a depth of soil averaging, perhaps, eight feet, and an extent of nearly half a million acres, with a surface almost absolutely level, it affords promise of development which reaches beyond the limits of prophecy."

The major drainage system consists of six canals from Lake Okeechobee to tidewater. These canals are from 40 to 200 feet wide and from 10 to 30 feet deep, with water flowing through them from 3 to 16 feet. The main canals have a combined length of more than 400 miles, from which upwards of 68,000,000 cubic yards of earth and rock have been excavated, at a cost approximating \$15,000,000. The construction of fourteen masonry locks and dams figured considerably in the labor and expense.

To complete the reclamation which the major system constructed by the state had primarily accomplished, a number of special drainage districts have been organized for the construction of secondary works to co-ordinate with the main system and effectually drain those lands which are not efficiently served by the main works. The largest of these special districts is the Palm Beach Drainage and Highway district, organized in 1919, of which J. B. Jeffries, president of Florida Muck Farms, Inc., is the chairman-supervisor. Associated with him on this Board are T. T. Reese, president of the Farmers Bank and Trust Company, of West Palm Beach, and Dr. J. L. Holmberg, of Miami, one of the largest property owners of the district.

The supervisors of this district have under contract and construction a system of works for controlling the waters, which not only supplements the major system constructed by the state, but which will supplement it in such a manner as to protect the farmer against the ordinary hazards of possible overflow. The completion of this work will not only assure the farmer that he runs little risk of having his crops destroyed by floods, but will also give him the hitherto non-existent advantage of having always

at his command a never-failing supply of water for irrigation in the event of drought. These works embrace all the lands of the district and provide for cross-section canals at three-mile intervals, 24 by 30 feet wide by 10 feet deep, and lateral ditches at half-mile intervals. They include also the installation of pumps at the confluence of lake and canal waters, and the construction of dikes and levees for the protection of the land against overflow from adjacent property.

The contract for this construction is being executed by the George B. Hills Company, leading engineers of the South, specializing in reclamation. The immediate installation of eleven syphon pumps, each capable of lifting 56,000 gallons of water a minute, driven by 180 horsepower Diesel engines, is being pushed, and before the end of the year an area of more than 35,000 acres will be thus protected. Eventually the entire district of 310,000 acres will be under dike and pump.

Mr. Hills, who is at the head of the contracting company, was associated with the late Isham Randolph in his notable survey of the Everglades in 1913, and is in all respects a worthy successor to that capable engineer. He is ably assisted by Homer G. Shockley, the resident engineer, who makes headquarters at Chosen, in the Everglades. Mr. Shockley has had valuable experience in this class of construction. For many years he was engaged in irrigation and river control projects in the West.

Lake Okeechobee covers a surface of 710 square miles at the elevation of 16 feet, the level to which its waters will be lowered. The area covered by the lake at this level is 454,400 acres. When the drainage system was inaugurated the lake level was above 21 feet. The essential objects of the drainage plan were to be achieved by lowering the lake approximately four feet. This has been practically accomplished, though the St. Lucie canal, the largest canal and the control waterway, has not been completed, and is not functioning at full efficiency.

The object of the main canal system having been substantially achieved, there is little danger of overflow except in the event of very exceptional rainfall, and the protective measures which are being established reduce this hazard to an inconsiderable minimum.

Florida muck farms are being highly developed and made ready for the farmer. The elevation is 19 feet and the muck is from 8 to 12 feet deep. No considerable clearing is necessary in the Everglades except on the lands bordering the lake, known as the custard apple belt. The custard apple is a tropical tree whose presence indicates a mild climate. It will not grow in a region which is subject to frequent and severe frosts. This growth extends for a distance of a

mile or two inland around the southern shores of the lake. Adjoining the custard apple land is the pig weed and elder section, extending over a belt several miles in width, and last of all is the sawgrass, which covers that part of the district most remote from the lake.

Every cold wave which has resulted in damage to Florida has swept over the state from the northwest. Thus it happens that the region south of Lake Okeechobee has the best protection from frosts of any part of the Everglades. It is not often that the territory south of the lake is visited by frost, but it is not immune. There is no such thing as a "frost line," in spite of the common use made of this expression by land promoters in their enthusiasm for the climate.

The Everglades are situated below the twenty-seventh parallel, which, supposedly, is the popularly designated frost line. No effort will be made to make it appear that this region is absolutely unknown to the Frost King, but it may be said with all truthfulness that frost has never been known to work the havoc in this region which frequently it does in other sections, and the natural reason for its exceptional freedom from the menace is the presence of the great inland sea lying to the north.

The growing seasons are perennial, and even if a planting is lost by frost it is not a serious handicap, for the reason that the outstanding virtue of muck is its ability to produce crops in a marvelously brief period. All crops mature on this soil in much less time than other soils require. Maturing periods are reckoned in days rather than weeks or months.

Even as Lake Okeechobee is a protection against the chill of winter, so is it a tempering influence in summer. The climate is agreeable at all seasons, more so than in the coast resorts. This is substantiated by official weather statistics. Among the many advantages of living in such a climate, aside from the considerations of health and comfort, are the facts that no heavy or expensive construction of barns or residences is necessary; there are no fuel bills to pay and no winter clothing to purchase.

Estimating the cost of these various items, along with the profitable returns yielded by the soil, the inducements for farmers to settle in this region are many.

The preconceived idea of the Everglades which appears to be general is acquired from reading fiction and fails of confirmation when one visits the district. The photographs reproduced herewith portray the muck region as it exists in reality and is far from being the swampy jungle which it is so often represented as being.

So rich is the muck soil that no fertilizers are required to produce the most abundant crops. This point cannot be too strongly emphasized. According to Dr. Wiley, this muck analyzes sixty pounds of nitrogen to the ton, the actual value of the nitrogen content of the soil being \$10.80 when calculated at the extremely low

This is a papago, commonly known as paw-paw, growing on a Florida muck farm south of Lake Okeechobee. The papago is a luscious melon that grows on a tree, as the picture shows. Each of these trees has more than ten dollars' worth of fruit on it at the rate of ten cents a pound. The latex of the papago is used in the manufacture of digestive tablets and otherwise in a medicinal way.



A canal village in the Everglades. A few years ago all this was under water. Drainage has made it a highly productive country.



Fat farrows marketed co-operatively through the country market.



The home of a muck farmer in the heart of the Everglades.



valuation of 18 cents per pound. Many analyses show the nitrogen content to be from 2.17 to 2.83. Nitrogen is the most expensive component utilized in the manufacture of commercial fertilizers. The following analysis of muck was made by R. E. Rose, for many years and at present the state chemist of Florida, who was the first to operate successfully a sugar mill on Florida muck:

Moisture	16.84	Magnesia18
Organic matter		Potash13
and combined		Soda38
water	75.65	Phosphoric acid ..	.18
Silica and insoluble		Sulphuric acid ..	.51
silicates91	Chlorine43
Oxide of iron	1.47	Nitrogen (inorganic matter) ..	2.17
Lime	3.17		

Dr. Wiley made the following analysis:

Carbon	58.57	Volatile	96.50
Hydrogen	6.04	Absorption	188.32
Nitrogen	2.83		

Dr. Wiley explained that "absorption" reveals the percentage of water which perfectly dry soils will absorb. The pure muck will absorb more than its own weight of water, a property in times of drought and in relation to sub-irrigation which must not be overlooked.

All garden vegetables are grown on Florida muck at all seasons, but those in greatest demand and valued highest are produced in winter, when there is no production in the North. These products include snap beans, lima beans, peas, onions, cabbage, lettuce, celery, peppers, eggplant, potatoes, tomatoes, summer squash, roasting ears, sugar corn, and everything else, practically, in the form of garden truck.

The muck farmer prepares the land in August by plowing and harrowing it, and in September he plants his first beans. This crop requires from forty-five to sixty days to mature, and comes off in December. The farmer then discs his land and plants another crop of beans, which matures in February. He usually plants tomatoes in every third row at the time of planting the second crop of beans, and by the time the bean crop is picked and marketed the tomatoes are up and growing. The bean vines are allowed to die and the tomato vines cover them up. When the tomato plants are about a fourth matured the farmer goes through the field and plants corn. When the tomatoes mature, the corn shades the ground and prevents other vegetation from coming up.

This is the way truck is grown on Florida muck farms without using any fertilizers whatever. The yield of beans is from 150 to 400 hampers to the acre. Estimating the two crops at 200 hampers to the acre, and the price at \$2 per hamper, the returns from the fall and spring crops would be \$800. Tomatoes yield from 400 to 800 crates to the acre. Averaging the yield at the lesser figure and the price at \$1.50 a crate, the returns from this crop would be \$600 per acre. Corn brings a better price if sold as roasting ears, but estimating the yield at 50 bushels (which is low for muck soil) and the price at \$1.25 a bushel, the return from this crop would be \$67.50 per acre, giving the total of \$1,467.50 from the four crops produced on the same acre of ground. These figures are not exaggerated. On the contrary, they are a conservative estimate of crop values as grown on muck soil in this region. They are not fanciful, and were given by a muck farmer who has been farming this soil for thirteen years. In each crop cited the more conservative figure as to yield and price is used. During the past season there were farmers in this

region who realized the maximum yield and higher prices than those stated. For the greater part of the season beans were sold at from \$2.50 to \$4.50 a hamper. At one time the price of beans in New York was \$11 a hamper. All during the season the price of beans in the local markets was 25 cents a pound and the weight of a hamper is from 28 to 32 pounds. At the lesser weight this would be \$7 a hamper, but this, it must be understood, is the retail price. Production varies according to conditions, but the averages are good and if the farmer fails on one crop he has another coming on and it would be unusual indeed if every crop failed.

The advantage of farming in a country where one has the chance of growing from three to five crops on the same land in one year, over the farmer who spends the whole year in growing one crop, is so obvious as to need no comment. And in addition to the growing advantages one has to consider the higher value of the crops grown in this favored region and the greater comfort of living in a mild and notably healthful climate.

Muck produces rapid growth, which always is tender. For this reason the muck south of Lake Okeechobee is pre-eminently adapted to truck crops, but there is scarcely anything that will not grow on it more prosperously here than anywhere else, except only those plants which require a colder climate.

Irish potatoes are planted in November, December, and January and mature in about 65 days. They yield from 100 to 300 bushels to the acre and are sold at from \$2 to \$6 a bushel. The harvesting is done in one operation by machinery.

Egg-plants and peppers have been known to yield returns of from \$1,000 to \$2,000 an acre. These crops are planted in August, September and October, and are ready for the market from Christmas until April or May.

Turnips, beets and carrots are planted in October, November, and December, and mature in 90 days. Onions are a slow crop. They are planted in the fall and mature in the spring. The yield from muck south of Lake Okeechobee is from 700 to 1,000 bushels to the acre. Onions are sold at from 2 cents to 10 cents a pound. They weigh 50 pounds to the bushel. Cabbage is a profitable crop for the Florida farmer when it is scarce in the North, but otherwise it is uncertain. The seeds are planted from August to February. The yield on muck south of Lake Okeechobee is from 10 to 20 tons to the acre, and the price ranges from 2 cents to 5 cents a pound. The crop matures in 90 days. Cabbage might be one of the best revenue-producing crops if the means were present to utilize the surplus in the manufacture of sauerkraut. Unquestionably such industries will be established when the farmers settle on these lands in sufficient numbers to assure manufacturers a supply of the raw product to keep them running.

Lettuce yields from 30,000 to 35,000 heads to the acre, weighing from one to two pounds each. Either of the Iceberg or Big Boston varieties do well here. At current prices the income from an acre of lettuce is almost too fabulous to be set down in cold print. The reader may make his own calculations. Lettuce retails in the local market at from 15 cents to 25 cents a head.

Celery has not been grown commercially in this region, but experiments have proved that it grows successfully.

The region south of Lake Okeechobee is the only section in the United States where sugar cane grows to full maturity, and tassels. Only



This shows the wild growth on Everglades muck south of Lake Okeechobee. This is the moon vine, which festoons the trees in many pleasing shapes and forms. Swine and cattle are fond of the moon vine



Planting sugar cane on Florida muck. This shows the expansive and level character of this rich country.



The story of "Jack and the Beanstalk" is not so far fetched in the country south of Lake Okeechobee. Beans grow almost over-night and produce bumper crops—from 150 to 400 hampers to the acre without the use of fertilizers



No, this is not a scene on a Cuban plantation—this photo was taken on an Everglades muck farm south of Lake Okeechobee. Sugar cane produces from 40 to 60 tons to the acre on this soil



These tomatoes growing on Florida muck south of Lake Okeechobee are nine feet across rows. They and all other crops in this region grow without fertilization.

when it is mature does this plant develop its maximum content of sugar. This is reasonably sure to become the greatest sugar-producing center in this country. The sugar division of the Bureau of Plant Industry has conducted an experiment station at Canal Point, on Lake Okeechobee, for many years, and Dr. E. W. Brandes, chief of that division, is quoted as saying that from 50,000 to 60,000 acres in this region will produce from 50 to 60 tons of cane to the acre, which will analyze 15 per cent sucrose and 92 per cent purity.

A ton of sugar cane contains 195 pounds of available sugar. At 10 cents a pound the value of sugar in a ton of sugar cane would be \$19.50. At this rate the value of the manufactured crop from an acre would be \$975, but, of course, the grower does not receive that much. The value of cane delivered at the mill is regulated by the price of raw sugar. If raw sugar sells at 4 cents the pound, the mill pays \$4 a ton for cane. At this rate the grower would receive \$200 an acre for his cane. It reaches mature production the second year and ratoons for many years without further cost of cultivation. The expense of harvesting is the only considerable item of cost which this crop entails after its first planting. Already there are two sugar mills in the Everglades, representing the investment of millions of dollars, and others will be built. The cane crop does not require over two months of the farmer's attention after the first year, for it reproduces itself and offers the means of utilizing many acres profitably at small expense.

Peanuts yield abundantly upon muck soil. Three crops may be grown in a year, with a possible yield of 225 bushels to each crop. Conservatively estimated, 400 bushels to the acre from three crops may be expected. Prices range from \$2 to \$3 a bushel. Peanuts are dug, threshed and shelled by machinery and the vines are baled and sold as hay.

Bananas can be produced commercially on muck in the lake region. The banana plant is susceptible to frost and any attempt to grow it very far south of the lake might prove disappointing; yet it offers attractive possibilities.

This muck is adapted to all the better-known grasses and the yield is from 12 to 20 tons per acre. The controlling price of hay is \$30 a ton. Para, Rhodes, Molasses and Napier and many other grasses grow luxuriantly here. Cattle may be pastured the entire year without housing. This is pre-eminently a cattle and stock country and the development of the dairying and stock raising offers wonderful opportunities.

Florida does not produce the milk and dairy products consumed in this state by a great deal. Florida consumed \$25,000,000 worth of milk and dairy products last year in excess of its production, and more than twice as much poultry and eggs were consumed than were produced in Florida.

Poultry and hogs flourish on muck and can be easily raised. The crops to sustain them are readily grown. There are many who have found their way to prosperity by raising hogs and poultry in this region.

The Florida University maintains, through its extension service, an experiment station near the lake which is accessible to all, and various companies engaged in the development of these lands retain practical farmers whose experience, advice and counsel will be cheerfully given to those desiring such help.

An outstanding feature of the Florida Muck Farms enterprise, a development which recently was announced, is the townsite, Lake Harbor.

Lake Harbor was laid out and platted by a town planner of recognized skill and ability. It is situated on the south shore of Lake Okeechobee, at the head of the Miami Canal, and occupies a commanding position in respect to transportation facilities and geographical location. It is midway between West Palm Beach, on the Atlantic Coast, and Fort Myers, on the Gulf Coast. The cross-state highway, now approximately eighty per cent complete, which connects these rapidly growing coast towns, passes through the center of Lake Harbor. This is a hard-surfaced highway upon which regular motor bus service has been established over the completed portions. It is the shortest cross-state route, which will cause it to be that most generally traveled.

The location of Lake Harbor is strategic with regard to water transportation. It is centrally situated with relation to other towns and logically will become the base of supplies and trading center for the whole of this highly productive territory.

At this time the Florida East Coast Railroad is building from Pahokee to the east coast, and the Atlantic Coast Line has extended its tracks as far as Clewiston, west of Lake Harbor. These connecting links will be built within a very short time.

A new hotel has just been completed at Lake Harbor. It stands in a grove of royal palms overlooking the lake. It is a beautiful and attractive setting for a town, and a substantial community exists there.

Attractive social conditions for those who come to live here are fundamentally necessary to the success of this enterprise and nothing will be left undone the developers say, which is calculated to promote recreational, educational, and progressive community life. The trend away from the farm has been determined by sociological students to be due, in a large measure, to the isolation of rural communities and the lack of social diversions.

Lake Harbor is designed to be a social and civic center, with schools, churches, theatres, and other desirable institutions and advantages, rendered accessible by a complete system of hard-surfaced highways through the district.

Classified Advertisements

AGENTS—WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLES
Sell Madison "Better-Made" Shirts for large Manufacturer direct to wearer. No capital or experience required. Many earn \$100 weekly and bonus. MADISON MFRGS., 540 Broadway, New York.

EARN MONEY AT HOME DURING SPARE TIME
painting lamp shades, pillow tops for us. No canvassing. Easy and interesting work. Experience unnecessary.
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florida

8%

and safety

Ask Questions

**SEMINOLE
BOND & MORTGAGE CO.
MIAMI, FLORIDA**

The Child of Harry I. Magid

Continued from page 282

Those who are interested in the true development of Florida appreciate just what Harry I. Magid is doing. Here is a man who takes pride in his handiwork, and in it he is repaying Florida for the success he has made. Incidentally, let me remark that he believes the ultimate success of Florida is as sure as its climate, and it is all the more rapid because everyone is working together here for Florida.



The Auditorium at Hollywood Beach Heights

Rather than undertake still larger propositions with his proceeds, he preferred to improve his present development, following his maxim to "help the other fellow make money too." As a matter of fact he is spending more money on the improvements in Hollywood Beach Heights than he originally expected the entire development to yield.

And Mr. Magid is particularly happy that, due to his original selling plan of one dollar down and a dollar a week, many people of very limited means have been able to share in the profits of Hollywood Beach Heights.

reflecting the
growth of

"The Sunshine City"

THE
**ALEXANDER NATIONAL
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—increased its deposits
more than 750% from
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This bank is equipped
to render a complete
banking service.

**ALEXANDER NATIONAL
BANK**

St. Petersburg, Florida

A Live Bunch—the Over Sea Company

Continued from page 278

a view unparalleled elsewhere in scenic splendors. To the south one may see the many-tinted waters of the Atlantic ocean, with ships from all ports of the world plying their way toward Key West harbor, Havana, South and Central America, and other marts of the seven



F. H. Ladd, candidate for the Florida State Senate. Originator of the Over Sea Highway, Ex-Mayor of Key West and prominent in real estate developments in that city

seas. Looking northward are the restful waters of the Gulf of Mexico, dotted with small fishing craft and baby Keys of which the number is



An Account of Stewardship

Fifty years ago Dr. Alexander Graham Bell was busy upon a new invention—the telephone. The first sentence had not been heard; the patent had not been filed; the demonstration of the telephone at the Centennial Exposition had not been made. All these noteworthy events were to occur later in the year 1876. But already, at the beginning of the year, the basic principle of the new art had been discovered and Bell's experiments were approaching a successful issue.

The inventor of the telephone lived to see the telephone in daily use by millions all over the world and to see thousands of inventions and developments from his original discovery.

If he had lived to this semi-centennial year, he would have seen over 16,000,000 telephones linked by 40,000,000 miles of wire spanning the American continent and bringing the whole nation within intimate talking distance. He would have seen in the Bell System, which bears his name, perhaps the largest industrial organization in the world with nearly \$3,000,000,000 worth of public-serving property, owned chiefly by an army of customers and employees.

He would have seen developed from the product of his brain a new art, binding together the thoughts and actions of a nation for the welfare of all the people.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES



IN ITS SEMI-CENTENNIAL YEAR THE BELL SYSTEM LOOKS FORWARD
TO CONTINUED PROGRESS IN TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION

legion. Sun Krest, where the sun rises and sets in the water, where old Sol is on duty 360 days in the year, is a panoramic theater, unsurpassed except in Paradise.

Imagine such views as these, if you can, in a place where sun, moon, and stars seem to obey the artist's wish for beauty in a landscape. All the elements appear to harmonize to make the scenery and the climate of Key West perfect, pleasurable, witching, ecstatic. Of sunsets in the Keys, I have already said, in other articles, that neither painters nor writers can convey the impressions they give in pictures or in words. When the tropical sun casts its fading rays on Sun Krest, along the smooth waters of many colors, over the palm clad shores of charming coral islands, the greatest geniuses of the craft open their mouth and gape in wonder. Nature has beat them to it in a masterpiece here. Our work is completely dwarfed by the Maker of all

good and perfect things in His crowning creation—the wonders of the Florida Keys.

But, gentle reader, do not get the idea that these seven men have been plucking the roses of opportunity in the Keys, without encountering the usual seven thorns on the stem of each one. Worthwhile successes are difficult to attain. Opportunities which are worth grasping by the hand, do not overstep the bounds of modesty. We must woo them, and remember the old saw, "faint heart ne'er won fair lady." Seemingly insurmountable difficulties have got between them and the fortune promised by Caesar, but each time that happened seven heads and fourteen hands got busy and bowled the obstacle out of the way.

A live bunch—that Over Sea Company—a credit to the town, an asset to the state—boosters, boomers, builders of the Florida Keys. May their tribe increase.



The First National Bank

of

Key West, Florida

SAFE ~ SOUND ~ SECURE

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits = \$170,000

Total Resources = = = = = \$4,000,000

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The Over-Sea Company

The Complete Organization

Operating and Maintaining

**Real Estate,
Engineering, Contracting**

**A Real
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ment**

An organization of experienced Real Estate Brokers, for Key West and Florida Key Properties.

**An Engineering
Department**

A corps of Civil Engineers, under a State Registered Engineer for surveys, subdivisions and development work, any place along the Keys. Blue Prints, Maps of any section of the Keys. Investigations, Reports, Plans, Estimates and Specifications.

**A
Contracting
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A complete department, fully equipped with machinery and labor. Dredging, clearing, filling, development work, buildings large or small.

**609 DUVAL STREET
KEY WEST, FLORIDA**

Madrid Galleries, Inc.

to the discriminating, have become the art center of Florida where the Old and the New Worlds offer their best for the furnishing of the home distinctive.

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*Decorations for Interiors
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Key West's Newest
Most Modern
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All Outside Rooms
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THE TROPICS

are calling you—will you listen?

THE CALL of the only American tropics is sounding in every state and city. The daily news, the letters that go North, the experiences of home-builders and travelers—all carry the words that mean new opportunities for prosperity and happiness . . . *Coral Gables . . . Miami . . . Florida.*

THE opportunities offered by Coral Gables are astonishing in number and variety. The business man finds facts and figures that justify a commercial investment. Professional men find new fields that exercise their abilities to the fullest extent. Bankers and capitalists, trust and insurance companies are drawn by the amazing figures of the Miami bank clearings. Sportsmen are coming for golf, racing, swimming, tennis, polo. Educators and writers are drawn by the new fifteen-million-dollar University of Miami, the Art Center and the new University High School.

*And Everywhere—Homes, Homes,
Homes—Each Steadily
Rising in Value*

Coral Gables offers home-builders an extraordinary opportunity to build under a plan that governs every physical aspect of the city. Only the Spanish type of architecture, perfectly suited to the tropics, is permissible. Hotels, schools, business buildings, homes—all must harmonize in design and planting. There are no wooden buildings. Property

cannot decline in value because of unsuitable buildings on adjacent lots. The new Miami-Biltmore Hotel in Coral Gables bears a distinct resemblance to the smallest house in the city. The entire city of Coral Gables has been planned by well-known architects, not politicians. The magnificent avenues and plazas are designed to emphasize the spectacular beauty of sky and sea, of brilliant tropical shrubbery, of stately pines and dramatic coconut palms. Under such a plan values increase, property advances, security attends every investment.

The Coupon Brings You Rex Beach's Dramatic Story—Free

REX BEACH has written a book about the miracle of Coral Gables. Send for it. Better still, come and see for yourself. Let us tell you about the special trains and steamships that we run at frequent intervals to Coral Gables. If you should take one of these trips, and should buy property at Coral Gables, the cost of your transportation will be refunded upon your return. Mail the coupon—now!

Your Opportunity

Coral Gables property has been steadily rising in value. Some of it has shown a 100 per cent increase every year. Every activity feels the stimulus of Miami's tremendous growth, and especially is it manifested by the increasing property values in the city and suburbs. Yet building plots in Coral Gables may now be secured by a moderate initial payment. These plots, for homes or businesses, are offered

in a wide range of prices, which include all improvements such as streets, street lighting, electricity and water. Twenty-five per cent is required in cash, the balance will be distributed in convenient payments over a period of three years.

The Facts About Coral Gables

Coral Gables is a city, adjoining the city of Miami itself. It is incorporated, with a commission form of government. It is highly restricted. It occupies about 10,000 acres of high, well-drained land. It is four years old. It has 100 miles of wide paved streets and boulevards. It has seven hotels completed or under construction. It has 45 miles of white-way lighting and 50 miles of intersectional street lighting. It has 6½ miles of beach frontage. Two golf courses are now completed, two more are building. A theatre, two country clubs, a military academy, public schools and the College for Young Women of the Sisters of Saint Joseph are now in actual use. More than one thousand homes have already been erected, another thousand now under construction. Thirty million dollars have been expended in development work. Additional plans call for at least twice that amount. Seventy-five million dollars worth of property has already been bought in Coral Gables.

Mr. John McEntee Bowman is now building the ten-million-dollar hotel, country club and bathing casino in Coral Gables to be known as the Miami-Biltmore Group. The Miami-Biltmore Hotel was opened in January, 1926. Coral Gables will also contain these buildings and improvements, all of which will be completed within a few years:

The \$15,000,000 University of Miami, the \$500,000 Mahi Temple of the Mystic Shrine, a \$1,000,000 University High School, a \$150,000 Railway Station, a Stadium, a Conservatory of Music, magnificent new entrances and plazas, and other remarkable projects.

CORAL GABLES CORPORATION
Administration Building
Coral Gables, Miami, Florida

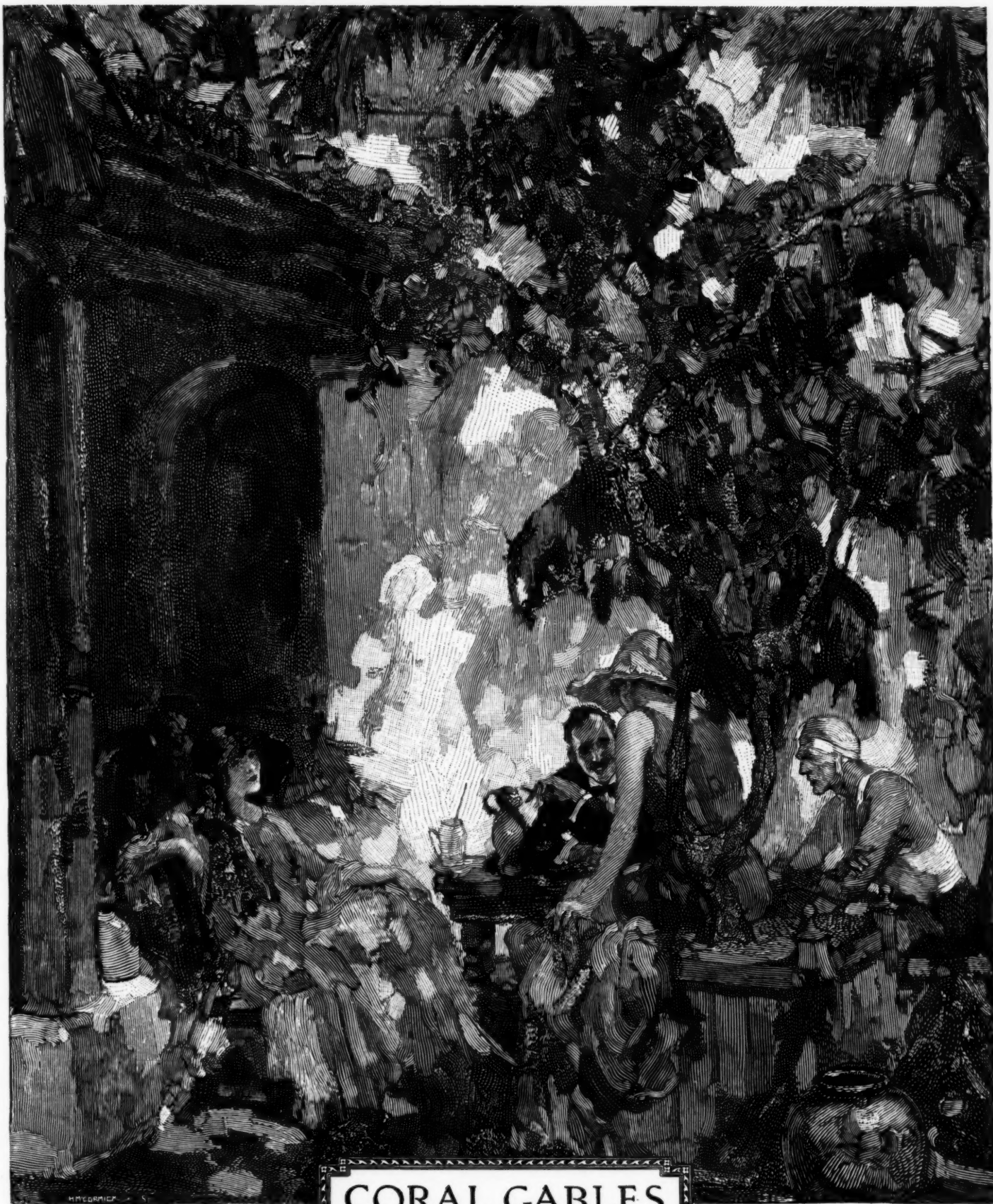
NM-66

Please send me Rex Beach's story on the miracle of Coral Gables. I understand that this places me under no obligation.

Name _____

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CORAL GABLES

Miami Riviera

40 Miles of Water Front

GEORGE E. MERRICK

To be sold on a proposition you must have confidence in the owners

EL-JOBE-AN, the magic city, now forging ahead as one of the most promising sections of the west coast of Florida. This development is under the supervision of Mr. Joel Bean, of Boston, Massachusetts, a well known and successful Massachusetts realtor. Ideally located on the southwest coast of Florida, at the head of Charlotte Harbor, the second largest harbor on the west coast of Florida.



The following reference to El-Jobe-An is taken from the "Punta Gorda Herald" of Friday, December 18, 1925

Saturday evening, December 12th, the El-Jobe-An Social Club held a dance in the new restaurant building. The hall had been most attractively decorated with golden rod and bunting, by the ladies of El-Jobe-An.

The music was furnished by the El-Jobe-An Orchestra, and the lively tune of the quadrille and the dreamy strains of the waltz, floated out on to the Myakka until late into the night. This first social function of the Club was voted an overwhelming success by the eighty-odd members in attendance, and many more evenings of the same nature are now being planned for the future.

On Sunday morning at 9.30 a flag raising took place in the new restaurant building in El-Jobe-An. The citizens arranged themselves in a semi-circle and remained in reverent silence while Old Glory was raised on high. After the salute to the flag Ex-Mayor Morse of Haverhill, Mass., made a few appropriate remarks and pictures were taken of the gathering before it dispersed.

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts is well represented in El-Jobe-An with forty-four of her former citizens. Other states have their representatives, but so far the Old Bay State has the majority.

Green and Costain, contractors of El-Jobe-An, have been in Punta Gorda lately, purchasing building materials for the erection of several stucco bungalows for which they have contracts.

Mr. C. N. Jenks, Vice-President of the Florida Syndicate, Inc., and E. C. Hunt, Sales Manager, visited El-Jobe-An recently, and were pleased with development activities which were being carried on.

Among visitors last week at El-Jobe-An Hotel were Ex-Mayor C. A. Littlefield, of Lynn, Mass., and Ex-Mayor Morse of Haverhill, Mass. Both have become ardent boosters of Florida's West Coast, and Charlotte County in particular.

Developing Engineer Capt. B. B. Blood of El-Jobe-An, has just purchased a fleet of dump trucks and scrapers from G. S. Goff of Punta Gorda.

EL-JOBE-AN has been rightly named "The City of Destiny." Within a radius of forty miles of the limits of EL-JOBE-AN, tens of millions of dollars are being expended by some of the foremost business men of America.

Knowing the large profits made by those who invested at Miami and on the East Coast of Florida, it is the opinion of conservative investors that history is to be repeated in EL-JOBE-AN, the fast-growing city in Charlotte County, Florida. Five miles of beautiful beaches, ideal bathing and fishing. A short distance from Tampa, with direct railroads into the heart of the city.

Boston and Florida Realty Trust

Main Offices 455-456 Park Square Building

BOSTON, MASS.

"Establish Your Home Where Hunting and Fishing Abound"

Says JOHN F. HOMER

DEAR TOM:

Yours received and I'm glad to learn that you're getting on your feet again—physically and commercially—but sorry to learn of Nettie's illness. Hope she'll soon recover.

As promised in my last letter, I'm going to give you just a faint idea of the fishing and hunting in this neck o' the old U. S. A. I'm not much of a word painter, so it will be impossible for me to make it as good as it really is.

First, fishing—and up north you don't realize what that means. You know for years I've been coming to this Summerland every winter, but I've been so tired that I never fished much. Now that I'm living here, fishing has become a habit—sort of second nature—and seldom a day passes that I don't cast my line into the wet and pull out a whopper—which isn't the fish's name, but the size of it; for the fish in these waters are all big when compared to those we used to catch in Littler's creek.

From the tidewater river running along in front of my home I catch red fish, trout, sheepshead, mackerel, snook, and such like; or I jump into my motor boat and go down into the Bay, and gosh all hemlock, Tom! Don't esk, as Milt Gross says, but come and see for yourself.

This is where words fail me, old boy. Honest, I don't know where to begin in describing the fish in Charlotte Harbor. I don't know how many hundreds of kinds there are. I'll bet I've caught a hundred varieties myself. It's the home of the silver king tarpon, and when you see one of 'em somersettin' around like a porpoise, you yearn to hook him, and if you do, good night! Say! He's some scrapper, believe me!

The king fish has a mind of his own, too, when it comes to putting up a fight. I hooked one down at the inlet last fall—a bear cat—weighed forty pounds—and goshamighty, what a fighter he was! But I got him, all right.

Speaking of the inlet—Boca Grande, it's called—it takes you right out into the Gulf of Mexico, where the commercial fishermen around here get their pompano and mullet, and other choice food fish that they ship north. But as Kipling said, that's another story.

Well, you say you're coming down to Florida soon, so why waste words? Come to Punta Gorda, down on the Sunny Southwest Coast. I'll show you fishing as is fishing!

As for hunting—again I'm tongue-tied, or pen paralyzed—for it's also impossible to describe. Everything from a bird to a bear is the range. I never go into my home garden that I don't see a covey of quail toddling around the shrubbery—too tame to fly—as friendly as backyard chickens. I've had only a few messes, as I seldom see any on the wing, and I haven't got the heart to shoot 'em on the ground.

Then there are wild ducks and geese by the galore, as one of my old hunter friends says. Go down the harbor in a boat and they arise from the water in flocks that form thick black clouds—millions of 'em! Come on down here, Tom, if you really like duck and other wild game.

Wild, did I say? Right around Charlotte Harbor here, it's civilized, as respectable as a church lawn party. But a few hours in the trusty flivver takes us into the primeval wilds where panther and bear abide—where deer cavort, and where the wily wildcat awaits the woeful Winchester. I'll tell the world it's wild, brother. Again words are inadequate to describe my trip into the wilds last month, but if you still like wild game hunting, old scout, it's there, a-plenty!

But I can't tell you more about fishing and hunting now, for I'm crazy to tell you about my garden farm—that's what I call it now. Some of my friends vulgarly dub it a truck patch. Anyhow, it's actually making me a good living, and I sure love the life of a small gardener—the gentleman farmer.

Say, Tom! I'm regaining my boyhood down here in Punta Gorda. There's a live bunch of fellows around town and we all pull together like clock work. Square as a die these fellows are, too, and I've sure cast my lot among our own kind.

But the boys are kidding me because I turned down an offer for my farm—much more than I gave for it. Sell it? I should say not! As I told you before, I got this little old 10 acres exactly where I want it, and I've made a real home out of it that'll fit me like a one-piece bathing suit forever and ever. So why should I sell it? I won't, for I'm not a speculator.

Then again, with only about half of it under cultivation, I'm raising enough garden "sass" to pay for the whole works in a season. Four crops coming along within four months—lettuce, rad-

ishes, onions; interspersed with potatoes, tomatoes, and eggplant; and then augmented by celery, strawberries, and some other small fruit—and I'm going to have some grapefruit and oranges eventually. O Tom, this is paradise, I'll say!

Any darn thing will grow in this soil—backed up by a growing climate—a sun that shines at least part of every day in the year and mostly all day—balmy springtime—and as I told Doc. Pearce the other day, when I get time I'm going to write the lyrics for a popular song: 'Tis Always June in Punta Gorda.

By the way, Tom, drop a line to Ernest Pearce, Box 172, Punta Gorda, Florida, and he'll be glad to substantiate every word I've told you about this Charlotte Harbor section of Florida. He's one of the real fellows down this way, and you'll like him.

And another by the way: If you can't get away this winter, why don't you have Nettie come down? She'll never get rid of that cough in your cussed old northern weather—but if you don't want to lose that good little wife of yours, plan to come down here yourself as soon as you can, for I know Nettie will be a Florida bug the same as we are after her visit with us.

With all kinds of good wishes and hoping to hear that either you or Nettie will be with us soon, as ever,

Your old pal,

JACK.

Cut Off Here When Filled In and Mail Today

ERNEST PEARCE,
Gen. Mgr. Punta Gorda Finance Co.
Postoffice Box 172
Punta Gorda, Florida.

Dear Sir:

Send me more information about opportunities in and around Punta Gorda.

NAME

BUSINESS

NUMBER AND STREET

CITY STATE

No Obligation Incurred

CORAL ISLAND AND JADE SEAS

featuring

ISLA de PALMAS

New Found Harbor Keys

Carl Fisher, the wizard of Miami Beach, as quoted by the *Key West Call*, says of the Keys that they are the only rival in the state to Miami Beach.

THE ISLA DE PALMAS will stand out as a shining example of what the keys represent—the most beautiful and the most desirable property in Florida.

Here are a Few of the Reasons

The water south of the Florida mainland and about the Keys is surpassingly beautiful.

The Government weather reports give the mean temperatures of these southern Keys at 71 degrees for the winter and 84 degrees for the summer, only twice in fifty-two years having gone as high as 93 degrees, and once in that time below 69 degrees.

The New Found Harbor Keys lie about three miles from Big Pine Torch and Ramrod Keys, fronting the Atlantic Ocean. The ISLA DE PALMAS lies between its two neighbors, Munson Island and Cooks Island, which with it comprise this group, two islands privately owned whereon the owners live the year round.

There are three hundred acres in the ISLA DE PALMAS, sixty of which are given over to a golf course. It will be beautifully developed and gardened. It will have a club-hotel, paved roads, sidewalks, yacht basin, wide beach, and so on.

It lies in the center of the world's best fishing grounds. The foliage of the Keys is very luxuriant and tropical.

The railroad now passes some three miles to the north of the Island, with stations on Big Pine and Ramrod Keys, and the Overseas Motor Highway, now under construction, will parallel the railroad.

Finally, this lovely island, in its beautiful setting, with its wonderful surroundings, will be exclusive, which will appeal to the choice few that we shall approach.

For Further Information Communicate with the

MIAMI LAND CORPORATION

Sales Office, 109 N. E. 2nd Street, MIAMI, FLORIDA

R. J. SANDERSON, SALES MANAGER

The Truth About Florida

THERE never was and probably never will be anything to match the present "activity" in the State of Florida, and yet unless one knows something about the real conditions and goes prepared, he may return a sadder and wiser man.

I have made a careful survey of the entire State of Florida and to acquaint Northern visitors of "what's what," I have prepared a series of Bulletins under the title "The Truth About Florida," and I will gladly send copies of these to all who may be interested.

As I have had twenty-five years' experience as a developer and builder in New York City, I believe I am qualified to express an opinion not only on the present activity, but also on the future prosperity of this much-talked-of State.

The Bulletins are sent post free and without obligation on your part.

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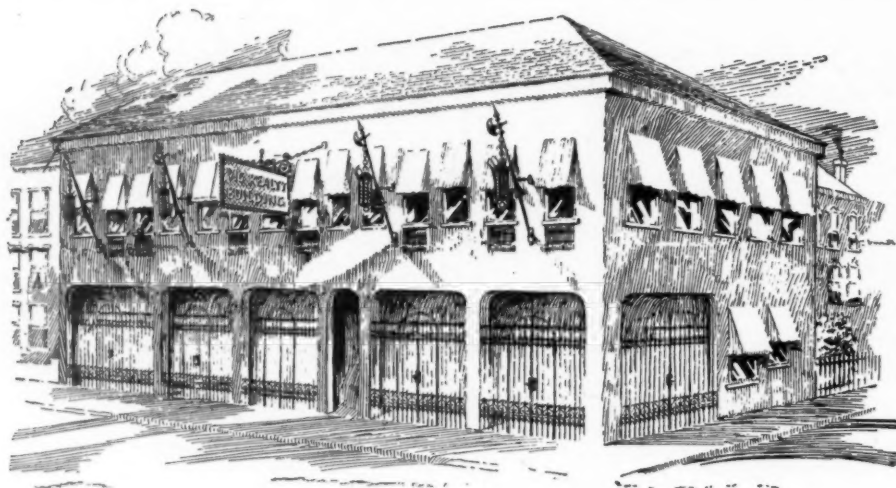
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Spanish Towns and People

OCCUPYING several pages of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE this month is a review of Robert Medill McBride's book, "Spanish Towns and People" recently published. It took several pages to adequately cover this remarkable volume. We are printing the last few paragraphs of the review here so that you may become interested and then follow on to the full review.

Perhaps the most striking copy of the Giralda now in this country is the tower that looms from the new Miami-Biltmore Hotel at Coral Gables, Florida. The scaffolding was but recently struck from this completed model of the old Moorish prayer tower. Why I am informed on this point is because brother Joe M. broadcasted in sonorous sentences from the very top of this new tower a "New Year's Salutation to Florida and America." We can imagine him in a business suit, and in well-rounded form, completing his salutation of the dawn with the words, "A Happy New Year on world-wide wave length to every heart that beats." An all-embracing and characteristically American sentiment. But, shades of the Great Prophet! How great the contrast in physical form to the traditional loose-robed Muezzin who proclaimed Allah from the pinnacle of its prototype in Seville?

Coral Gables has at least achieved the most prominent replica of Giralda in the new world with ten feet more added to its height; and its location there will have its measure of inspiration for the myriads of recreationists who flock to favored Florida, thus linking the past

with the newest present; and let us hope that the aspirations that issue therefrom will always carry the fervency and spirit that mingled with the prayers to Allah from the earlier Giralda in Spain.

Now a paragraph from the chapter on "The City of the Giralda," Seville.

To the art lover, the Andalusian capital will be beloved because of its association with Velasquez and Murillo. In the fourteenth century church of San Pedro, in Seville, Velasquez was baptized, on June 10, 1599, as a marble tablet in the edifice sets forth, and in another part of the town—the old Moorish quarter, to be exact—Murillo's house still remains, and the visitor is shown the room in which the great religious painter died, on April 3, 1682. Seville is rich in Spanish art, especially in canvases by Murillo, which are found in the Cathedral and in the Museum, as well as in other buildings. In the Cathedral hangs his famous St. Anthony of Padua's Vision of the Holy Child, from which, one day in November, 1874, the kneeling figure of St. Anthony was surreptitiously cut from the canvas. For several months the mystery of this startling act of vandalism remained unsolved until, in the following February, the missing section was recovered in New York, whither it had been spirited. Fortunately its replacement was possible, and the painting has been so skilfully restored as to defy detection by any but an expert.

Bound in the center of this remarkable book, McBride's "Spanish Towns and People," is a free-hand drawn map of the Iberian peninsula, with the provinces of Spain clearly indicated and a well-defined tracing of the route of the author and his artist companion as they entered the country at San Sebastian and traveled southward, taking in all the wonderful old cities of the country, even crossing the Straits to Tangier and Morocco; returning to Gibraltar, from which English city began the return trip which took them northward and eastward to Ronda, Malaga, Granada, Guadalajara, Saragossa, to the most modern commercial city of Barcelona, the metropolis, and thence down the coast of the Mediterranean to Valencia; then back to Barcelona and on up to Paris and London.

This artist companion, Mr. Edward C. Caswell, has pleasing sketches scattered all through the book. They are wonderfully well done and add an enticing interest and embellishment to Mr. McBride's charming narrative, speculative romanticism, and appertaining facts and figures.

It really seems that in this review there have been too copious extracts from Mr. McBride's book, but I have not touched one-hundredth part of the rich allusions to historical facts; nor the quizzical analysis of personal feelings in the midst of medieval splendor; nor the loosing of rapturous expression when under the spell of glorious beauty.

Somebody may have some time, somewhere, written a more interesting, illustrated travel book, but it has never come into my scope of vision. The price may seem high, \$5.00; but my prediction is that, if you send for this book, you will consider it the best investment in travel lore ever made.

ROBERT MEDILL MCBRIDE became my generous, personal, and entertaining conductor through Spain, *Mother of the Americas*—for

was it not Spain that backed the enterprise of Columbus? Was it not also from the Spanish port of Cadiz that Ponce de Leon left on his quest for the spring of eternal youth and landed in our own incomparable Florida, favored by the people of this country, and by the whole world it seems, during the past year? From Spain sailed Magellan, the first to circumnavigate the globe. These are the thoughts aroused by this finished author of travel articles and books, and it was through his latest production, "Spanish Towns and People," that Mr. McBride gave me the most satisfactory tour that it has ever been my privilege to take, in person or vicariously,



Looking toward the Plaza Mayor in Salamanca, the finest arcaded square in Spain.

ever since the love of sight-seeing and adventure was implanted in a boyish breast.

I can remember seizing the guide book in one hand and, with two companions, following in tow of the personally-conducted tours mapped out for the multitude; rushing through the British Isles, across to Belgium, off to Cologne, up the Rhine, down to Heidelberg, off to the Passion Play at Oberammergau, back again to Heidelberg, down through Switzerland and the Swiss Lakes. But why enumerate any further? I simply recall these because the intervening years have made it rather hazy. I bring it to your attention to emphasize the fact that through this latest book of Mr. McBride's, I have had a more pleasurable tour of Spain, without the inconveniences of foreign travel, and gathered a greater fund of historical and glamorously romantic facts than I gained in this early European pilgrimage of three months. That is really what it was—a pilgrimage—the outstanding feature of which was the day spent in the open theatre of Oberammergau witnessing the marvellous drama given by the village folk there.

We quote Mr. McBride's opening paragraph from his foreword, which is a modest preparation for what is to follow:



It is curious and a little pathetic sometimes that the sentimental valuations which we place on countries we have not visited should so often be entirely without warrant. Thus, to the untraveled, France is a glorified cabaret, Russia a continual snow scene, Italy a land devoted exclusively to vineyards and street singers, and Spain a place where one passes to a daily bull fight through streets lined with balconies occupied by dashing and beautiful señoritas, each with a rose tucked over her ear. Fans and mantillas, color and romance! One finds little enough of them in the Spain of today.

This does not promise anything extraordinary, but when you have got into the book you will find that it is brimful of interest from which only the imperative duties will loosen you.

Now let Mr. McBride conduct you into Spain in the first chapter of the book, "Across the Border to San Sebastian":

If you enter Spain from the north, and if you come overnight from Paris, San Sebastian will offer you your first glimpse of Spanish life. It is not, however, the typical life of Spain, and if the reason impelling you to visit the country is a quest for the unusual and picturesque, and not merely a desire for conventional amusement with the fashionable people of the country, you are not apt to linger long in this smartest of seaside resorts. Still, for all that, it is a good starting place for a tour of the peninsula, for it is always amusing in any country to see how the "other half" lives, and it is often a pleasant experience to enter a land of romance through portals hewn in conventional form, so that the contrasts later on will be the more vivid.

Even before you reach the shimmering sands of Biscay's beautiful spa, your twentieth-century sensibilities will have been aroused to the echoes of the past. No sooner have you crossed the border than the curtain rises on the Spain that changes only with the centuries. Towns with Castilian silhouettes clamber up the hillsides, and oxen move dreamily along the furrows of the fields drawing primitive wooden plows of a design which was old when Ferdinand and Isabella drove the Moors out of Spain.

The harbor of San Sebastian, hardly a mile in diameter, is called La Concha, and is well named, for it is very like a shell glistening by the sea. The rim of the nearly land-locked harbor sweeps in an almost perfect circle beginning with the rugged promontories on either hand and softening down to a broad band of yellow sand not much more than half a mile in length. Along this fringe of sand is a promenade, the Paseo de la Concha, arched over by rows of tamarisk trees, whose branches weave a canopy overhead. This promenade terminates in a large public garden with flower beds, palms and walks where people stroll, and nursemaids with flaring white coifs sit and sew and gossip, paying scant attention to their charges who play about in the fashion of children the world over. This garden is never deserted, for it serves as a plaza for the turreted casino which graces one end and as a thoroughfare to the imposing "kursaal" near by, the two lodestones that in the late afternoon and evening draw the pleasure-seeking visitors.

In his second chapter the author speaks of "Burgos, The Cathedral City." Of course you must get the book and read it yourself to get the whole story. My only purpose in this review is to give you simply a flashlight that will pique your interest so that you will sit down with this book in hand for a few evenings of the richest enjoyment.

We were abundantly warned that summer travel in Spain was utterly devoid of comfort, that indeed it was almost impossible because of its excessive heat, its habitual uncleanness and annoying insects. If, however, we insisted on exposing ourselves to these discomforts, we were advised at least not to expose ourselves to the sun, to follow the example of the natives and sleep or rest during the midday hours. Yet we wanted to visit Spain when everyone was living out of doors; when the harvest was in full swing and the farmers were winnowing their grain or at work in the olive orchards, vineyards and orange groves; when the shepherds were tending their herds, the country folk selling fruit in the market places and the entire

rural population were engaged in various summer pursuits. Midsummer, moreover, best suited our time, and we knew there would be fewer tourists.

So we went, in complete disregard of all advice, and not a single one of these dire predictions was fulfilled!

Burgos Cathedral is a fine example of pure Gothic and is considered to be one of the country's most notable edifices. The honor of its conception, and the credit for a great part of its glory, as reflected in the purity of its Gothic, must go to an English prelate, Bishop Maurice, who was brought to Burgos by Ferdinand III. But the honor of the very picturesque outline, along with the refinements of ornamentation, must be shared by the Bishop with Meister Hans of Cologne, a German, who, two centuries later, added some of the cathedral's most distinguishing characteristics. The exquisite spires of lacy texture, the stately octagonal lantern, the splendid rose window, the many projecting chapels of huge proportions, which convey the impression of a group of buildings rather than of a single structure, the diffusion of light within, the magnificent iron grills, the tombs, and the superbly graceful golden stairway, leading from one of the aisles to a door opening from the street in the hillside above, are not to be regarded lightly.

Burgos is famous for having once been the capital, even if for but a short time, of the ancient kingdom of Leon and Old Castile, but among the Spanish people its fame rests more securely on the fact that it was the home of the Cid, the national hero and one of the most romantic figures in the history of their country.

In the evening hours, the men and maids of Burgos throng the tree-lined promenade on the river bank, enjoying the night-cooled air, observing and being observed. There is a military garrison here and the soldiers, reveling in their evening leave, repair to this happy hunting ground, strolling, laughing, and flirting outrageously and unblushingly with the girls who have the temerity to walk there, unchaperoned. To be sure, it is not the aristocracy that frequents this evening rendezvous. If it were, there would be, of course, no such indiscriminate behavior. The people who do, however, are as informal in their relation to each other as a similar crowd would be in Hyde Park on a holiday, or the boulevards of Paris on Bastille Day or in New York on election night.

Now a glimpse of the third chapter, "An Ancient Center of Learning."

Valladolid, a corruption of the Arabic, *Medinat al Walid*, meaning "Town of the Governor," is a considerable city, with every aspect of commercial activity. Perhaps this accounts for its relative dullness to those who are seeking the historical and picturesque. Her greatest treasure, the house in which Columbus breathed his last, is gone. We looked for it earnestly; our map showed its location and we read its description in our guide book, but find it we could not. It was not until later that we discovered the whole naked truth. Only a few years ago, and since our guide book was written, the Columbus house was torn down without ceremony to make room for the enlargement of a convent yard! What a crime against posterity, the wanton destruction of a building of priceless historic association that had stood for four centuries! If for no other reason than for this assault on a treasure of world significance, although the early morning bells must always remain a serious count in the indictment, I should shake the dust of Valladolid from my feet forever.

Salamanca, Spain's historic university city, is somewhat off the main railroad route north and south, and for that reason is less visited than any other of the important cities of Spain. Without question, it is one of the most picturesque and unspoiled cities in all the peninsula, one of the richest in historic buildings and one of the most vivid in native life.

Salamanca has culture, for its university has always been one of the greatest in Europe. Founded by Alphonso IX, in whose reign northern Spain was freed from Moorish rule, as a result of the victory at Tolosa in 1212, it was subsequently enlarged, so that in the heyday of its glory in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, ten thousand students, from all



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Mostly about People



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In The Light of Today

RELIGION IN ITS RELATION TO MODERN LIFE

THIS book might well have been named "The Handbook of Applied Religion." In its 275 pages the whole question of modern religious belief is fully, freely and frankly discussed from the standpoint of personal experience and observation.

Something over a month ago the author of "In the Light of Today" sent a copy of the book to Luther Burbank, the California natural scientist and plant wizard, who has been considerably in the limelight recently as an expounder of religion. His letter of acknowledgment follows:

"I have had within the last few months literally thousands of books sent to me for review and, of course, cannot think of more than glancing at most of them; but yours is so unique, so original, so true, that I have glanced through it and while I am a little more radical than you, this will be a stepping stone to many people for a broader vision. It will possibly do more good than if it were more radical and will have a tremendous influence on the thought of those who really think.

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LUTHER BURBANK."

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Affairs at Washington

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE has designated April 18-24, inclusive, as the 1926 American Forest Week. The President in his annual forestry proclamation, while giving full weight to the evils resulting from impoverished forests and idle land, laid stress upon the increased attention being given to scientific forestry in industrial practice and land usage.

"Too long have we as a nation consumed our forest wealth, without adequate provision for its wise utilization and renewal," says President Coolidge. "But a gratifying change is taking place in the attitude of our industries, our land-owners, and the American people toward our forests."

In making the President's proclamation public, Secretary of Agriculture Jardine pointed out that the observance of American Forest Week had reached nation-wide proportions and that the campaign is directed by the American Forest Week Committee, a federation of nearly one hundred organizations, of which Hon. Frank O. Lowden of Illinois is chairman. The Department of Agriculture is represented on this committee by the Forest Service, the Biological Survey and the Bureau of Plant Industry. Local forest week committees are being formed in each of the forty-eight states and Alaska.

REAR ADMIRAL PHILIP ANDREWS, Commandant of the First Naval District and chairman of the National Committee of the "Save Old Ironsides Fund," announces that approximately one-half of the money needed for the restoration of the old ship is now in sight from the collections by the Elks in nine hundred sections of the country. "School authorities in the big cities are gradually becoming aware of the great possibilities of the campaign from an educational and patriotic viewpoint and are allowing the committee to proceed with its work," says Admiral Andrews.

"Primarily this campaign was not launched for the purpose of collecting funds. If that was our only purpose, the money needed for restoration could have been raised among the financial and business interests of the country in a few weeks. Secretary of the Navy Curtis D. Wilbur, however, visualized its opportunity to stimulate the patriotism of the children of the nation and awaken their interest in this national keepsake and the early history of our Navy.

"Many people felt that Congress should have voted the money. When I was approached on the subject, while I was in command of the American fleet in European waters, that was my impression. When I examined into the plan of

the campaign, I was struck with its educational and patriotic value to the nation. Had Congress appropriated the money, the old ship and the lessons of patriotism that are carried with its history would soon be forgotten. A few items in the papers about the appropriation, and the rebuilding and then silence.

"By asking the children to contribute their mite, their interest is awakened. If their parents are non-English-speaking people, the youngsters bring the story home to them. So it has a value as a work of Americanization.

"Ten million children have had vividly presented to them the story of the deeds and adventures of 'Old Ironsides,' and four million have already contributed their mite. Had Congress voted the money, all this would have been lost.

"In a great many parts of the country there have been some who have taken the narrow view that 'Old Ironsides' is only a Boston institution and her restoration should be provided by the citizens of Boston. A superficial knowledge of the history of this old ship shows how ridiculous this statement is. She did more than any other ship to win our independence on the seas and that meant for the whole nation. The 'Constitution' and her exploits belong to the whole nation, though the facts that she was built in Boston and returned to Boston gives Boston a peculiar local pride in her."

DR. ALBERT F. WOODS, President of the Maryland State University, is to be appointed Director of Scientific Work in the United States Department of Agriculture by Secretary Jardine to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Dr. E. D. Ball.

"Dr. Woods has a broad understanding of agriculture in this country," said the Secretary in commenting upon this appointment. "As President of the Association of Land Grant Colleges and in numerous other capacities Dr. Woods has been in intimate contact with scientific work in American agriculture, and is eminently fitted to co-ordinate the scientific activities of the Department of Agriculture and the State Agricultural Colleges and Experiment Stations. Because of his experience and knowledge he is particularly well fitted to bring about close co-operation and understanding in the administration of the new work made possible by the Purnell Act, which appropriated funds for extending research by the Government and state institutions."

Dr. Woods is a native of Nebraska and graduated from the university of that state. He is a member of numerous scientific societies and

author of many reports and articles along technical lines. He has made a wide and thorough study during his lifetime of scientific agriculture, both in this country and abroad.

LOUIS K. LIGGETT, head of the Liggett stores, and president of the United Drug Company, said that the situation in England was a "whole lot better than they have led us to believe," when he returned from Europe early in March. He said while it might be true that the British had suffered losses on ships, they had made up in rubber and on many manufactured products.

"Fourteen of the larger British corporations making a financial report in January showed an increase in profits and volume of business over



LOUIS K. LIGGETT

President of the United Drug Company of Boston

last year, and many of them over 1920, which was their biggest year since the World War," he said.

Discussing the experience of the eight hundred Liggett stores in England, Mr. Liggett said: "We've had a greater year in England than ever before. Last year our volume of business amounted to \$50,000,000 and that was a 10 per cent increase over the preceding year. England is a prosperous country despite everything they say to the contrary. It is a wonderful country.

We are opening a new store every week in England, and that is at the same rate that we are growing in America.

"While we have eight hundred stores in England and four hundred stores in America, the fewer American stores do a greater volume of business than the English stores. The American business amounted to \$80,000,000 last year. The reason for the larger business in America is simple. Our English stores are simply chemist shops. In America we have our soda fountains, candy, electrical goods, rubber goods and other departments which we do not have in the English stores."

Mr. Liggett went abroad in December and in the course of his stay visited France and Italy. Of Italy he said: "The changes there are remarkable. They seem to have a growing national pride, which is more marked than ever before. They are more prosperous, too. There are no beggars now in Italy."

"I have the greatest admiration for Mussolini. He has worked wonders. Outside of Italy wherever I went I found that all were wishing their country had a Mussolini."

MORE than twenty million motor vehicles were in use on the highways of the United States in 1925. The total registration reported was 19,954,347, but there were in addition 96,929 State and Federal government-owned vehicles not included in this figure.

The increase in registrations during the year amounted to 2,360,670, or 13.4 per cent. Florida reports an increase of 46.8 per cent, while Utah, Mississippi, Alabama, Arkansas, North Dakota and Texas all report increases of more than 20 per cent. Truck registration increased 14.5 per cent for the entire country.

New York leads in total registrations with 1,625,583, followed by California, Ohio, Pennsylvania and Illinois in the order named, all with registrations of over a million.

There is now one motor vehicle for each 5.8 persons in the United States. California has only 2.9 persons for each motor vehicle, while Iowa has 3.6, Nevada, 3.7; Kansas, 4.0; and Oregon 4.0. At the other end of the list is Alabama, with 12.0 persons per vehicle, but ranking among the highest in increase during the year.

The total revenue from registration fees, permits, etc., amounted to \$260,619,621, of which \$177,706,587 was made available for state highways, \$19,124,014 for state road bonds and \$48,396,471 for local roads.

THE setting up of machinery for the elimination of trade abuses and uneconomic trade practices, marking a further step toward the eventual self-government of business, has been announced by the Chamber of Commerce of the United States. The board of directors of the national organization authorized the appointment of a permanent Committee on Trade Relations to serve as the focussing point for all activities in this direction.

The new committee will comprise representatives of wholesaling, retailing, manufacturing and the consuming public. It will serve in the first instance as a clearing house for information relating to the adjustment of trade disputes and the suppression of trade practices detrimental not only to the merchant and the manufacturer, but to the consuming public.

"As at present contemplated," said Alvin E. Dodd, Manager of the Department of Domestic Distribution of the National Chamber, in a statement explaining the functions of the new committee, "that Joint Trades Relations Committee will be composed of one influential member of each trade. Each of the members of this committee will be the key man in developing in his particular trade a joint trade relations committee to include manufacturers, wholesalers, and retailers."

"It is intended that this will be done through trade associations; but it must be remembered that trade associations usually consist of only manufacturers, or only wholesalers or only retailers, whereas the violations of commercial ethics in the vast majority of instances take place in the dealings between manufacturers and wholesalers or between wholesalers and retailers."

"Ultimately it may be possible, and probably will be possible, to organize a great central clearing house with, perhaps, a central board of conciliation and arbitration for the consideration of general ethical questions and for the settlement of disputes which are not due to controversies relating only to one trade."

"The action taken by the National Chamber is in response to a recommendation made by the National Distribution Conference. The committee designated by the Conference to consider the general problem of trade relations pointed out a number of typical trade abuses and practices that were not only unethical, but wasteful."

"While the setting up of ethical codes was not deprecated, the committee came to the conclusion that some kind of enforcement machinery was necessary. The committee held that a vast majority of undesirable practices are due to unconscious imitation, and that it is necessary to discriminate between those who believe themselves forced into unfair practices to meet unethical competition and the comparative few who would be guilty of dishonorable methods unless checked by some external means."

OBJECTION to the growing practice of constructing public work by day labor rather than by the contract system, on the ground that the day labor method results in waste, inefficiency and high costs, is contained in a report prepared by a special committee of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, which will be submitted for consideration at the coming annual meeting of the National Chamber to be held in Washington in May.

It is estimated by the committee that about \$300,000,000 is expended annually in this country for public work by the day labor method.

"This method in public construction," the report goes on to say, "means that public officials, political or appointive, and not often chosen for office because of their training and success as construction managers, assume charge of great projects without furnishing any guarantee to the paying public of either cost, quality, or time of completion."

"It is a system which develops the menace of government in business, and in which the forces of political ambition and power tend to replace the free play of competition and individual ability. It is a menace to quality of work because the designing department, the inspection department and the construction department are in effect one and the same. There is no disinterested check upon changes in plans, methods, materials or labor efficiency. Responsibility for

costs and the duty of passing judgment on quality cannot properly repose in the same agency."

"The day labor method fosters inefficiency and laziness in labor. Pay-rolls are likely to be excessive, and it is common knowledge that the lowest man-hour output is to be found on public work done by day labor."

"Under the day labor method, taxpayers have no assurance that the money they provide by bond issues, assessments or taxes will ultimately produce the proposed structure. No surety bond company guarantees such a project, and no public official or body ever assumes any financial responsibility. When the money is gone, Congress or the people are asked for more."

The first step to be taken to curb this practice, in the opinion of the committee, should be legislation to give the public in any community an opportunity to compare actual results obtained under the day labor method and under the contract method.

A SOMEWHAT curious development in one branch of our wage-earners' unions is the reported intention of the Realty Corporation of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers to found a city called Venice Bay on a thirty-thousand-acre tract of land in Florida, seventy miles from Tampa. The cost of the land is given at \$2,500,000, with \$225,000 for improvements to be spent at the beginning; but as a city can hardly be more than started for that sum, future expenditures for the purpose will probably grow apace.

The undertakings of this Brotherhood have heretofore been of a hard-headed business character in the way of banks and loan associations, thus far highly successful, extending further into coal mines and insurance companies. This last adventure, however, takes on the character of high speculation or else that of a luxury investment to furnish winter resorts for members of the order.

At any rate, wise or not wise, it shows in labor circles a prosperity which has never been duplicated, and a situation which would be impossible in any other country in the world.

SINCE the recent break in the stock market, business has been intently studying the question of whether a decline in trade is forecasted. A decline has actually taken place, but it is, in part at least, seasonal. After the lapse of a week or more since the break, business generally, as seen by leaders, is showing satisfactory tendencies. But business is inclined to be optimistic under such circumstances, where braced-up sentiment is apt to sell more goods. At any rate, an abnormal amount of conservatism has crept into the situation and the hand is going even more deliberately to the mouth than heretofore in the buying arena.

As to actual existing facts, they are as follows: Wholesale commodity prices are still falling. They began to do so in the closing weeks of 1925 and have been steadily doing so since. Bank clearings in February declined substantially. This is seasonal. They have declined in every February, but the decline this year is not as great. A gain of 3 per cent is shown over February a year ago. Failures are fewer than they were in January, but slightly larger than in February a year ago. Freight car loadings were a shade smaller than in February, 1925. Employment in manufactures is 2 to 3 per cent greater and wages a little higher.

Face to Face with Celebrities

Flashlight glimpses of those outstanding personalities in business, politics, literature, science, art, music and drama who serve as milestones in human progress to mark the advancement of the world

WHETHER you see William S. Hart in makeup, or whether you see the tall, immaculately-attired gentleman in a sombrero, you feel that he is a red-blooded ideal of a western scout. When he smiles there is a suggestion of rugged strength.

A lover of the great wide stretches of the West, "Bill" Hart said: "My real home is the plains country. Although I live in California to be near the studios, I feel that I must run back to New York now and then to keep up with the pace. The first home that I remember was a little unknown hamlet in Minnesota. I was born in Newburgh, New York, but I first came to consciousness in the West, for my parents moved to the frontier when I was but a baby, and I have always loved the plains and prairies of the West. Until I was fifteen I cannot recall a time when I was without a horse and a gun, and spent most of my waking hours in the saddle—a child of Nature. My mother's anxiety while I sat astride a broncho at the age of three I remember vividly, but I did not know the meaning of fear. From the age of five to fifteen I lived on the prairies of the Dakotas with my father, Nicholas Hart, who was one of the frontier builders. They were the happy, carefree days."

Stretching his long legs in rising he continued: "My father was my great life inspiration. Traveling with him on horseback from Yankton to Fort Buford in the days when he was commissioned to locate water sites for the ranches, I was his pal. When I first went with him I was still



WILLIAM S. HART says: "My father was my great life inspiration. I traveled with him on horseback from Yankton to Fort Buford on the Dakota Plains."

wearing curls; these were later sacrificed when I became a plainsman."

After stirring experiences on the plains he became "Big Bill," and discovered that he had one big ambition—to become an actor—and he came East with the zest of a westerner to break into the profession. For sixteen years he was leading man for Modjeska, Madame Rhea, and

Julia Arthur, and he has the distinction of playing the original role of Messala in "Ben Hur." Later, starring in "The Squaw Man" and "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," he became the popular "Scout" actor of the stage.

It was not surprising that William Hart made a success in the movies, for he knows the secret of "moving"—making real, plausible Western pictures—pictures that are remembered for their wholesome interest. Of late he has given up picture-making, because he is not going to make pictures unless he can make real Western pictures without compromising his principles.

With a record almost unrivalled in the picture world, William Hart has appeared in twenty-seven pictures which have brought the producers and exhibitors a return of nearly ten million dollars—a sure indication of his great popularity.

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Arthur Brisbane, Best-Known Newspaper Editor in the World, Writes Simple English

ON his nineteenth birthday Arthur Brisbane ascended spiral steps to the New York *Sun* office with the consciousness that he was a member of the staff, and reported to Charles A. Dana. He was immediately recognized as a real reporter. He could go out, get the facts of the story, and report them in a crisp but readable manner. It was not long before he was made London correspondent.

In London he grappled with world news in such an able way that he was called back and made editor of the *Evening Sun*. His success on that paper awakened the attention of Joseph Pulitzer, who sat under the golden dome of the World building and watched the young man develop. He was one of the first editors to handle seven editions in a day.

When William Randolph Hearst came to make his conquest of the East, he recognized, as did everyone in the world of journalism, that Arthur Brisbane was the top notch newspaper man of the country. They made an arrangement which was not limited as to salary, and within a short time Arthur Brisbane was known as the highest-priced editor in the world.

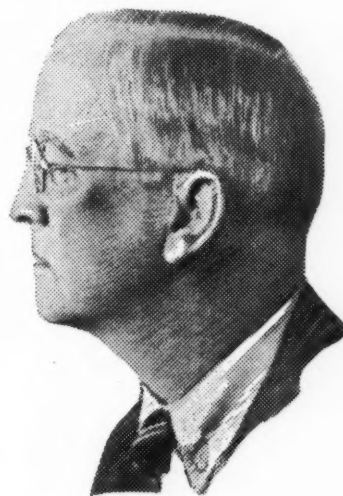
The success of the New York *Evening Journal* under Brisbane was instantaneous. It rapidly expanded into the Hearst Syndicate of newspapers—the largest in the world.

Arthur Brisbane holds the distinction of being the first to print the editorial in large type and to dignify the back page. The inside, he maintained, was not conspicuous enough for such pearls of wisdom. The virility and interesting manner of his discussions of world problems have made his editorials veritable encyclopedias of the current thought of the time.

Like Patrick Henry, he knows no way of forecasting the future except by the light of experiences in the past. Bucklin's "Civilization"

gives him "new" ideas. His Bible, chart and copy of "Heart Throbs" are a chart of inspiration to him.

His ruling passion is to remain a newspaper editor. In 1917 he purchased the *Washington Times*, and a year later the *Milwaukee Evening*,



ARTHUR BRISBANE says: "I simply want to work on a paper. You can't own and edit a newspaper at the same time."

Wisconsin, and turned them both over to William Hearst, remarking facetiously as he did it:

"I don't care to own a paper, I simply want to work on one. You can't own and edit a paper at the same time."

Whether in his office on William Street, or at his home in Hampstead, Long Island, Arthur Brisbane is constantly on the alert for facts. He dictates most of his work to a dictaphone, and has it handy at all times. "Many a jewel of thought is lost because there is no one to take it down, and we are too lazy to write it," he says. "The dictaphone, by being always ready, saves me a lot of trouble and time." So Arthur Brisbane has to virtually talk as well as write many thousand words a day.

I have met Arthur Brisbane at breakfasts, at luncheons, at dinners, and at evening affairs, and there is never a time that he is not on the alert for something new. His blue eyes sparkle while his massive intellect is at work, and he speaks in a sharp, decisive way. He has been criticized because he insists upon throwing the "bunk" out of the English language and using only expressive monosyllables.

He signs his letters with a blue pencil that has caused havoc to the work of many a timid reporter or sighing sob sister. His signature A. is as simple and distinctive as Lincoln's.

Nicholas Longworth, a Perfect Knight in the Political Arena

AS Nicholas Longworth stood in the Speaker's chair, in the House of Representatives, with a background of Stars and Stripes, wielding the gavel, while having his picture taken, he jocosely remarked, "When this is official I may look still more pleasant."

Already introduced as the probable Speaker of the sixty-ninth Congress, Nicholas Longworth can feel that he has earned the distinction after long years of efficient service. As a young Congressman, he began to make friends at the start and is one Representative in Congress who has never been credited with having many personal enemies. Political rivals and opponents were soon his friends, for he was earnest in his convictions that the House of Representatives was a



NICHOLAS LONGWORTH says: "It seems unfair to compare the statesmen of today with the statesmen of yesterday. It is like considering whether John L. Sullivan could whip Jack Dempsey, or whether Beethoven was a greater pianist than Paderewski."

great leveler of men and had real work for its members to do. For over twenty years he has been responding to roll calls in the House and will celebrate his twenty-first birthday as "coming of age" as a member of Congress.

"If our people could only appreciate and understand the real character of the men in Congress, there would be less sneering concerning the work of one of the greatest legislative bodies in the world. It seems unfair to compare the statesmen of today with the statesmen of yesterday. It is like considering whether John L. Sullivan could whip Jack Dempsey or whether Beethoven was a greater pianist than Paderewski."

When Nicholas Longworth married Alice Roosevelt, daughter of Theodore Roosevelt, he was much in the public eye because of his close association with the intrepid Roosevelt, but Nicholas Longworth has made his own way. He has worked with a purpose of making a good Congressman, and knows every detail of procedure. His friends say that he could almost tell one something about the 10,481 bills that were introduced in the last Congress, to say nothing of the 594 acted upon and 290 passed at the last session.

In the corridor of the House of Representatives are the portraits of the Speakers reaching back to Colonial times, including Henry Clay, James G. Blaine, and other names noted in history. As I stood with him looking upon these portraits, he said:

"It is a great responsibility to live up to the traditions of the office, but when I think of my colleagues I take heart. The life story of many of the men in Congress would make a romance in itself. They have come from all walks of life—many of them started as poor boys and made their way in spite of handicaps; I wonder sometimes that wealth is not a greater handicap than all else."

Born in good old Cincinnati in 1869, Nicholas Longworth graduated from Harvard in '91 and began the practice of law in his home town in '94. He began his political career as a member of the Board of Education and was a member of the higher legislature for three years prior to being elected a member of the fifty-sixth Congress in 1903.

Tall and sturdy, with a mustache and smiling blue eyes, Nicholas Longworth is a commanding figure in a group. He has served on the Appropriation Committee when forty billion dollars was authorized in one year. He was in Congress at a time when it cost less than half a billion dollars to pay all the expenses of the government. This indicates something of the changes that have occurred during the career of Nicholas Longworth, who overcame the handicap of being born of wealthy parents, for he has worked and earned his own distinction, believing that the only thing that counts is "service rendered."

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Strickland Gillilan, who Wrote the Classic "Off Agin, On Agin, Gone Agin, Finnigin"

ACCORDING to his own confession Strickland Gillilan was born enough years ago to be just going good by now. He worked (under compulsion) on the neatly-mortgaged home farm in Southern Ohio until he had managed, with the aid of a lead pencil, to dig himself out through the cellar of a newspaper office—the Jackson, Ohio, *Herald*. Here came his first inspiring whiff of publicity, when his dog got into the "pound" for not wearing a collar. He wrote for the Athens, Ohio, *Herald*, while he was seeking knowledge at the Ohio University. Unlike some more adjustable celebrities, Jackson, Ohio is positively Strickland Gillilan's only birthplace, and the Ohio University the only college he attended, although this is not the only school from which he was not graduated. As nearly as a troubled faculty could figure, he was in the beginning of his junior year when his finances petered out and he was unable to finance his prospective poems. He then moved on to Richmond, Indiana, and worked on the *Daily Telegram*, and remained in that town long enough to serve a term in the city council. Early in the year 1901 he helped start the Marion, Indiana, *Tribune*—a full-rigged family journal. This paper managed to survive—back of a hyphen—for some time after Mr. Gillilan went to California to enlighten the readers of the Los Angeles, California, *Herald*. While in Richmond, Strickland Gillilan had innocently started trouble for himself by writing the Irish dialectic saga whose refrain "Off Agin, On Agin, Gone Agin, Finnigin," and securing for himself a niche in the gallery of immortals. On his honor as a gentleman he has declared that he has never once regretted having written this classic. Since then he has written

a good many other things that have survived, such as "Watch Yourself Go By," "Personality," "She Felt of Her Belt," and hundreds of mother-home-and-heaven verses that are carried in people's pocketbooks and recited. Specializing on fatherhood verses he proved that he was a father, in fact is now also a father-in-law. Writing is given as his weakness, and public speaking as a sideline.

It was shortly after "Finnigin" appeared that Mr. Gillilan began to show signs of loosening the vocal chords with accompanying symptoms of incipient oratory. Since those days he has spoken to more millions of the American people, face to face, and has seen more people laugh than almost any other man who is still out of jail. Chautauqua audiences are his favorites under all circumstances, and everywhere. Banquet groups and winter lyceum audiences, college gatherings, pink teas and church socials are all on his list. He has lived through them all—and so have most of his auditors.

Besides his long, long, and still actively continuing years of work on newspapers and periodicals, he has evolved five bound volumes. Speaking in absolute confidence, for publication, Mr. Gillilan says:

"I do not know which I dread least—the income or the publicity."

While his home is in Baltimore, he is "at home" everywhere. Baltimore has been his almost constant place of residence since he went thither on a first-aid call to save the *American*, when Wilbur Nesbit left that paper and wrote the classic "Your Flag and My Flag." When he is



STRICKLAND GILLILAN says: "I do not know which I dread the least—income or publicity."

not gadding around this country lecturing, or touring Europe, he is at his desk at his Park Avenue home, in the Greenway, or at his country place, Sherwood Forest near Annapolis. The only thing that Strickland Gillilan appears impatient about is that he has always wanted to be old, and waiting is growing mighty tedious in looking for gray hairs to marcel and eradicate the auburn locks which made the boys call him "Reddy" when he was a lad.

Hail fellow, laugh producer and philosopher—Strickland Gillilan is always "on agin" when there is something to add to the wholesome philosophy of life in writing a verse for the *Ladies' Home Journal* or an impassioned ode for the red-hot *Red Book*.

Mrs. Henrietta Livermore Enthusiastic as to Future of the American Girl

IN the good old State of New Hampshire, where she was born, Henrietta Welles found Daniel Webster one of her ideals, and she determined to become a public speaker. Associated with her determination was a young schoolboy friend named Arthur Livermore, and thereby hangs a life romance. Her father, Judge Henry J. Welles, was a forty-niner and one of the vigilance committee in the early days in California—his daughter possessed the spirit of the power. She won the distinction of having received the first honorary degree ever given by Wellesley. Arthur J. Livermore, after his graduation, had moved to Houston, Texas, and his young bride went with him. There they made a real start in life at the time Texas was described by Sheridan as "The Next Door to Hell." Her interest in music, art and literature was not dimmed in the rough life of the frontier. Later they returned to Yonkers, New York, and here her real work began. She was first actively interested in suffrage work and was a close friend of Mrs. Catt and had charge of much of the literature in the campaigns.

When the suffrage amendment was passed she resigned and began organizing the women of the Republican party. She was an alternate-at-large from the State of New York at the Republican National Convention that nominated Warren Harding, and during the Coolidge campaign she was a member of the women's executive committee.



MRS. LIVERMORE says: "I am enthusiastic as to the future of the American girl. There are things her grandmother had to do she will not have to do and many things the girls of today will have to do not dreamed of by the dear grandmothers."

Her work in practical politics began at the time of the Whiteman campaign in New York. Vice-chairman of the Republican State Committee, she gave her time without pay and organized every assembly district and county and proceeded with an aggressive women's campaign that will not be forgotten. Insistent that women have an equal standing on political committees not then provided by law—she proceeded to have a law passed, while her own son was a member of the legislature in Albany. The bill signed by Governor Miller gave legal status to women in political campaigns.

As chairman of the National Committee, Will H. Hays broke a precedent and appointed Mrs. Livermore on the executive committee. No less an authority than Senator Pfeiffer, after his

speech in the Metropolitan Opera House in Philadelphia, said, "I have never known of a woman to make a more intelligent and lucid political address."

Preparing a plan for the education of women, she founded the first women's national Republican Club and is the first and only honorary president of the club. In the Coolidge campaign she was equally active and served on the Board of Strategy. Small in figure but mighty in her intellectual, oratorical and organizing powers, Mrs. Livermore is a power in everything she undertakes. She was the first member of the Commission sent by President Harding to attend the Brazilian Centennial Exposition.

Some years ago the idea occurred to her that women should have a University Club as well as the men, and that conviction meant action. The Women's University Club was organized in New York with a splendid building and club house on Fifty-second Street.

"This is the age of women, with responsibilities never realized before. It is important for girls to start early with a definite aim in life—taking up one thing and making a study of it—something that they love to do and then keep on doing it better and better every year."

Mrs. Livermore launched the Child's City Club in Yonkers in 1894, which has developed into a great movement on the psychology of babies, and she did it at a time when she had babies of her own and created the Greek word *paediology*.

"I am enthusiastic as to the future of the American girl. There are things that our grandmothers had to do that she will not have to do, but there are also many things she will have to do that never occurred to the dear grandmothers of old."

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Sinclair Lewis, Novelist, Makes a Hit in England with "Main Street"

THOSE of us who remember Sinclair Lewis in his newspaper days have a picture of a red-haired, earnest-looking young man who always had a good story and was distinguished because his handwriting looked like that of Edison.

When he began writing stories, he used his reportorial experience in giving a careful detail of what he saw.

He was born in Minnesota, in a town of twenty-five hundred people, known to those who study the map as Sauk Center, but known to the world as "Main Street." He is a descendant of a Welch and Yankee mother, born in London, Ontario. She was the daughter of a doctor who fought for the Union during the Civil War and afterward settled on a farm in Minnesota. That is why Doctor Kennicott, a character in "Main Street," seems to have been taken from the family album. His boyhood was typical of the life of millions of boys in the Middle West. Like all his chums, he attended the little red school with its crayon portraits of Longfellow and Washington, and spent his Saturday afternoons splitting wood, riding a bob sled, or throwing snowballs.

He failed to make his mark in an oratorical contest, but thereupon made up his mind that if he couldn't win fame by speaking, he would do it by writing. His prize essay was presented without a title, but the class named it "The Road to Fame." Sinclair Lewis has been following that road ever since.

At school, he declares he "struggled" with Greek and had a leaning toward French. He attended the Congregational Sunday School, but

would not attend the University of Minnesota. His father was born in New Haven, and he often heard his father tell, as all Connecticut people do now and then, of Yale fence. These stories made him desirous of wearing a blue "Y".

He arrived at New Haven, a long-legged, tow-haired youth. He immediately rebelled against dress suits, but when he began to write and became editor of the venerable *Yale Literary Magazine* he finally indulged in a celluloid front.

Then came a usual turn in a student's life. He became a Socialist and joined the Utopian colony, Helicon Hall, which had been founded by Upton Sinclair in New Jersey. His position in this enterprise was that of janitor. He stoked the furnace and ran the patent washing machine in the kitchen, while the community cook, a Master of Arts, baked the vegetarian dinner, and the scullion, a single-tax lawyer, peeled the potatoes.

He finally met Emma Goldman, and from then on his Utopian thrill began to leave him. He went back to New York and took up his residence in the gas house district, but he was still determined to earn his living by writing novels.

He sought a job on the Panama Canal project in order to get the local color that he desired, but



SINCLAIR LEWIS says: "If I have broken the tradition of sentimentality I shall be satisfied."

was refused work because he announced himself as a lyric writer. However, he had seen life from many different angles and he was all the while preparing himself for his real work.

Sinclair Lewis begins work in the morning and keeps the typewriter hopping, smoking cigarettes constantly while he works. He re-writes his "copy" many times and is fussy about having every page just right. He is tall and somewhat awkward, and the auburn hair aloft is growing sparse.

"If I have broken the tradition of sentimentality that has so long held the larger public of fiction readers under its destructive and cloying influence, I shall ever be satisfied," he declares.

For the first time in forty years an American novel has proven a best seller in England. "Main Street" absorbed the interest of the British because it was so thoroughly American and gave them an opportunity to have a chuckle in retaliation for the character of the English cockney. While millions have read "Main Street" and declared it true to life, there are many who still insist that it is a biographic freak, lacking the true interpretation of the people who still love to hear "The Old Folks at Home"—sung after the jazz is over.

Maurice Maeterlinck, Called "The Belgian Shakespeare"

WHEN the name of Maurice Maeterlinck is mentioned, those who are in touch with masters of modern literature are immediately all attention. For years since the publication of his "The Life of a Bee," Maeterlinck's has been a magic name in literature. Although he was born in Belgium and is called the Belgian Shakespeare, he has lived since 1896—nearly a third of a century—in France. Soon after the publication of "The Blue Bird" it was recognized that a master mind was at work with the pen of Maeterlinck.

I have seen Maurice Maeterlinck in the glow of healthy winter sports at St. Moritz in Switzerland, and I have seen him in his old castle in France, which for many years he called his home. I have seen him in America when he came to make his lecture tour and failed. I saw him during the blaze of the World War when he cast aside his mystic mantle and revealed himself as a red-blooded human—a Belgian patriot.

In the city where the last treaty of peace between England and the United States was signed, Maurice Maeterlinck was born in 1862—the town of Ghent in Belgium. Having passed his thirtieth year, he began his career as a man of letters and quickly gained the admiration and esteem of thoughtful people the world over. In a Jesuit school he studied philosophy and law, but his spirit was absorbed in the mystic, whether in the shadows of the old abbey in France or among the peaks of Switzerland or the lowlands



MAURICE MAETERLINCK (called "The Belgian Shakespeare,") says: "I wander far into the unexplainable and on to the eyrie heights of Symbolism to keep in touch with Nature, and through Nature approach the sublime heights of imagery."

of Belgium. The fascination and romanticism of the old abbey where he lives in France is reflected in his essays, dramas and poems.

The "Bluebird" is an allegory of happiness that has been called a classic. The high note of Maeterlinck's philosophy is touched in the scene where Tytyl and Mytyl search for the blue bird in the graveyard.

When Tytyl turns the diamond in his hat, from the yawning tombs there rises an "efflores-

cence at first frail and timid, like steam, then white and virginal; more and more tufty; more and more tall and plentiful and marvelous." This city of the dead is transformed into a fairy garden, where flowers open and birds sing. When Mytyl inquires: "Where are the dead?" Tytyl replies: "There are no dead."

This scene evidences Maeterlinck's power of visualizing the borderland between life and death. This great scene is the conception of a mortal who is still with us in the flesh. One cannot read Maeterlinck without knowing that he lives on earth and knows its mystic side like an open book. The author of the opera "Pelleas and Melisande," famed in Debussy's opera, is not a dreamer in personal appearance.

Maeterlinck is of a stocky build and has none of the usual asceticism of the poet or mystic. The wealth of prematurely gray hair, blue eyes, personal appearance, are only suggestive of the charm of his personality. His piquant way of speaking English adds a peculiar emphasis to his words.

"I wander far into the unexplainable and eyrie heights of Symbolism to keep in touch with Nature, and through Nature approach the sublime heights of imagery."

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Alvan T. Fuller, Governor of Massachusetts

AT the age of seventeen, with a common school education and one year in a Boston business college, Alvan T. Fuller, the present Governor of Massachusetts, was working for \$7.50 a week in the shipping department of a rubber shoe factory.

From this humble beginning he rose until at the present time, at the age of forty-seven, he is a most successful automobile dealer, and the Governor of his native state.

Born in Boston February 27, 1878, Alvan Tufts Fuller is a real Yankee; the son of a Civil War veteran and newspaperman, a direct descendant of the Pilgrim Fullers.

While working in a rubber shoe factory young Alvan first manifested his business sagacity. Opening a bicycle shop in his mother's barn he spent his evenings repairing and selling "wheels." Business grew apace, and when he was eighteen years old, at a time when other boys are en route to college, Alvan Fuller decided to enter upon a new business venture. Giving up his factory job, he used his savings to build a small store in Malden, Massachusetts, and henceforth devoted all of his time to the bicycle business. The store proved a success, and a year later he branched out and opened another store in Boston. This was in the days when cycling was a fad and at its height, and the motor car in its infancy. Few cars were made in this country, and the automobile was looked upon as a plaything for the wealthy, but young Fuller was a lad of vision.

When the Packard motor car made its first appearance in 1903, Mr. Fuller borrowed \$5,000 and went to Detroit to annex the agency. He came back with options on both Packard and Ford agencies. After balancing the merits of the two cars and their respective money-making possibilities, he determined to take the more expensive of the two. The conservative directors of his bank crossed him from their books—they were unable to conceive anybody paying four or five thousand dollars for an automobile.

Inaugurating the plan of having salesroom and service station together, Mr. Fuller is responsible

for the development of the Boston Commonwealth Avenue Motor Mart. This venture into a new district was, at the time, looked upon as foolish, and the building he erected became known as "Fuller's Folly." Again events proved the new Governor never miscalculates.

When the Progressive movement swept across the country in 1912, Mr. Fuller became interested and was prominent in that campaign. A year later he was elected to the Massachusetts Legislature—the only dyed-in-the-wool Progressive in the body.



ALVAN T. FULLER says: "I believe the public service is a trust, and I always like to try to represent the rank and file who have not the time to devote to politics."

In 1912 he was a Roosevelt delegate to the National Republican Convention, and in 1916, running independently, was elected to Congress from Massachusetts. In 1918 he was re-elected without opposition. Throughout his service he received none of the emoluments of the Congressman and carried on a ceaseless campaign against the franking privilege.

Elected Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts in November, 1920, he resigned from Congress to take up his duties. So ably did he acquit himself that when Governor Channing Cox declared his desire to retire at the end of his term, the party immediately turned to Fuller, and he was nominated for Governor. Running against the popular mayor of Boston, after a rather exciting political battle, Alvan Fuller was elected.

Mr. Fuller's ideas of politics are distinctive: "It is easy to play the game," he declares, "but it takes courage not to play it according to the custom that has been used by men of all parties. I believe that the public service is a trust, and I always like to try to represent the rank and file who have not the time to interest themselves in political affairs."

A human-hearted sort of man, he never has trouble of any kind with his employees; claiming that the average employee would rather follow the leadership of his employer than of any other man if he is given a chance.

Abraham Lincoln

A few paragraphs from Albert E. Pillsbury's book, "Lincoln and Slavery"

WHEN the conflict between Freedom and Slavery in this nation was approaching its crisis, in the struggle for possession of the Nebraska territory, a new and singular figure appeared at the front of political battle in the West, moved to the head of events, passed across the world's stage, and in the short space of seven years had vanished from the sight of man.

Within such narrow bounds of time lies a career the like of which is not to be found in history. In the elements of wonder and marvel, the story of Abraham Lincoln's life and death is without parallel or example. From the mean cabin in the Kentucky woods to the final peak of transfiguration, it moves in the successive acts of a great tragic drama, reaching the high-water mark of human achievement and sounding every note in the gamut of human emotion.

In the scant half-century since his death, Abraham Lincoln has engrossed more of the world's attention than any other historic personage. Untiring research has tracked him from the cradle to the tomb. The remotest spot trodden by his foot is explored, the last relative, friend, or acquaintance examined for any word or look of the great man, every act of his life is studied, every line of his written or spoken works put under review, the last fragment of his correspondence or memoranda is drawn from its hiding-place or is on the way to be, every trait of his character, every mood of his mind, every feature or expression of his face, his figure, his pose, his movement, is canvassed, printed, and eagerly read, his biographers are now becoming the subject of biography, and the Lincoln literature overflows the libraries day by day.

The materials now assembled tell us vastly more about Lincoln and his true relation to events than the people had found out in his own time. All contemporary judgment of him is defective for want of knowledge, and there is much of it which history must now reject. This plain American citizen was one of the most complex and inscrutable of all the great historic characters. He was full of the oddest incongruities. By turns a man of jest and laughter and again "dripping," as it was said, with melancholy; ranging in thought and speech from unquotable plainness to the heights of the human intellect; a shrewd, practical lawyer and politician dwelling among shadows, dreaming dreams, seeing portents, and feeling mysterious influences that affected his conduct; the most unpretentious of men, set in the homeliest framework, thinking with the power of Plato, seeing with the eye of the Sibyl, speaking like the Hebrew prophets. The story of his life is full of grotesque incident, always of the humanest character. The strapping young giant of eighteen takes upon his back a worthless drunkard, perishing with cold, and totes him a mile to shelter. The lawyer riding the circuit goes back upon his trail to pull a hapless pig out of the mud, or restore young birds to



Albert E. Pillsbury author of "Lincoln and Slavery"

their nest. The official head of the nation, appealed to in the public street by a maimed soldier, sits down with him at the foot of the first convenient tree to write an order for his relief. The maker of an epoch opens his cabinet council with a chapter of Artemus Ward, and checks the laughter to present the Emancipation Proclamation.

Yet more strange and startling are the dramatic shifts of scene and circumstance that attend the unfolding of this unique character. The forlorn backwoods boy turns out to be the appointed head of a great nation, in a crisis

affecting the fate of the world. The obscure country lawyer reveals in a phrase what a people is waiting to hear, and becomes in a day the prophet of the cause. The uncouth Westerner from the prairies, unpracticed in arms or in statecraft, outmasters the statesmen, outwits the diplomatists, gives the generals their plan of campaign. The unlettered man of the people speaks lofty eloquence, soon to become classic. The raw politician, who never held public power for a day, takes the helm of state when the ship is already on the rocks, when all the pilots and captains stand helpless and appalled, to bring her in safety and triumph through the storm. The awkward rustic, reviled and lampooned over two continents, in four years is canonized by mankind. Without origin, without training, without an external attraction, without a worldly advantage, the meanly-born child of a poor and shiftless emigrant makes his way out of the wilderness to fix for all time the eyes of the world as leader of a people, liberator of the slave, deliverer of his country, and in another turn of the kaleidoscope, to be numbered with martyrs and saints in glory everlasting.

These are historical facts, but they dazzle the imagination and disturb the judgment. All through the web of this life are woven threads of miracle and mystery. We read about Lincoln with a weird sense of something supernatural and apart from human affairs. We think of another Man of Sorrows, and the journey from the manger to the cross, the crime of Cain, the translation of Elijah. Nothing in human biography stirs the imagination like this. The man of history is already become a man of fable, and in some distant day learned doctors will dispute whether Abraham Lincoln was a real character or a hero of tradition, belonging in limbo with Romulus and King Arthur.

What was this man, that he has taken such a marvelous hold upon the interest of the world? What was there in him or about him that makes us distrust our senses as we follow the steps of his amazing progress? Do we see him as he was, or do we see an image, an aureole, a legendary figure?

Abraham Lincoln is not a myth, nor is he like any other man. A man of destiny, if there is such a character in history, a man of many mysteries, his hold upon mankind is not a mystery. He was a new type of man—"new birth of our new soil," an unspoiled product of nature to whom all the world is akin. History is full of personages who strike the eye with great and illustrious deeds. Here is one of the foremost of them who appeals to the heart in every element of human sympathy. More than this, he touches the universal instinct of freedom, a chord that vibrates around the world. Abraham Lincoln is forever identified with the cause of human liberty. When all his other greatness is forgotten, history and legend will remember him as emancipator of a race and martyr of freedom.

The Thoughts of Lincoln

THE angels of your thoughts are climbing still

The shining ladder of his fame,
And have not reached the top, nor ever will,
While this low life pronounces his high name.

But yonder, where they dream, or dare, or do,
The "good" or "great" beyond our reach,
To talk of him must make old language new
In heavenly, as it did in human, speech.

—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps

The Coming Miami of the Gulf

Poinciana, one of the outposts of human progress on America's last frontier, is being laid out and developed on a large scale

THE history of America is filled, chapter by chapter, with the romance of cities growing up in the wilderness. Soon, however, civilization will subdue that last frontier of the United States, the southwest coast of Florida. Indeed, the final chapter is now being written with the characteristic bigness of the age.

"The coming Miami on the Gulf" is the glowing description applied to Poinciana, one of these outposts of human progress. This large development, planned as the sister city to that "Manhattan of the South," is being laid out, however, on a scale undreamed of when Miami was begun.

The executives of Poinciana, however, are not fooling themselves about their city; they do not expect to build it in a day or a year. They are carefully outlining a program for the first ten years' development of this great project, which embraces twenty thousand acres and ten miles frontage on the Gulf of Mexico.

The equanimity with which P. W. Rainier, vice-president in charge of developments, superintends this tremendous undertaking, seems amazing to the listener as Mr. Rainier calmly radiograms his daily instructions to the property during his absences from Poinciana.

But this project is child's play to this man of few words and modest smile, who for fifteen years was engaged in solving the difficulties of gigantic enterprises in the tropics of South

By W. C. BRIGHT, III.

become an important shipping center and link in the trade route around Florida and the Gulf of Mexico.

No city becomes great unless it is connected with the main traffic routes. Therefore, Poinciana will be fortunate not only in having a fine harbor, but also in being the nearest city to Miami via the Tamiami Trail, with which Poinciana will be connected by a nine-mile road.

In a previous issue, readers of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE learned about this great road building project which will bring the east and west coasts

of Florida within easy access of each other over a splendid sixty mile highway.

Every visitor to the west coast of Florida wants to see the east coast also, and vice versa. So it may easily be imagined what a tremendous traffic will throng this cross-state highway, which will soon reduce the present over-night trip to a delightful three-hour drive through the heart of the Everglades.

Miami on the ocean and Poinciana on the



Bananas at Poinciana, Florida

Gulf, both having the same mild, balmy climate, will be the natural goals of this Tamiami traffic.

The west coast is the most famous fishing ground in Florida, and has long been known among millionaire sportsmen as fisherman's delight. Izaak Walton at Poinciana have been forced to admit that the largest fish ever known to be caught there was a 205-pound tarpon, hooked by E. J. Hamilton.

With its miles on miles of wonderful beaches in a setting of tropical splendor, where orchids grow in their natural state, Poinciana facing the crimson sunsets mirrored in the waters of the Gulf, will bring to thousands a thrill of beauty that will be remembered years afterward.

Poinciana will be more than a resort city, Mr. Rainier explained. Ancient Indian shell mounds, and the remains of a 150-year-old Spanish settlement with its sugar mill, show that this harbor and the agricultural fertility here were outstanding when almost any part of Florida could be had for the asking.

The rich marl prairie and muck land, made accessible for the first time by the Tamiami Trail, will produce vast crops of vegetables, citrus fruits and staples such as sugar cane. On the Gulf, Poinciana will be the natural market and shipping center for the western section.

This is the solid economic foundation on which the developers of Poinciana are building their great city—men of vision—including William G. Blanchard, president, well known Pittsburgh coal operator; Elmer Rood, vice-president, newspaper man of Omaha, Nebraska; Milan N. Fowler, treasurer, real estate operator and developer of South Hills, Cleveland, Ohio; and his associate, Arthur Rood, secretary and sales manager.



Home of the Hamilton's at Poinciana, Florida. Three generations of Hamilton's now living at Poinciana

Africa, where Becker and Company of Hamburg sent him as an expert on agriculture, mining, and railroad building.

Mr. Rainier became almost talkative as he told how they came upon the strategic location of Poinciana Harbor after cruising all along the coast, sounding for deep water. The only harbor of any extent, Poinciana is formed where Lostman River joins Lake Rainier, covering an area of four square miles at a depth averaging from twelve to sixteen feet. The harbor is also protected from the sea by an island. Mr. Rainier stated that by the first of January any vessel now entering Miami Harbor will be able to enter Poinciana Harbor.

Two hundred miles south of Tampa, situated in fertile country, Poinciana will undoubtedly



(Left to right) P. W. Rainier, Milan N. Fowler and Arthur Rood. Mangrove and palms fringe the river banks at Poinciana, Florida

Afterwhile

AFTERWHILE we have in view
The old home to journey to:
Where the Mother is, and where
Her sweet welcome waits us there,
How we'll click the latch that locks
In the pinks and hollyhocks,
And leap up the path once more
Where she waits us at the door;
How we'll greet the dear old smile
And the warm tears, afterward.

—James Whitcomb Riley



The towers and roof tops of the lower city—Segovia



The Puerta del Sol, or Gate of the Hub of Madrid

(Continued from page 310)

over the civilized world, were enrolled in its twenty-five colleges. In 1254 Pope Alexander IV placed it on par with the three great seats of learning at Bologna, Paris, and Oxford. So many of the nobility sought learning there that four colleges were reserved for their exclusive use. Philip II, a contemporary of Elizabeth of England, founded one college exclusively for Irish students, a slap, it was said, at that Protestant queen whose subjects might thus gain education under Catholic auspices. Indeed, even after all these centuries, Irish students may still be found there. Salamanca has charm, for it possesses the finest public square in Spain, an impressive number of interesting buildings, dating from the time of its greatest eminence, and a leisurely street life that abounds in primitive and picturesque quality.

The three markets possessing the greatest interest I should set down as those of Salamanca, Cordova and Seville, the first two characterized by the most kaleidoscopic movements of life, as well as its more primitive phases.

There is a pleasant harmony, too, in the color of the city. The materials that went into the construction of the venerable buildings of Salamanca—cathedrals, university, convents, churches—were all of the same light sandstone, the color of the desert sand, and the dominant tone is a soft reddish brown. The native stone of this color, which has been generally used in the north of Spain, may detract from the solemnity and grandeur of the cathedrals and other great edifices, but what is sacrificed in majesty is gained in friendly warmth and in the endowment of a personality that is essentially Spanish.

We left Salamanca in state, negotiating the distance between the hotel and station in an early example of that well-known and ubiquitous motor

car made in Detroit, accompanied by a personal bodyguard who occupied a place of importance beside the chauffeur on the front seat. This bodyguard attached himself to us one evening, shortly after our arrival in the city, and he was a brown-eyed boy of ten. He spied us that evening as we were sitting in front of the hotel on the little square, waiting for the summons to dinner which so rarely comes in Spain before nine o'clock. Looking us over, he essayed a question in Spanish that brought him no satisfactory response in kind. After that he was not long in deciding that we were Americans, and, since we were, that we must be interested in antiquedades. With commendable directness and promptitude, he insisted upon making an appointment to meet us the following morning at ten and conduct us to a proper shop. The next morning at nine-forty I emerged from the hotel to the little flower-enlivened square in front, expecting that my young cicerone would miss his opportunity, but just as I was slipping off down the street, I saw him detach himself from a taxi, evidently his favorite playground, and dash over to meet me. Would I go to the antiquedades now? I first wanted to go to the Plaza Mayor and then to the market place, so he joined me, keeping up a desultory fire of questions and comments which I, with my limited Spanish, could answer only by an ejaculation here and there.

The fourth chapter, "The Hilltop City of Segovia," tells of the "Service of the Candles"—and we just cannot help but give you a portion of his description of that event:

As you approach Segovia by train from Medina del Campo, the junction to the northwest, the view you get of the distant city is one of the most remarkable in all Spain. The railroad traverses an endless expanse of undulating country, half plain and half

desert, a counterpart of the American southwest. While you are yet in the immensities of the wilderness, suddenly, on your left, across the sun-baked earth, there appears, rising sheer out of the desert, the outlines of a gigantic mass of buildings, elevated far above the surrounding country. This titanic silhouette bears a striking resemblance to a mighty ship at sea, as it rises among the billows of the plain, the sharply rising cliff, crowned by the medieval alcazar, like a figurehead, forming the bow, and the towering cathedral, with its gables, turrets and domes, the masted superstructure.

For medieval flavor, for mellow beauty, for prospects that charm, for enchanting vistas, and for its sense of sprightliness, there is no lovelier city in Spain than Segovia. It is old, but it is orderly; it is isolated, but it never conveys a sense of loneliness; it is not large, but it always seems ample, partly, perhaps, because of the unusual expansiveness of its views. It has, on its crowded hilltop, no parks or boulevards, though there are graceful walks, tree-bordered walls, tiny square and an omnipresent sense of beauty. And the views over the rolling plain and the encircling rivers that insure a fringe of verdure in the golden wilderness, of red roofs and crumbling masonry in the lower town, and of the extraordinary Roman aqueduct that strides through the city like a Colossus, all set Segovia as a city apart. It has no counterpart in Spain, or for that matter, in all Europe.

If you should have the good fortune to arrive at Segovia, as we did, during the early evening hours, when the Service of the Candles was being celebrated, you would probably be inclined to signify your thanks by burning a taper before the altar of the Goddess of Fortune. From the causeway, ascending the hill to the upper city—in reality a street that like a winding staircase skirts the edge of the rising grade, in places permitting an exten-

sive view of the lower town and plain—we heard the roll of drums and the penetrating notes of an instrument that sounded precisely like the skirl of a bagpipe. Looking off over the parapet, in the rapidly gathering gloom, we distinguished a throng of people and the bobbing of many candles in the narrow plaza that surrounded a church. It was the day of a fiesta, and a celebration in honor of its saint was in progress. Setting out for the center of activity, we stood, before long, with the worshippers and spectators, engrossed in the ceremonies, but not before we had made our way through the press of holiday makers in an adjacent square, where booths had been set up and red fire was proclaiming the spirit of the carnival. An infinitely greater throng, it must be admitted, than that in attendance at the religious ceremony nearby, was here enjoying the worldly side of a spiritual festival.

But we gained the church plaza just as the participants, who had formed in pairs at one side of the chapel, were marching, lighted candles in hand, in solemn procession around the building, to enter the church by the opposite door. Drawing up the rear, and borne on the shoulders of a company of men, was a statue of the Virgin of almost heroic size, dressed in garments of silk and lace, and seated in a chair on an elaborately adorned platform. Within the church, reposing on benches and standing at attention, the people lined both sides of the interior, those bearing candles coming to rest and forming an aisle to the altar, the flickering flames of the hand-borne torches shedding a mellow light in the gloom, illumining the faces of the worshippers and glinting on the tinsel and gold of both statue and ornamentation. Following the last of the candle-bearers, came the statue of the Virgin, its entry a signal for the devout to drop on their knees in worshipful silence, while it was borne to the side of the altar and there placed at rest.

Early one morning I witnessed a scene that so satisfied my idea of Spanish life and romance I must record it here. Slowly there approached two young people in earnest conversation, quite oblivious to their surroundings. Presently they came to a side street and there, as the duenna turned and continued on the way, the lovers paused and conversed eagerly for a few brief moments, for this marked the end of their tryst. Then while he, all engrossed, seemed determined in the intensity of his feelings, to hold her for a few precious moments longer, she left him. Standing with his hat still in his hand, intent only on one thing, he gazed sadly after her until she must long since have disappeared, then with a sigh he put his hat on his head and walked slowly away, the picture of utter dejection. The combination of the duenna, stalking silently in front, the meeting between the lovers—a minute stolen while the girl was on her way to school, perhaps—and the unabashed intensity of the dejection that overcame the man at parting, gave me a sudden realization of the exotic quality of the life about me. The incident was so unashamedly romantic and so typical of Spain.

Now comes Madrid, the comparatively modern city of Spain, in Chapter VI of the book:

It is only seventy miles from Avila to Madrid, but the route traverses the Sierra de Guadarrama, one of the three mountain chains by which Avila is hedged, and the journey is one of several hours. Avila lies on an elevated plateau in the foothills of this Sierra, nearly four thousand feet above sea level, and being thus cut off from the warm southerly winds, though exposed to the chilly currents from the north, its climate is admittedly severe, except in the summer season.

In its descent from the summit of the Guadarramas to the capital city, the railroad passes the Escorial, the pantheon of the Spanish kings. It had been a moot question with us for days whether we should stop and visit the vast series of buildings that compose the monastery in which, like England's Westminster Abbey, lie sleeping all the kings of Spain, save two, from Charles V to the present day.

Either you like Madrid, or you don't. There are no half measures. Some people admire its sprightliness, applaud the enterprise of its citizens in fashioning an imposing city in a naked wilderness, enjoy the leisurely air that characterizes its life, and by way of variety, take pleasure in its striking contrast to all the other cities of the nation. Others, on the contrary, condemn it out of hand, stressing its unattractive environment, emphasizing the inclemency of its climate, disdaining its imitation—in the

construction of its modern sections—of Paris and Brussels, and its lack of distinctly Castilian flavor.

Madrid, youngest of Spanish cities, became the capital of the nation because its situation contributed to a king's health, and because its relatively modern character was dissociated from the jealousies that would undoubtedly have arisen had there been chosen the principal city of one of the ancient kingdoms that became a constituent part of the modern empire. Centrality was another factor, for Madrid is in the almost exact geographical center of the peninsula. It was gloomy and pious Philip II, builder of the Escorial, who in 1560 declared Madrid the capital of the united empire. It was his father, Charles V, who, in search of health, visited Madrid, which at that time stood in a tree-clad countryside.

You must get this book to follow the author through the remaining chapters, one of which covers so interestingly the "Modern Gladiators of Spain," the most entertaining account we have ever chanced to read of the classical bull fight. We have only the space to mention the enticing chapters on "The Crumbling Majesty of Toledo," and pass on to "The Ancient Mecca of the West," an accounting, in Chapter IX, of the time spent in Cordova:

In Andalusia at last! We have dropped overnight from Toledo, nearly two thousand feet above the sea, to Cordova on the Guadalquivir River, scarcely three hundred feet in altitude. Here we are in the real south of Spain, where the sun is more torrid; where the people are swarthy and volatile, dressing with greater picturesqueness of attire, and arraying their mules and burros in bright-colored harness; where every house has its patio of growing plants or of tiny courts adorned with potted flowers; and where life generally seems leisurely and full of happiness. Here, in the country which the conquering Arabs named El Andalus, or "Western Land," the mixtures of the oriental and occidental strains are evident, for seven centuries of Moorish occupancy, with its Saracen population from North Africa and Arabia, have left their mark on the inhabitants. In contrast to the proud and decorous Castilian, the Andalusian is mercurial and vivacious, and has a highly imaginative mind. The dances and music of Andalusia imprison the very soul of the Orient, and even the dialect is strongly tinged with Arabic, especially in that part of the vocabulary that relates to agriculture. It is Andalusia that breeds the warriors of the bull ring, for nearly all the toreros are natives of this province, and the very bulls which they combat are bred on Andalusian ranches.

Cordova, the ancient Mecca of the West, is unquestionably one of the most picturesque of all Spanish cities. Beyond its priceless treasure, the vast, columned mosque, it has retained, it is true, few monuments of the past. It is a city of no magnificence of proportions, of no splendor of setting. Its general appearance is one, almost, of meanness, merely a low-built city, lying flat and dusty by the Guadalquivir, a river which is like a snake, winding lazily along in the desert. Neither has it the air of a metropolis, for all its fifty thousand people, and the recollection of a magnificent past. Rather has it the earmarks of a provincial city, almost, without an aristocracy, a simple town of peasants and shopkeepers. Yet, notwithstanding all these things, it has a strange and compelling atmosphere, as of a place that has quite disregarded the passing of time. Its quiet streets of whitewashed houses, wandering here and there, without direction, bear a distinct flavor of the Orient; there are vistas that delight the eye, and corners and tiny plazas that enchant one; the graceful street fountains are centers for children and housewives, who come to fill their earthen jars, and, coursing through these streets, are streams of townsfolk and peasantry from the neighboring country, who take their uncomfortable ease mounted on gaily adorned beasts of burden. In the entire city there is hardly a modern building.

The cathedral, formerly the great mosque of Islam, is, of course, Cordova's *piece de resistance*, for of all the religious edifices left by Spain's Moorish conquerors, there is nothing to compare, either in size or in splendor, with this marvelous shrine. The Mesjid al-Jami'a or "Chief Mosque" of the ancient Moors, was planned to be the principal seat of worship of the faithful in Spain, and was intended to rival the great Kaaba at Mecca, diverting to Cordova the stream of pilgrims who sought holiness

in the city of cities. The eventual glory of the mosque was, of course, the accomplishment of many generations. The original sanctuary, founded in 785, was a modest affair, but as the Moorish dominion in Spain increased, and the city grew in size and importance, this was added to by caliph after caliph until, in 990, the temple was complete. The mosque at Cordova was then one of the two greatest mosques in Islam, second only to that at Mecca. During this period of its zenith, Cordova held the proud position of the capital of the western Moslem world.

But the real glory is inside the sanctuary, where a multitude of columns of marble, jasper and porphyry stretch away, seemingly to infinity, and give the beholder the impression of looking through a forest. Originally, there were nearly a thousand of these graceful columns, of which more than eight hundred and fifty remain, and they are reputed to have been brought from Carthage, from the Roman temples in southern France, from Christian churches in Spain, and from buildings even more remote, but it is likely that most of them were taken from Andalusian quarries. The vaulted ceiling of flaming color, resembling, in its essence, the rich hangings of an Arab tent, the exquisite mosaics, the rare marble carvings, and the Mihrabs, or prayer niches, graced by superb shell vaulting and gorgeous mosaic walls with Arabic inscriptions, are without parallel in the West. Nearly three hundred chandeliers and more than seven thousand lamps are said to have hung from the canopied ceiling, diffusing a light in which the interior of the building shone like a jeweled casket.

Very interesting to most Americans will be the chapter "The City of the Giralda"—Seville—into which the author has written a particularly pleasing heart interest:

Seville is inevitably approached with a keen sense of expectancy, in fanciful anticipation of a city redolent with romance, for is it not the storied city of Andalusia, the fairest flower of the Spanish garden? Whether or not it will fulfill that expectancy, it is difficult to say, for certainly it has much to live up to, and imagination usually outruns the bounds of reality. But this at least is true—Seville is unlike any other city of Spain. It has a personality of its own. It is simply—Seville.

To both Cordova and Toledo it offers a striking contrast. It is a city, they are provincial towns. It cannot be compared even to Madrid or Barcelona, though they are all metropolises in the fullest sense of the word. For the Spanish capital and the chief commercial city are both pretentious and cosmopolitan, and might almost be cities of another commonwealth. Seville could be in no other state. It is distinctively Spanish.

Seville's aristocracy has all the modesty of the well born, and considers it unnecessary to assert its position through outward display. Even the patinated houses of the rich, with all their splendor of interior and luxury of appointment, are concealed behind walls of extreme simplicity which give not the slightest hint of the magnificence within. But, in the rows of beautiful houses, the luxurious courts of which you glimpse in passing, in the order of the streets, in the carriage of the people, as well as in their calm and leisure, and in a hundred and one subtle manifestations, you are conscious of being in a city that has pride of ancestry and a full consciousness of its noblesse oblige.

But, to people of the modern world, the ancient significance of the city lies, not in its association with Roman or Saracen, but with the discoveries that gave to the world a new continent. On that memorable Palm Sunday, in 1493, Columbus was formally received on his return from his great voyage of discovery, and vast throngs assembled to bid him welcome. Then, as now, Seville was a port, in spite of its situation more than fifty miles from the sea. The Guadalquivir, one of the two largest rivers of southern Spain, is navigable for shipping of moderate draught, and on any day, alongside of the city there can be seen steamers and sailing craft from distant lands. It was in these waters that multitudes of ships arrived from the newly discovered countries across the sea, bearing their rich cargoes, departing from them again for conquest and for trade; it was from these waters, too, that Magellan set sail, with his hardy crew, on his daring voyage to circumnavigate the globe.

H. W. Elmore Enters Florida

One of Chicago's most successful real estate operators gives the "Sunshine" State the "once over"

By W. C. JENKINS

TWENTY Chicagoans were selected by H. W. Elmore to visit Florida in December, 1925, and all but one accepted the invitation.

Mr. Elmore had a two-fold object in sending these men to Florida: firstly, a desire to reward a number of big producers in his own organization; and, secondly, to secure certain first-hand information regarding a state which is now considerably in the limelight.

Those who made the trip were George Kurfess, E. C. Lough, H. R. Hesse, J. H. Post, F. B. Cozzi, I. T. Anderson, Peter Stephens, Paul E. Erickson, William P. Begley, Gust Hagg, John Arndt, Jr., H. George Nealis, H. R. Werfelman, Abe Glick, Hector Hauge, Tom Panos, A. W. Anderson, Salvator De Cola, and W. C. Jenkins.

The trip was one of great educational value as well as an event that was attended by many pleasant incidents. It was an occasion that will never be forgotten by any member of the party.

To write the story of the Elmore delegation's trip to Florida is to write the history and recent development of the state. No one would understand what Florida is today unless he knew its condition yesterday, and no one could appreciate the opportunities in that state at the present time unless he knew the barriers to progress which are now being overcome.

It should be stated that each member of the Elmore delegation was given some particular feature to study: one was requested to study the history of the state as a whole; another was asked to discover the cause of the sudden interest being taken in Florida; while others were told to report on the progress and investment opportunities in various parts of the state.

Hence nineteen men were simultaneously applying the torchlight of investigation for three weeks, and as the work was well distributed, the final reports were equal to over a year's investigation by a single individual.

Moreover, an investigation of this character is of vastly more value than if the work was conducted by a single individual, for the reason that when matters of doubt arose, the whole delegation got together and asked for opinions. The final conclusion was invariably reached after considerable discussion.

It has been the work of the writer to collate the reports and opinions of the members of the Elmore delegation, occasionally giving personal opinions—all with the view of furnishing the public with the most unbiased report on conditions in that state which has heretofore been published.

Many historical and descriptive articles have been written regarding Florida, and the following brief account is taken from the records that are considered most reliable:

Florida is a state in the South Atlantic division of the North American Union bounded by Alabama, Georgia, the Atlantic Ocean, Gulf of Mexico and the Straits of Florida. It has an

area of 58,680 square miles and a population of 1,250,000 at the present time.

The surface of the state is low and flat, gradually rising from a few feet above sea level to a central ridge with an altitude of three hundred feet. The southern part of the peninsula is built up of successions of coral dikes; the upper part being occupied by Lake Okeechobee, whose shallow waters gradually merge into the Everglades, an extensive swamp covering the lower part of the state.

The Everglades are penetrated in all directions by hundreds of small, shallow streams, and at short intervals over the entire swamp area are found small wooded islands covered with semi-tropical vegetation.

Many of the Florida swamps are so densely overgrown with vegetation of great variety that they have been explored but little. In some places the trees and vegetable growths are so thick that they are rendered impassable.

Florida is noted for the number, size and character of her springs, the most famous being the Silver Spring near Ocala in Marion County,

with an estimated output of 300,000,000 gallons daily. The Sulphur Springs at Tampa are also an object of great curiosity. A veritable river has its source in an enclosure of about a quarter of an acre. This is now used as a prominent bathing park.

Florida's soil is generally sandy, but supports vegetation in great luxuriance. This surface soil, depending upon the character of the underlying rock, is rich in phosphates; and these, together with decomposed vegetable matter, produce a very rich soil.

In the northern half of the state the oak, hickory and pine grow extensively, while the long-leaved pine, pitch pine and cypress cover the southern portion.

Florida exhibits the vegetable production of both temperate and semi-tropical nature. In the north, the products include peaches, pears and cotton, while the middle and south counties produce fruits such as oranges, pineapples, mangoes, grape fruit, and almost all the tropical varieties.

But little manufacturing has been developed in Florida up to the present time, yet there are reasons to believe that extensive establishments will soon be constructed to supply the future needs of the state. For several years the manufacture of cigars has given employment to several thousand people in Tampa. Lead pencils, salt by evaporation, wooden boxes and lumbering have also furnished considerable employment for several years.

Florida had a romantic beginning. It was discovered by Juan Ponce de Leon March 27, 1513. He and his successors explored a large part of Florida in search of certain springs which the Indians described as "the fountain of perpetual youth." A spring at St. Augustine is shown as probably one of the fountains he discovered. No such claims are made for the spring today, although the water is delightfully pleasing to drink.

Ponce de Leon was killed in a fight with the Indians in 1521.

In 1539 a force of six hundred, under Fernando de Soto, landed at Tampa Bay, and, moving to the north, overcoming the natives by treachery and violence, passed beyond the present boundary lines of Florida.

A settlement of French Huguenots was organized in 1564, but was exterminated by the Spanish two years later, and from this time the Spanish were in absolute control when settlements were made at Pensacola and other places along the coast.

In 1687 the first large consignment of negro slaves was brought to Florida. The colored population has since been a considerable factor in labor difficulties in the state.

In 1814 Florida was captured by the United States forces under Andrew Jackson. Then followed a long series of wars with the natives and the whole of Florida was ceded to the United States in 1819.



H. W. ELMORE

In 1822 Florida was organized as a territory. For seven years, from 1835 to 1842, the Seminole Indians were in active hostility to the United States. They surrendered in 1842 and were removed to a special reservation where the remnants of the tribe have since resided.

Florida was admitted to the Union as a state in 1845. At the outbreak of the Civil War practically all the government posts were seized by the state forces. Fort Pickens, however, was held by a Union garrison, and was used as a base of operations in the locality. Jacksonville was alternately held by Confederate and Union forces and many minor engagements took place along the coast. On July 4, 1868, Florida was readmitted to the Union.

The first question that naturally arises is: Why has development of the state been retarded so long?

This question frequently arose in meetings of the Elmore delegation and a determined effort was made to reach a logical answer.

There was, it is true, a rush to Florida four hundred years ago, but interest soon waned and for nearly four centuries the state remained in the original quietude that had characterized the region for thousands of years.

There were occasional fits of enthusiasm on the part of small crowds of adventurers and a few cities sprang into existence.

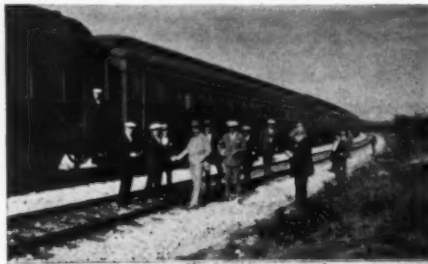
In certain localities, considerable development took place and some magnificent homes were built, but the beautiful sites along the coast were considered beyond the reach of any but the northern millionaires. In fact, the great majority of people in the northern states regarded Florida as a Mecca for millionaires in winter. It was not considered a place where the middle or poorer classes could find a living. Today the greatest migratory incident in all history is taking place and Florida is the land of promise.

The gold rush to California in '49 is familiar to all students of American history, but during the entire period of the rush, less people reached the western state than pass through Jacksonville in two weeks on their way to Florida cities and towns farther south.

It is impossible to realize the extent of the modern exodus to Florida unless you mingle with the crowds who are searching for change of climate and environment and fortunes in that state. The situation is practically beyond control of the railroads and the express companies, and post-office officials seem to be helpless. Express and mail packages are frequently delayed for weeks, and even first-class mail seldom reaches its destination promptly. The writer mailed some letters from Miami to Palm Beach. Two days later he left by train for the latter city, only to find that the letters had not arrived. This condition of affairs, however, can be only temporary, for means will be devised to insure prompt service as soon as possible.

Naturally the members of the Elmore delegation were largely interested in the real estate market in Florida. Not for a moment did one of the party discover any investment opportunity that would cause him to waver in his faith in Chicago, and while several certified checks, aggregating from two to ten thousand dollars each, were taken on the trip, they were brought back to Chicago intact.

It was very plain to these trained real estate operators that while colossal profits are possible in Florida real estate, only those who get in on the ground floor can expect to win. Occasionally a wild speculator experiences luck, but he would be equally as fortunate, perhaps, at the gambling table.



Elmore delegation "All aboard"
Elmore car parked at Fort Myers
Bathing scene at Palm Beach
Elmore delegation at Sulphur Springs, Tampa
Visiting oldest house in America — at St. Augustine

These facts, however, simply mean that real estate speculation is a business that requires something more than good luck; it requires a knowledge of cause and effect—information that will enable the investor to steer through deep waters so that he will find a safe harbor without encountering shoals and rocks.

No member of the Elmore party had any preconceived notions regarding Florida investments; each went to the state with an open mind.

The beautiful sunshine, the millions of orange trees with their red ripe product, and the great orchards of trees laden and bending with the luscious grape fruit all inspired wonderment and awe.

Then again, the most hospitable business men we had ever met gave the delegation a royal welcome in every city visited. All these factors were instrumental in creating a very favorable impression of the country and its people.

Nevertheless, the keen eye of the trained Elmore real estate operator quickly discerned the fact that Florida has become the Mecca of many crooked real estate men, and that there is a grave danger that the beautiful state will be obliged to lower its head in shame as a result of these operators.

Thomas C. Hammond, W. L. McNevin and B. L. Hammer of Tampa, three of the most progressive and reliable realtors of Florida, admitted that something should be done to curb the activities of a class of real estate men who are bringing their state into discredit and disfavor. They strongly urge that no investments be made through Florida real estate operators unless they are members of the Florida Association of Realtors. This is an organization of men who take pride in doing business according to the Golden Rule.

It would indeed be difficult to say whether Florida realty values are too high or too low. Land is sold for what the purchaser is willing to pay for it if the price is satisfactory to the seller. If a person has some particular object in acquiring a certain corner, he is willing to pay more than the man who is merely seeking an investment. So long as there is a reasonable assurance that there will shortly be a brisk demand for property in a certain territory, he is willing to take a chance on the possible profits.

But sellers of real estate seldom use the prices paid by this class of buyers as an evidence of values. They use the spasmodic high prices paid by the anxious buyer who cares little for market values, for he has some particular object in getting control of the property.

When the United States paid Spain a trifle less than 15 cents an acre for the entire state in 1821, the price was probably near the real value, although opponents of the party in power bitterly attacked the administration for paying what they considered an exorbitant price.

When, however, an anxious buyer paid \$45,000 per front foot for a Miami lot in 1925, several optimistic citizens of Miami said the price was all right.

It is a far cry from 15 cents an acre to \$45,000 per front foot, but since values are determined by demand, the prevailing prices are supposedly based on the extent of the desire of the people to acquire land in the state.

Forty years ago—just half a lifetime—Florida was not much better known than is a great part of Mexico today. In 1880, the state's financial affairs were in bad shape, and Governor William D. Bloxham sold five million acres of state-owned land tributary to Lake Okeechobee to a syndicate of Philadelphia capitalists for 25 cents an acre in order to secure sufficient money to carry on the affairs of state.

There were, it is true, only a quarter of a million people in the state in 1880, less than the total population of Tampa and Jacksonville combined today.

Most of the population of the early days was located in north and west Florida; nine-tenths of the state at that time was unexplored.

Later, men of vision, backed by immense financial resources, saw the great possibilities of Florida, and then the real development began.

Among these men of vision may be mentioned Henry M. Flagler, builder of the Florida East Coast Railroad, and Henry B. Plant, who pushed the Atlantic Coast Line into Tampa.

These men were pioneers in Florida railroad building activities. If they had appeared on the scene twenty-five years earlier, and a few others had been interested in the railroad development of the state, Florida today would justify the characterization Jean Ribaut gave that country in 1562—"the fairest, fruitfulest, and pleasantest of all the world."

Modern civilization depends upon the railroads and until men become interested in railroad building in a new country, there can be no real development. Florida has suffered as a consequence of lack of railroad facilities, and it has never suffered more in this respect than it is suffering today. Give the state transportation facilities equal to those of New York, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, and Florida will be the most prosperous and most delightful state in the Union.

With ample transportation facilities, land in the interior which can now be purchased for less than five dollars an acre will be worth \$500 an acre. The value of this land will rise as the possibilities of transportation conveniences seem more certain.

Florida real estate will always be judged to a certain degree from the standpoint of men who are enthused over the state's climatic condition. This is a particular asset few localities possess. The lure of Florida's sunshine, the luxuriant productivity of the soil, and the paradise which it presents to northerners in winter are factors for future development that cannot fail to attract men of means now that thousands of miles of hard roads have been built through the state and the automobile has partially solved the transportation problem.

It should be remembered that Florida is a big state. Its coast line is double that of any other state.

Florida's coast lines—Atlantic, Gulf and Islands—measure 2,276 miles from Fernandina around to Pensacola, approximately the same distance as from Chicago to San Francisco. The entire Pacific Coast from Mexico to Canada is several hundred miles less.

California has its snow-capped mountains and arid deserts, besides a plentiful supply of beautiful sunshine. Florida has its everglades and alligators in addition to climatic conditions equal to those of any in the known world.

Florida can be reached from Chicago in about one-half the time it takes to make the journey to California. Hence Florida will in the future be the recipient of more Chicago money and people than the "glorious country of California."

The average rainfall in California is 22 inches; in Florida, it is 57 inches. California must dig canals and laterals to get water on the land; Florida digs canals to get water off the land.

The rainy season in Florida ends by the early part of November, and does not begin again until April, thus giving Florida an ideal climate when most of the states are held in the grip of winter.

Every member of H. W. Elmore's delegation to Florida had his eyes open, and he looked. He saw things that were almost unbelievable, even though he was looking right at them.

These men were from the great Middle West, where soil means corn, and corn means hogs and hogs mean money. Naturally they sought the agricultural possibilities of Florida, and were amazed to find that in these United States there is not another fifty thousand square miles of undeveloped territory from which so much in the way of agricultural products and fruits can be expected.

For years they have eaten Florida pineapples,

oranges, grape fruit and bananas, and have not inquired from whence they came.

Some of Mr. Elmore's men had been told that raising oranges and grape fruit in Florida was an industry in a state of decadence, because all the groves had been cut up into town and village lots and that the march of municipal events had devastated what in the past was the state's chief source of revenue.

This is not true. The majestic groves are as conspicuous today as ever, and instead of the acreage being decreased each year, it is actually on the increase.

Two members of the delegation reported that they had driven about forty miles in a circle around Arcadia. Grove after grove of ripe oranges and grape fruit lined the highway, and they had never seen so much wealth in ungathered fruit before. They stopped to converse with an aged lady who sat on the veranda of her home surveying the scene of magnificence and beauty.

"Yes, we have fifteen acres of orange trees," she said. "We sold our entire crop on the trees for \$5,000 cash, but we should have received \$7,000. But when you consider that the purchaser must gather the oranges and run all risks of frosts and market depressions, perhaps the \$5,000 is not so bad."

In the cities, many persons have a half acre or acre of orange and grape fruit trees surrounding their houses. A beautiful view these orchards presented to the Chicago men who had left their homes with nothing in their yards but a garage and drifts of snow.

But what of the cities and the possibilities for judicious real estate investments? Here is a question which several northern people in the United States would like to have answered truthfully.

Mr. Elmore and the members of his delegation are naturally partial to such investments in the metropolitan district of Chicago. They believe in Chicago first, last, and all the time. And yet they would not be parties to placing truth upon the scaffold and wrong upon the throne. Hence this feature of their investigations was given the most careful consideration.

Florida has some splendid opportunities for investment, no doubt, but the trouble is that the market is overrun with buyers of lots and acreage which has resulted in the prices being forced to unreasonable heights on very desirable pieces of property. And, again, thousands of acres of land far from any municipality have been subdivided in the hope that buyers who could not pay the exorbitant prices charged in the cities might be tempted to nibble at their bait.

Booms have always been attended by such conditions. When the World's Fair in Chicago started a real estate boom, people bought lots wildly and blindly. Subdivisions were opened three miles south and west of any settlement and many lots were sold at fabulous prices. It was thirty years before there was any residential demand for these lots and when the demand came, no one was willing to pay the price asked and received during World's Fair days. Such is the effect of real estate booms, and history is likely to repeat itself in Florida, regardless of its sunshine and fruits, and regardless of the advertising being given the state and for which interested parties are spending hundreds of thousands of dollars annually.

Chicago has been built up without booms excepting the temporary wild enthusiasm in 1837 and the fevered excitement in 1893. As new industries came and population increased, addi-

tional land was required for residential and commercial purposes, but the prices of real estate have always been reasonable.

This has made it possible for many men to make comfortable fortunes by investing in outlying acreage and subdividing their properties when the march of progress reached their holdings.

H. W. Elmore has been an active real estate operator in the metropolitan district of Chicago for several years. He is one of Chicago's most energetic and careful subdividers. In every instance, people who purchased lots in his subdivisions have seen these investments yield handsome profits, and it has become an axiom in Chicago that you can buy a lot from Elmore and not worry about the outcome.

Never in the history of Chicago have subdivision activities been greater than during the year 1925, and indications are that they will be still greater in 1926.

Practically all of this work is carried on in townships adjacent to Chicago, the undeveloped acreage within the city limits being practically *nil*.

Chicago contains an area of 204.88 square miles. Since 1889, when 126 square miles of adjoining territory were annexed, there has been but little territory added to the city; in fact, the land annexed since that time has not averaged a square mile each year.

Within the city limits, there are over 3,000,000 people. Within what is known as the metropolitan district, there are over 4,000,000.

Some of the subdividers are taking advantage of the home-owning sentiment which has grown by leaps and bounds during the past two years, and are opening up lands away back in the metropolitan district many miles from the Chicago loop. Some of it is not even in the vicinity of railroads or interurban lines. These subdividers are regarded as promoters, and it is known that those who purchased the lots are not, as a rule, home-seekers but speculators.

H. W. Elmore's realty activities have never been under suspicion by anyone in Chicago. He does not buy acreage because it is cheap, but because it is logically the site for early residential development.

I have talked to several people who purchased lots during the closing month of last year in his most recent subdivisions and they report having already sold their lots at a 50 per cent profit. In fact, it is stated that every customer should sell at an advance.

The reason is that Elmore's subdivisions are well situated; the prices are reasonable, and complete arrangements are made for the improvements if they are not actually installed.

When the facts regarding Elmore's properties are learned, even though the subdivision may be sold out, there is a large number of people who are willing to buy the lots at an advance in price from the figures charged the original purchasers. In fact, it is pretty well known in Chicago that if you buy a lot in an Elmore subdivision, you cannot go wrong.

H. W. Elmore is one of Chicago's most successful men. He is interested in ten different banks, and a director in most of them. In one bank he is president and in another chairman of the Board. He is highly progressive.

His effort to ascertain the facts regarding Florida is highly appreciated by a host of Chicago people who had been importuned to make investments in that state. Sending a delegation of his trusted men to study the facts has won him many friends. Some such fountain head of accurate information was needed in Chicago.

Major-General Charles P. Summerall

One-time leader of the First Division is now commander of the Second Corps Area, the most important of the nine territorial divisions

AS one of the fighting generals who led American arms to victory again and again in the World War, Major-General Charles P. Summerall carries on in the peacetime military establishment. Once the leader of the famous First Division, he is now the senior major-general in the United States Army, and commander of the Second Corps Area, the most important of the nine territorial districts into which the nation is divided. At his headquarters on Governors Island, New York Harbor, he finds his duties far different and far less dangerous than when he led his beloved division. Yet, even here he continually displays that tenacity of purpose which won for him on shell-torn battle fields the nickname "Per Schedule Summerall."

Charles P. Summerall was born in Lake City, Florida, on March 4, 1867, two years after the cessation of hostilities between the North and the South. Perhaps the tales and reminiscences of the great conflict to which he listened—and which follow every war for decades—influenced the young man to choose the military profession as a career. At any rate, he entered the United States Military Academy at West Point in June, 1888, and graduated four years later as a full-fledged second lieutenant of Infantry.

Even at this early date, however, the young officer had become interested in the rumble and roar of big guns, an interest that was later to number him among the foremost gunnery experts of the world, and in 1893, he was transferred to the Artillery.

From service on the Pacific Coast, Lieutenant Summerall was sent to Fort Hamilton, in Brooklyn. In 1898 he was chosen as aide to Major-General Graham, commander of the Second Army Corps in the Spanish-American War. Later duties brought him into the field artillery in the Philippine insurrection. He was with the American expedition in China, at the time of the Boxer rebellion; and he was engaged in pioneer work in Alaska. His service has varied from duty in the railway strike in 1894 to instructor of artillery tactics at West Point.

When the World War broke out he was in charge of the field artillery of the National Guard in the Militia Bureau. After the United States entered the war, he went to England and France to study the organization, training and employment of artillery. During the war, he successively commanded the 67th Field Artillery Brigade, the 1st Field Artillery Brigade, the 1st Division—"first to go over and last to come back"—and the 5th, 9th and 4th Army Corps. It was while in command of the 1st Division that he was given the nickname "Per Schedule." No obstacle, neither human nor mechanical, was too great to be overcome by the fighting machine he commanded. No matter what the odds, he would always insist that the attack go on "as per schedule." And it always did.

Commanders of foreign armies called him

"the best general in the American Army." Wherever he went military men discussed his achievement in teaching the Infantry to depend upon its Artillery support, and to have perfect confidence and fidelity in the ability of that support. He inspired the Artillery, his own branch of the service, with the spirit and feeling that it must never do anything to forfeit the trust of its brothers-in-arms.

The human side of the man who is credited

with breaking through hitherto impregnable defenses, the "Kriemhild" line far behind the famous Hindenburg trenches, is as intensely interesting as is his record as a fighter. A fearless warrior, a commander unafraid to go where he sent his men, he was idolized and respected by those who fought under him, trusted by his superiors.

With unswerving determination he flung his

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MAJOR-GENERAL CHARLES P. SUMMERALL

Florida Banks

Tremendous prosperity and immense gains in deposits feature progress of Florida's banking institutions during past year

By ROBERT B. McCAIN

FIGURES are ordinarily looked upon as being the tools of accountants and economists; they have been identified as being odious when used as comparatives and soporific when produced for public consumption.

But in the state of Florida a few figures derived from bank statements and clearing house reports tell of one of the most dramatic phenomena in the financial history of the United States. Mere figures graphically indicate the basis of the more picturesque and human side of the growth of Florida. Mere figures have helped to keep unabated an influx of capital that heretofore has been unheard of in any other commonwealth of the country. And this capital has financed the upbuilding of a veritable paradise, the most-talked-about spot in the United States.

All this I say advisedly. Scores of bankers, recognized as being conservative, substantial, and authorities in finance, have told me the same story. W. D. Manley, for instance, is president of the Bankers Trust Company of Atlanta, which is an institution interested in over two hundred banks located in the states of New York, New Jersey, Georgia and Florida. He is recognized by financial men as being one of the most astute bankers in that field. After studying the annual statement of several Miami banks, Mr. Manley unhesitatingly declared that the banks of this city are in a stronger position than any other banks in the entire world, and he added, the present situation proves that this statement does not exclude the Bank of England. A judgment of this kind is held generally by bankers who have personally investigated the situation. This is one reason why so much capital has flowed into Florida upon the advice of financial men.

Statistics further prove that the development operations in Florida are, in general, on a cash basis. Money rates vary from $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent to 8 per cent. A deputy governor of the Atlanta Federal Reserve district, shortly after the statements for December 31, 1925 were issued, told a Miami banker that, while the Atlanta bank held \$25,000,000 in deposits from Florida, only \$17,000 of this amount was loaned in this state. He couldn't understand this situation until he toured the state, made detailed surveys and found that as a fact Florida does not need credit.

In Miami, and what I say about Miami is indicative of the general situation in the entire state, bank deposits increased about 200 per cent during 1925. The new accounts men were submerged in piles of new ledger sheets, certified checks, cash, and a constant crowd of people was waiting to deposit money. Where one man handled the new business for a bank in 1924, three men are now required to do the work. There was no such thing as "sales resistance" in the jargon of the advertising experts. The crowds that filled the main banking lobbies have been likened to the masses in a New York subway. People often formed lines

outside of the bank, money in hand ready to deposit, as if waiting to buy tickets to the latest musical revue. In the case of one Miami bank there were about twenty-five employees in 1924, and when a ten per cent bonus was paid just before Christmas in 1925, the payroll numbered well over 125.

Where there was nothing but a few tall pines in 1924, the following year there sprouted a small bank, and when the final accounting of the year was completed only the figures could tell just what had happened. The bankers were dazed. In some instances deposits went as high as two million dollars. One of the largest banks in Miami started the year of 1925 with about eighteen million dollars in deposits and ended the twelve-month period with about fifty-five millions. The history of a most unprecedented financial situation is best illustrated by the following column of figures, giving the bank deposits of Miami since 1914:

1914	\$3,637,621.00
1916	8,185,300.00
1918	8,269,386.00
1919	14,360,858.00
1920	17,221,752.00
1921	15,922,535.00
1922	20,334,492.93
1923	27,736,614.10
1924	56,270,668.86
1925	173,375,857.05

Add to the last figure about \$10,000,000 in order to more accurately display the real growth of banks during 1925. Deposits in five of the smaller banks in Miami are not included in the total.

Between September and Christmas of 1925 the greatest bank of the country, located in New York and Chicago, sent special emissaries, not the regular representatives of the new business departments, but vice-presidents, to visit the banks of Florida. Because they had so many inquiries concerning this state these northern bankers were practically forced by public demand to open special Florida information and service departments. That is the explanation many bankers gave when they presented themselves to Florida financial men. "We want to get the fact about this Florida proposition, Mr. Banker. What are you doing with your enormous deposits? What's going on down here?" This they asked, in effect, a thousand times of bankers throughout the state.

The reports they took back to the North must have been favorable because money continued to pour into Florida vaults. What did the Florida bankers do about it? In the first place, they carried on the regular business as usual. They did not increase their loans and they became more particular about collaterals. Just

as fast as they received deposits they started building up enormous cash reserves. Then they began placing some of the surplus on call loans in New York. Expert bank examiners declared they were foolish—at first. Then as the hectic real estate activity increased and banks stood by their depositors to such a degree never before witnessed in America, northern financial men were flooded with money from Florida, to be loaned at only $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 per cent with the best security obtainable, and such a security that readily could be converted into cash. The president of one of the biggest banks in Florida spent a month in New York placing about \$15,000,000 in the safest loans it is possible to find. Toward the latter part of the year expert bank examiners began to change tunes. Florida bankers had followed an entirely new path in handling money that crowds into a land boom country, and even the experts learned that the safe course can be carried out.

While the law generally requires only about 15 per cent of deposits in a liquid condition, Florida banks were literally independent of any change in the financial status of the situation in the state with between 50 and 60 per cent of the deposits safely held in cash reserves or loans considered virtually as good as cash. Within twenty-four hours the ticks of a telegraph wire would bring the Florida cash deposits from New York to the extent of nearly 80 per cent of the total deposits.

The usual economic cycle of land booms, which include disastrous recessions, often characterized by bank runs ending in bank failures, will probably never occur in Florida. At least not so long as the bankers follow the policy they originated themselves, for what other section of the country can show such bank management during an unusually inflated or a rising land valuation period? True, these Florida bankers had been well cautioned by the financial fiasco of the past. In fact Miami felt a slight recession the year following the end of the World War. It may have been the conservatism, which has characterized the business of the entire South for years, that allowed Florida bankers to weather successfully the most trying period of financial growth the state has ever experienced, and in the most unusual way the nation has ever seen.

Perhaps I have used superlatives too freely and the keen edge of the facts has been dulled in this story of Florida banks. After hearing more than two score New York and Chicago bankers express themselves in unstinted phraseology it is difficult to revert to ordinary statements, and, I think, it should not be necessary. This is certainly a superlative situation.

The statements of visiting bankers included such remarks as "I have never seen such a situation in my life." "The banks here are in the safest position I have ever seen in any state." "I am astounded at the way in which the banks

have managed to stay in such a liquid position," and so on, ad infinitum. The statements were made in every instance without hesitation and were issued by men who are absolutely unbiased toward Florida. In fact in some cases, I thought, it reflected the liberal mindedness, or perhaps the farsightedness of these financial men. While their own institutions were quickly losing thousands of dollars in deposits, money that was being transferred to Florida banks, northern bankers were praising institutions which might seem, at first glance, to be their own rivals. The conclusions drawn by every banker, north, west, east and south, came from figures, statistics that will probably stand in the annals of financial history of this country as denoting one of the most extraordinary phases on record.

During land booms in other sections of this country banks became involved in speculation. They lent to customers who invested the money in undeveloped property. The results are matters of history, but they have not been forgotten by a coterie of men who control the policies of Florida banks.

The principal reason for the present situation is that, generally speaking, banks in Florida have refrained from loaning on real estate. The president of one of the leading banks in the state declared that he would not, under any circumstances, deal with a real estate loan. This bank has about \$55,000,000 in deposits and at the end of the year reported only about \$11,000,000 in commercial loans.

While the growth of the state bank deposits from about \$230,000,000 in 1924 to about \$625,000,000 in December 31, 1925, is, in itself, almost enough to show the hectic rise in the banking business during 1925, it is almost sufficient to explain why hundreds of Florida bankers relaxed thankfully in their offices during the Christmas shopping days, took a deep breath of relief and sighing, earnestly hoped that 1926 would be nothing like the past year. They sincerely predicted a steady increase in financial lines without the nerve-racking speed of a country racing forward almost as fast as the German mark receded in value after the war. There was a pause in banking during the first three weeks of December, 1925. By that I mean this period, usually characterized by a pre-Christmas rush, did not show the same proportional activity when compared with the corresponding period of 1924, that the first ten months of 1925 did with the same period the year before.

Bank deposits, however, do not tell the whole story. One of the three major indices used in scientific economic studies is the amount of bank clearings. This factor cannot be overlooked in reviewing the growth of financial institutions.

One New York banker, in a facetious mood, is said to have exclaimed, when he looked at comparative statements of Miami banks, "What's the matter? Have they added the total clearings to the resources and called the sum the 1925 deposits?"

In glancing over the figures for Miami since January, 1924, one would not only have to add several times, but it would be much quicker to multiply. Clearings in Miami were not only double the January, 1924, figure just twelve months later, but in December, 1925, exchanges were seven times what they were the first month of the previous year, and in August they were about nine times the January, 1924 total. In other words, while deposits tripled, activity multiplied itself by six. In 1924 if \$100 were transferred from person to person five times, in 1925

that same \$100, plus \$200 more, would change hands through the banks thirty times.

The result is that Florida banks not only have more cash, but they earned more money than they ever did before, in some instances actually earning over 100 per cent of the capitalization—and they did this without taking a single chance in the speculative field. No one knows what Miami bank stock might sell for today. The book values range from about \$200 a share to about \$500, with par value \$100. But book values mean nothing in Florida bank stocks. The last sale that could be recalled in a large Miami bank, the stock brought \$1,600 a share. One concrete illustration will show why bank stock proved to be one of the most profitable investments of 1925, even in Florida with real estate making fortunes for some. A Miami bank is capitalized at \$1,000,000. Deposits averaged about \$50,000,000 during the year. The interest on commercial loans to the extent of \$10,000,000 would easily allow for a nice dividend and surplus. In addition to this, the bank collected about 3½ per cent on \$15,000,000 in call loans. Further figuring is unnecessary.

Some of the smaller banks, although earning a substantial amount, carried their conservatism to the extent of passing the dividend for 1925. They are building up large surpluses and will probably declare a paid-in stock dividend within a few years.

Trust business has increased to an extent unheard of before in any other section of the country, and this has not been caused altogether by the rise in land prices. The fact that the Florida constitution now prohibits state inheritance and income taxes is certainly one of the most potent causes for the transfer of large estates to Florida. The exact extent of the increase in this phase of banking cannot be ascertained by the figures alone, but I was told by the head trust officer of one bank that the volume of 1925 business was at least four times what it was the year before. One example may be cited to show just how trust deposits, only a small portion of fiduciary business by the way, have advanced in some institutions. One Miami trust company reported deposits to be \$573,181.50 on December 31, 1924; on September 28, 1925, they had risen to \$2,304,562.17, and the last day of 1925 deposits were \$3,748,117.17. This does not show, however, the large number of estates now in the trusteeship of fiduciary organizations of Florida. The business listed on the books at the start of 1925 indicates that during this year (1926) another high record will be made in Florida trust companies.

Young men, who in ordinary times would still be assistant clerks, are now competent vice-presidents in trust companies. The number of employees has been more than doubled in many

organizations throughout Florida. Officers from New York and Chicago fiduciary institutions have resigned their positions to come to Florida. They have followed the trek to the Peninsular State not especially in search of a good chance to speculate, but because the call for their services was made in the form of liberal salary inducements, coupled with the opportunity to live in the newly discovered American tropics. Most of these men who have been lured from positions that assured a stable financial future investigated their opportunities, especially those with families. In most instances the new officers are home owners in Florida, and the rest of them are home hunters.

New bank buildings are springing up in every city, town and even in some of the recently-developed subdivisions of Florida. Nearly every day some newspaper in Florida heralds the birth of a new financial institution. January 1, 1925, marked the opening date of one of the most beautiful banking houses in the country, located in Miami. This institution, which had its inception from a well-established bank in Indianapolis, Indiana, is also a unique organization which really offers one of the most complete financial services in the United States. Another bank was completing a ten-story building at the start of 1926. The structure is a block long and the main lobby will form an arcade from one street to another. Still another bank will be in its new fifteen-story building before June, 1926. The list of all the new financial buildings in Florida is too long to recount, but there will be scores of new banking homes completed this year. That much is certain, even if those under construction in January are the only ones finished.

Comptroller Ernest Amos of the state of Florida and J. W. McIntosh, comptroller of the United States, have received scores of applications for charters for new banks in various cities of the state. Many charters were issued during 1925, but more than twice as many were refused. Mr. Amos explained the matter in this wise: "While there may be room for many more small banks, I am in favor of strengthening the larger banks first."

The banking business was no sinecure in Florida last year. It was prosperous, yes. But the speed of the twentieth century seems to Florida bankers to be on an unrestrained dash, as in an effort to crowd the growth ordinarily allotted to two decades into twelve short months. In many instances bankers refused loans to perfectly respectable and substantial citizens only because these bankers adhered strictly to the lessons that loomed from the past on the plains of Kansas and the Dakotas, among the oil well districts of Oklahoma, and at the foot of the picturesque mountains of California. Florida bankers served their depositors first and last. The infinitesimal reaction to a small recession in deposits, which in other climes have presaged disaster, clearly shows that in some cases figures do lie. A small subtraction in deposits during the final six weeks of 1925 was not even noticed in Miami, and as the New Year approached everyone in the state looked forward to the greatest business year in the history of Florida.

Sometimes 3½ per cent interest will make more money than 10 per cent, and enormous cash reserves, idle capital, will prove an asset that insures the sane development of Florida potentialities. This, of course, is a paradox, but it is also the factor that has influenced some of the largest financial interests in the world to transfer their dollars to Florida.

The Florida Keys

Southwest, southwest are flung
The emerald beads that mean
So little to thee now, O Florida!

And yet when they are cut and strung
And set with gold, and Nations bow
Before their matchless beauty,

In full-voiced chorus shall be sung
Thy thanks to thy Creator,
Who did thee thus endow.

—S. C. SINGLETON

An Interview *with* James Blaine Jeffries

Starting out with five dollars at age of sixteen, this son of the Hawkeye State now has a few millions, all made in Florida where he cashed in on experiences

By DIRK P. DE YOUNG

JAMES BLAINE JEFFRIES, real estate magnate of Miami, and this writer have much in common. We are about the same age; we were both reared on a farm not far from the Big Muddy; we both had sweethearts in the same town; we both went abroad for our Uncle Samuel; and we both appreciate a good joke, especially when it is on the other fellow. But in spite of all that community of interests there is one very important item which we do not have in common—very much to my regret—the millions which “J. B. J.” has made out of Florida dirt.

The stork dropped James Blaine Jeffries off at Glidden, Iowa, August 27, 1884, about one hundred miles east of Omaha, whereas he left me farther west, somewhere in the sand-hills, exact place and date unknown. Both being landlubbers, and of a roving nature, we later got together on the banks of the Missouri, the Platte, and other sluggish streams of Iowa and Nebraska, finally landing in Lincoln, on the Salt Creek at the same time for the same purpose—visiting our best girls.

Then, as it will in the course of human events, followed a parting of the ways—between “J. B. J.” and me, not between us and the ladies. A parting which lasted for twenty-five years during which time we have never seen nor heard of each other—twenty-five years in which boys were hardening into men. Jeffries was an expert stenographer, whom the government picked for a job in Panama—while I was an expert talker whom the government picked for a diplomatic billet in South America. I went on and on and on, as a newspaper correspondent, as a government flunky, gathering experience but no moss: “J. B. J.” with the same wanderlust tendencies, got stalled in Miami in 1910, where destiny bid him stay. It is the old, old, story of the rolling stone, which explains why I have to content myself writing about the successes of other people—and also explains why this man and I have so much in common, yet not these millions aforesaid.

Mr. Jeffries, whom I met by accident in Miami recently, with an assignment to interview him on Florida Farming possibilities, qualified as a Civil Service Appointee, along about 1905, when the strenuous “T. R.” was in the White House and his dragnet for blue-blooded men for foreign posts picked up such men as “J. B. J.” As a stenographer he was assigned to duty in Panama where the great canal was being dug. In the course of five years, with hard work and self-improvement, he was advanced to the position of Superintendent of Labor Quarters and Subsistence, a department which had charge of nearly everything except the actual digging of the ditch. Like Loeb and Cortelyou and others of the Roosevelt regime, he rose rapidly to more important posts via the stenographic route. An expert at his work, a likeable fellow, this contact with “Higher Ups” made them think of him when the

man ahead died or got homesick and left. In that way then—and he has changed but little since—Jeffries was always under the tree ready to catch the next plum when it fell. Wanderer though he was by nature, the same as myself, he always stayed in one place long enough to gather the fruit of his labors, while my impatience for greener pastures kept me always and forever on the beat.

Thus after James Blaine Jeffries had plucked the ripe fruit from government jobs in Panama—where he remained for five years—he left for San Francisco, where he held a position for a time with a transportation company. But that did not look good to him, and another trait of this man is to leave a thing quickly when it does not show prospects. So “J. B. J.” was off again for the green fields of Haiti in 1910. I was then at Santos, Brazil, holding down a consular job with one hand and fighting mosquitoes and malaria with the other. Jeffries accompanied an

engineering party, which, I believe had a concession which entitled them to rule the sister republic for a period of ninety-nine years—with “J. B. J.” as the dictator *de facto*—But, hearing of this coming party and its concession, the natives of Haiti organized a revolution which put a crimp in the proposed venture of the company. They were in Miami when they heard of the uprising—about sixteen years ago—where the party broke up, and the subject of this sketch, without a dollar to his name, could move no farther. And he has been there ever since.

I feel that the reader will soon become impatient. I have said enough about myself—too much—and those boyhood recollections which have been stirred up anew by this coincidental meeting in Miami. But as we grow older, memories play so much more of a part in our lives—especially those sweet memories of adolescence, when boys just begin to feel that they are men, with all their mortal affairs, their hopes and aspirations. I hope that it will therefore be overlooked if I become reflective for a paragraph or two.

Since “J. B. J.” and I have grown to man’s estate much water has passed over the dam. It is a quarter of a century since we were boys together in the West. We were both about the same size then—five feet-six—and all these years have not added one bit to our stature. But there is about as much difference in our avoirdupois as there is in the size of our bank-rolls today. Like a hound always on the chase for something, I have remained lean, while Jeffries tips the scales at exactly one hundred and ninety-nine pounds. There are a few hairs missing on his head, too, but his boyish, hopeful smile still remains. He is the same kindly fellow, also, with the simplicity of his youth. Success—a success which has come from hard work—in a community where money has been made easily out of speculative real estate enterprises—has not turned his head. “J. B. J.’s” head has grown harder, cashing in on the experiences of youth, but his heart is still the same big open one of the west I knew as a boy.

Indeed, we got so reminiscent that this interview almost fell flat. I sat directly across from him at a long table. We talked for two hours, first about Nebraska and then about Florida, and then about Panama and then about Florida, and then about those two sweethearts in that Nebraska town, whom we did not marry after all. The real purpose of the interview—about Florida muck farming—became a secondary matter. We were just human together—rehashing the memories we had in common—and the thing which we thought least of and said nothing about was the millions which we did not have in common.

And that is what I like most about James Blaine Jeffries. When he was one of the best stenographers along the Missouri River, it did not puff him up at all. When he had packed his



JAMES BLAINE JEFFRIES, President of the Florida Muck Farms, Inc., Secretary and Treasurer of Miami Shores. An Iowa boy who has made his fortune out of Florida dirt

hamper with plums until he got one of the finest positions to be had on the Civil Service list he could always wear the same sized hat. Now, again, as we sat across the table from each other—with all those millions between us—they seemed to count for the least.

As Post would say of Postum, there is a reason, why men succeed. It is my business as a writer to "size men up." In a talk of an hour or two, the way men talk and the way they do not talk, the movements of their bodies, the character lines in their faces, generally give me the facts on which to base my opinion. Frequently I get my impressions at a glance. "J. B. J." makes friends with everybody. His success is due to his interest in others—his sympathies lie with the under dog. He would go to almost any trouble to help out those who work with him.

That characteristic stood him in hand when he was a boy, it helped him get the plums from government trees, it has made him successful as a real estate magnate of Miami. As the secretary and treasurer of the Miami Shores Development—one of the outstanding suburban properties of the Magic City, which he was instrumental in organizing with three or four other associates—he radiates good humor and optimism, and makes every employee of the enterprise feel that "J. B. J." is his or her best friend, a feeling which is genuine. As the sales-manager for this gigantic concern, he invites all his sales-men or sales-ladies to come straight to him with their problems. The door to his office is always open—and his good-will goes out through it to the entire personnel.

I would like to reflect more on the change in the material circumstances of James Blaine Jeffries since we were boys together out west, while he himself has changed so little. But business is business even with writers. Rehashing what took place in our little world some twenty-five years ago was pleasant for us two. But there were two others present in the room, not interested in our boyhood sweethearts, *et al.* They were chafing at the bit to have us get down a story of the mortal present—about Florida Muck and about "J. B. J." as an actor in the real estate drama of the Peninsular State.

I therefore asked my boyhood friend to take the witness stand, raise his hand and swear that he would "tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth" about the climate and soil of that state, and how he had profited from that combination of natural advantages, plus his own industry and skill, and how others could go and do likewise.

Jeffries started his real estate career in Miami in debt about fifteen years ago. He is more of a plugger than a plunger. In fact he very much deplors the spectacular and speculative angles of Florida development. He is more of the builder type of man—the sort that makes property valuable first from an income point of view. Outside of the large Miami Shores Development, he has done nothing in suburban tracts. All of his time—for fifteen years—he has operated in the Everglades, experimenting with the rich muck soil of the state, with a view to getting Florida's great agricultural background built up to where it will support her urban population. "J. B. J." has studied every angle of muck farming, drainage, irrigation, and so on.

Thus as president of the Florida Muck Farms, Inc., as vice president of the Lake Shores Farms Company, as well as of the South Okeechobee Farms Company, controlling thousands and thousands of acres of Everglade lands, he is an authority on the subject of muck farming. The

fact that he is also the Chairman of the Palm Beach Drainage and Highway District, which keeps him in touch with official activities in the Everglades, adds weight to what he says. And, as I said before, I put him under oath.

"Real development is only beginning in Florida," Mr. Jeffries said. "Up to now the bulk of the advertising done by Florida cities and transportation companies has directed public attention chiefly to the climate for health and recreation. Little attention has been given to the economic possibilities of the state, growing out of a rare combination of soil and climate and the opportunity of marketing Florida crops at winter prices which are so much more profitable than the northern farmer can realize."

Mr. Jeffries grew up on a farm in Iowa. He is not only a practical farmer but also a close observer of farm conditions in the country as a whole, speaking with convincing earnestness on the subject. The advantages accruing to the Florida farmer are many, he pointed out, not only in the quantity produced but in the number of crops per annum, while no fertilizers or fuel is needed in the South Okeechobee region. Instead of truck farming, which is harped on so much in connection with Florida agriculture, he believes that this area will have its most substantial development in the culture of staple crops. He gave his reasons as follows:

"We might say with entire truth that a farmer can go on the land which we are developing and make the price of the farm from his first crop. But we prefer to be conservative, and would rather promise too little than too much. If someone failed to make good, basing his hopes on our representations, we would feel responsible to a certain extent. We, therefore, refrain from saying all that might be said regarding the productive possibilities of our land. When one considers that this soil grows an infinite variety of crops, that it is easily cultivated and requires no fertilizing, and that it will produce from three

to five crops per year, it is hard to be conservative, for the salesman is more likely to exaggerate than to understate.

"We are aware that everyone may not be able to do the things that some have done. We consequently strike an average by saying that anyone who farms this region intensively and has good luck may reasonably expect a net return of \$500 per acre yearly. This is on the side of conservatism, because many instances might be cited of much greater profits, while there are only a few instances of losses to bear in mind—most of them due to premature operations. A great deal of experimental work was necessary to learn how to get the best results from this sort of farming—the same as other areas in the United States have required years in which to test them out—but we are working this out now through perfected drainage and irrigation systems. However, such things must be borne in mind, and we shall never forget them, though the conditions which caused these early failures are being overcome. I believe that the time is near when there will be no such thing as a total or absolute crop failure in this district.

"The conditions which caused failures in the past were floods and frosts," continued Mr. Jeffries, and when asked to specify what measures are being taken to overcome these handicaps to the farmer's success, he explained further:

"The drainage operations in the Everglades, which have been in progress for nearly twenty years, have been based on the gravity idea, and while they have been partially successful, though not yet fully completed, and the state authorities should receive great credit for the faith and energy embodied in these works, I believe it is generally agreed now among practical men who are acquainted with conditions that the Everglades can never be completely drained by gravity. We have, therefore, taken steps to complete the works by installing pumps, cutting cross-section canals, opening lateral ditches and building dikes and levees to keep our land from being flooded from adjacent lands which are not protected in the same manner."

This is somewhat after the fashion of Holland's drainage system, where thousands of acres of land are below sea-level, kept dry by canals, windmills pumping the water continually, and a system of great ring-dikes, to which the water is perpetually lifted and passed out to the sea again. These extensive and costly secondary works are being installed in the Palm Beach Drainage and Highway District, of which Mr. Jeffries is the chairman, as said before. This district was established by a special act of the legislature in 1919, and Mr. Jeffries has been the head of it from the beginning.

This drainage district embraces most of the land in which Mr. Jeffries is personally interested, but it includes much more also—a total area of something like 310,000 acres, a vast agricultural paradise which comprises a wonderful hinterland for West Palm Beach—a city of growing importance as a shipping and supply center. The completion of the first contract for the installation of eleven powerful pumps will be completed within ninety days and so far all the work has been paid for by direct taxation. It will be necessary to sell bonds to complete the work, he told me, but the district has not as yet authorized its authority to issue these bonds and the assessments for improvements to date have not been excessive.

Concluding the interview about Everglade farming, Mr. Jeffries assured me that "The greatest development of these lands will be for



MR. AND MRS. JEFFRIES coddling the family pets. Mrs. Jeffries was Miss Lillian Scullen of Omaha. She is an accomplished vocalist and an admired and popular figure in Miami society

staple crops, because only a fractional part of these immense acres can produce all the vegetables needed in the United States, with some to spare. But we are importing millions of tons of sugar that can be grown more cheaply in the Everglades; we are importing millions of dollars' worth of beef, pork, dairy and poultry products, that can be produced cheaper and better here. This is naturally a grass country, an unfailing indication that it is adapted to cattle and stock raising.

"Such staples are not as profitable as beans, peppers, or tomatoes, but they are surer and the farmer who depends on them will find it safer than if he pins his faith entirely on truck crops. The better policy is to diversify between truck and staple crops, falling back on the staples for the bread and butter end of the venture and playing with the truck products for the big profits."

At a time when public attention is being attracted to the agricultural and industrial development of Florida—to catch up with its seven million lots which have been sold in different parts of the state—it is interesting to note that

this son of the western soil—where our great farms have supplied the larders of the nations for the past fifty years—has made his fortune out of that great hinterland of the Sunshine State—the Everglades. For fifteen years he has been a dirt farmer in Florida or an operator in the sale of such farms. Starting out at the age of sixteen, with only five dollars in his jeans, he left the Iowa homestead for Omaha, where he attended the Commercial College. Up to the time he came to Miami he had done the same as I—gathered experience as a farm boy, as a stenographer, as a government official, and as a handy man to others higher up.

But in the Magic City he decided to cash in. Rolling up his sleeves, he went to work, farming and developing farm land and selling it. It was slow progress for a while, but "J. B. J." merely clamped down that protruding jaw of his a little harder and smiled all the more when things went wrong. In the interval of the years he prospered a little more and took to himself a wife—not the sweetheart he knew when we were together in the western town. I did not marry the one I called on, either. And before the in-

terview with Jeffries was over—human-like we both wondered (something again we had in common) where those two ladies of our boyhood days were today. Will they ever read this story—and what will our wives say when this secret is out? Being a diplomat by profession, as well as a writer of smooth and oily phrases, I can probably handle mine. But poor "J. B. J."—I would rather not have his millions than be in his boots when he has to explain this to his.

Jeffries belongs to many clubs in Florida, but he does not play much. He works eighteen hours a day, his friends say. As one of the "Big Four" who have put Miami Shores over, he has many responsibilities. As the president of Florida Muck Farms, Inc., a mammoth development, and as the vice president of other similar projects, he is a busy man. The clubs to which he belongs are the Elks, Miami City Club, Miami Beach Club, Miami Athletic Club, the Old Colony Club, and many others. He is one of those men whom Emerson must have had in mind when he said something about a man "planting himself somewhere and sticking to the spot, while the huge world came round to him."



THIS historic photograph has never been published before. It shows the late Napoleon B. Broward, Florida's Governor, who inaugurated the drainage of the Everglades, taking the oath of office on the east portico of the Capitol at Tallahassee in January, 1905. The oath was administered by James B. Whitfield, then chief justice and still a member of the Florida Supreme Court. Seated on the right, against the column, was the late William S. Jennings, who was Broward's immediate predecessor, who paved the way for Broward's work by smoothing out the legal tangles which had hindered the beginning of drainage operations. To the right of the retiring Governor Jennings was Montcalm Broward, the Governor's brother and political counsellor. Broward was the pioneer of his time in getting the drainage system started—an enterprise which has added an empire of unequalled fertility to Florida's domain. As Broward was the pioneer of his day, so J. B. Jeffries was a pathfinder in starting the movement to consummate the work by organizing the Palm Beach Drainage and Highway District, in which extensive controlling works are being installed at great expense. He has been chairman of this district since it was established seven years ago

A Man Who "Talks of Shoes and Ships and Sealing Wax"

George Babcock, business man, author, poet, painter, historian, scientist and student of psychical research, is an interesting character

SHOES and ships and sealing wax, and cabbages and kings," do not begin to cover the variety of subjects which came under the powerful searchlight of George Babcock's amazingly versatile mind in one brief interview, and set my brain awirl. For he is at once a successful business man, poet, painter, author, historian, scientist, and student of psychical research.

Born in Newport, Rhode Island, of good old New England stock, George Babcock grew up in the fine cultural tradition that has made his older brother, Samuel, a bishop in the Episcopal church of Massachusetts. He is one of the fortunate who treasure recollections of a boyhood in the country with its quiet evenings spent in reading aloud mind stirring books about the family hearth.

The youngest of a large family, he refused the college education that would tax his elderly father, and started to work in a clothing store at Westerly, Rhode Island.

At the end of a year, with endless ambition and five hundred and fifty dollars in cash, George Babcock decided to go in business for himself. Fortunately the New England wholesale houses of those days depended upon character rather than bank balance as their credit basis, so that young Babcock was enabled to open his clothing store with a satisfactory array of merchandise. His business grew steadily from the very beginning, bearing out his belief that success is the result of honest, intelligent direction, whether it be of your own or others' efforts.

For twenty-two years Mr. Babcock continued to increase his business. He also established a store in Bridgeport which proved very successful. But it is of interest to note that his city store, with its great volume of business, yielded no more profit than the less pretentious Westerly store with its small overhead expenses.

Mr. Babcock finally sold out his clothing business and moved to New York City, where by accident he became interested in real estate, and made a success of that business also.

He first sold property on the outskirts of the city. Real estate men had long favored this method of development: that is to say, of following the line of least resistance by selling property which the city's growth would gradually take in and cause to enhance in value.

But George Babcock has ever been in the van of progress. His mind, always on the alert to observe and analyze every situation, grasped the fact that a better class of people are to be found beyond the rim of the metropolitan area. With this idea he began to look about for property farther away, oblivious to the ridicule of the general herd of realtors.

In 1905 Mr. Babcock found the ideal location for his development—a lovely fresh water lake on Long Island. Cupped in by beautiful pine wooded hills, Lake Ronkonkoma, the only large fresh water lake on the island, comes within five or six miles of the ocean on one side and of the

By VIRGINIA W. UPDEGRAFF

bay on the other. Gently graduated beaches of firm white sand form its shores. This unusual creation of nature is fifty-six feet above the level of the nearby waters, and has a rise and fall every seven years. It has no visible inlet or outlet and is believed to be bottomless at the center, drawing its clear limpid water from underground sources in Vermont, where springs of a similar chemical analysis are found.

Since Mr. Babcock initiated his activities there, this beautiful resort section forty-eight miles from New York City has prospered enormously, with fabulous increases in property value. Needless to say, Mr. Babcock has seen many of the realtors, who first laughed in derision, follow his lead developing property at a distance great enough to promise an atmosphere of refreshing change from the hubbub of the great metropolis.

His friend, Edward Everett Hale, once differentiated between "labor" and "work," saying that a man labors with his body, and works with his head. According to this definition, Mr. Bab-

cock is an active worker, preferring to eliminate waste of time and energy by transacting all his affairs at his own desk, following a well considered plan in all his undertakings, and keeping his interests entirely under his own control. At the present time Mr. Babcock is the head of five subsidiary organizations.

Such a tale of activity, bringing an unusually generous measure of material gain, would complete the life story of most successful business men. But it is only half the achievement in the life of George Babcock. His restless mind and boundless imagination, at the end of a busy commercial day, quickly turn to the realms of history, literature, and astronomy. As he expressed it, in referring to his library of over five thousand volumes, he likes to sit with his friends.

George Babcock's first book was a poem, written in the same meter as "Hiawatha," and based on the Indian legend concerning Lake Ronkonkoma. It is the story of Tuskawanta, an Indian maid, whose warrior lover is induced to go fishing in the forbidden waters of this sacred lake. The canoe upsets and his body disappears in the bottomless depths.

To this day old inhabitants say that she still comes every seventh year, and may be seen in the uncertain half light paddling around over the beautiful sheen of water looking for her lost lover.

George Babcock's most important work is a highly imaginative novel which Professor Todd has commended highly for its enlightening and accurate exposition of astronomy written with such a popular appeal. "Yezad," a word taken from Persian mythology, is the name of this romance of the unknown which deals with everlasting life and reincarnation.

Arthur Brisbane in the *Washington Post*, commented on the wealth of ideas in "Yezad," stating that it showed greater imagination than the works of Jules Verne.

The story is centered around New England characters and their setting with which Mr. Babcock has an intimate acquaintance.

A group of villagers make a secret pact to prove the theory of reincarnation. They agree that whoever goes first shall fix his mind at the time of his death upon the word "Yezad," with the intention of repeating this word in his next incarnation so as to make his presence known.

An aeroplane accident brings about the death of John Bacon, who watches the grief over his body. His dual nature then divides into two spirits—Bonality, his better nature, and Malality, his evil nature. Malality is earthbound, but Bonality roams through space until he reaches the path of the star, Vega.

Here he learns from other spirits about the growth of the world, and strikes up an acquaintance with Marconet, a man from Mars. Marconet describes the Martian civilization and tells the thrilling story of the expedition of emigrants from there who colonized the moon thousands of



GEORGE BABCOCK

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"Thy light shall break as the morning, and thy health shall spring forth speedily"

A Singer Turns Scientist

Curing herself of the disease of overweight after years of struggle, Delle Ross devotes her life to curing others

By UNA L. CREER

MORE and more the attention of the world is being drawn to matters of health and diet. The suspicion seems to be dawning in many minds that something is terribly wrong with our habits of eating. Lady Fisher of London has rebelled against long coursedinners; Lady Londonderry, another prominent hostess of that city, served lemonade and sandwiches at a reception and achieved journalistic prominence; the Prince of Wales is leading a movement for greater simplicity in eating and drinking, and has reduced his own daily diet to the least possible compatible with fitness.

We in America are bluntly told by scientists who have spent years studying the subject that we are overfed but undernourished; that our ignorance in dietetic matters is costing us millions a year in preventable diseases. A study of malnutrition among New York's school children has disclosed the fact that more than eight thousand were suffering from under-nourishment; a remarkable editorial in a late issue of *The Saturday Evening Post* contains the significant statement that "millions upon millions of us, for lack of expert advice, continue habitual diet which is little better than slow poison. Indigestion, for the most part avoidable, has become our national disease." In 1923, Mr. Courtenay de Kalb, in the *Manufacturers' Record*, stated in emphatic terms that the narcotic habit is caused by hunger; that under-nourishment—lack of adequate food supplies in proper variety—leads to overwrought nerves, and the victim seeks in drugs a palliative that should have been found in plenty of proteins and carbohydrates.

The latter part of February, a number of prominent doctors of the country met in solemn assemblage in New York to discuss the subject of obesity—overweight—too much fat on the human body. The calling of this convention was their prompt and gallant response to the cry of the editor of a woman's magazine, who said she had been appealed to by twenty thousand woman subscribers for a definite formula for the cure of obesity. For two days the learned doctors bent corrugated eyebrows over the baffling problem, but after much puzzled head-scratching they ended the conclave by admitting their complete ignorance in the matter, promising, however, to proceed at once to gather statistics with a view to some definite action.

Meanwhile, a quiet, modest woman in Bloomington, Illinois, has anticipated this question and arrived at the answer. Less easily discouraged than the doctors, she spent considerably more than two days seeking a cure for obesity, but she had a greater incentive—she herself had become afflicted with the disease of overweight, almost losing her life in a long-drawn-out struggle with the many ailments following in its wake. She cured herself, and now she is curing others.

Not many years ago Delle Ross was a professional singer and vocal teacher in a Bloomington

School of Music. As a child she had shown remarkable musical talent; she had gone through the usual study and sacrifice, and arrived at the point where operatic triumphs seemed to await only the finishing touches of travel and study abroad, when she relinquished all to enter upon the duties of vocal teacher and public singer in Bloomington in order to care for her parents, her father being for years an invalid. Eventually she married Oliver Ross Skinner, director of the School of Music, and a skilled musician educated in both America and Europe. Memories of her years of poverty and struggles faded into the past, and she was looking forward to a life of useful service in the work she loved. With the coming of her baby daughter she felt that life could add nothing more to her happiness.

Then came the shadows.

A petite blonde, carrying with graceful ease little more than a hundred pounds, she had in an incredibly short time become extremely corpulent. The discovery shocked her to the depths of her esthetic soul; it was horrible—unbelievable! To present a well-groomed and well-proportioned figure to the public she considered the duty of every professional singer; it was one of the elements entering into her success. Now, when she read the tale told by the mirror, an acute distress whose roots reached into the very depths of her beauty-loving nature, stirred the spirit of resentment and revolt—she could not and would not submit tamely to such a fate as this!

The desire to rid herself of her unwelcome excess weight grew to be an obsession. Practically devoid of all knowledge of health and diet, the curative methods adopted were faltering, uncertain, and predestined to failure. She "tried everything," floundering around in a sea of constantly increasing difficulties, only to arrive at the conviction that the so-called "cures" for obesity were worthless. Only those who have suffered from the effects of this malady can appreciate the bitterness with which she contemplated resuming her professional duties. She didn't know how to dress; styles usually becoming could no longer be worn. Her sensitive soul was constantly being wounded by thoughtless comments upon her altered appearance. Gradually she changed

from a happy, healthy, sunshiny creature into a morbid, irritable woman, seething inwardly with rebellion, declaring unending warfare against this evil thing that had become part of her. She fairly—yes, she "hated herself."

And her body retaliated. Her color began to fade, her flesh grew flabby; she would faint away without apparent cause; organic trouble appeared and often she was incapacitated for duty. There were weeks of bedfast illness—yet she was always gaining, no matter how ill she might be—always gaining, gaining, gaining. And hungry—she was always hungry. Exercise, one of the popular "cures" for obesity, merely whetted her already over-sharp appetite.

The years dragged on, each leaving its increment of weight and taking its toll of her strength, her powers of resistance. She fought doggedly on, continuing her duties, with apparently no impairment of the beauty of her voice, but she was breaking—she was playing a losing game. Sciatic rheumatism, lumbago, horrible attacks of indigestion, so impaired her physical powers that often she was obliged to teach while seated, unable to move hand or foot. Disease conquered in the end, and for almost a year she was



Delle Ross, at a time when practically her sole thought was to rid herself, in part at least, of this "too, too solid flesh"

confined to her home, much of the time bedfast. For the first time she resorted to medicines. Terrified by the thought of becoming a paralytic like her father, she forced herself to move about, if only on hands and knees. More than one pious friend hinted that her condition might be a "judgment sent upon her as a punishment for her stubborn pride." Nor was her affliction confined to herself. Solicitous of her family always, she was grieved beyond measure to see various members of her household failing in health, they, no doubt, affected by her mental state.

Apparently recovered from the threatened paralysis, she strove to cultivate a spirit of resignation, and for a time enjoyed comparative calm; then back came the lumbago, indigestion, rheumatism; there were nights of walking the floor or writhing in pain; she was terror-stricken at the thought of cancer—the suggestion that she might have to submit to an operation. In desperation she applied to a local chiropractor, who prescribed a strict diet. After following it almost a year, losing thirty pounds, she was so aged and changed in appearance that her alarmed family begged her to desist. And, in much shorter time than required to remove the thirty pounds, they returned.

She now turned to books, devouring everything that remotely concerned the subject. They were few enough—and as many theories were put forward as there were authors. No formula could be found that would bring desired results.

A. Maude Royden, England's great woman preacher, in her book, "Beauty in Religion," says: "Plato used to teach that there was of each one of us a pattern laid up in heaven; a pattern of the perfect, glorious being that our heavenly Father meant us to be. He says that all our struggles are struggles to get back to that heavenly pattern, because somewhere in the bottom of our hearts we know that we were meant to be radiant and perfect." Emerson has written: "He who knows that power is in the soul, that he is weak only because he has looked for good out of him and elsewhere and, so perceiving, throws himself unhesitatingly on his thoughts, instantly rights himself, stands erect, commands limbs, works miracles." In these words of two great philosophers one may read the explanation of what has gone before, and what is yet to come.

Up to this point Mrs. Ross had been trying to shape her course blindly, by the rule of some one else, instead of living by the law of her own being. Baffled in every attempt to find relief, there was nothing left but to apply to her own inherent wisdom. Discarding drugs, doctors, theories, calorie systems, starvation diets, health foods, rubber garments, special baths, music records, exercise, soaps, pills, tablets, et cetera, she began to follow out her individual ideas, carefully experimenting with foods in various quantities and combinations, some designed to reduce weight, others to increase it. The instant she laid hold of the deeper part of herself results began to be apparent—slowly, it is true, but it was a beginning. Nature, that benign mother, who all these long weary years had been trying to get a message to this woman with the unconquerable will, smiled in appreciation of this new spirit, and, by degrees, yielded her secrets. After some months of careful experiment, the body whose ungainly contour had been so hateful, began to take on firm, graceful lines; rheumatism, indigestion, organic troubles, all grudgingly vacated the premises they had so long occupied; cheeks once so pale and flabby assumed the contour and the glow of health. She demonstrated repeatedly that she could manipulate her weight

in either direction or hold it stationary, like Alice in Wonderland. She had proved beyond a doubt that weight, and consequent health, could be controlled by *eating all foods and never becoming hungry*.

The change she had wrought in herself was regarded by friends and pupils as a miracle, and Mrs. Ross was besieged with requests to help



Delle Ross, exponent of a unique system of health. For years she waged a bitter struggle against the insidious disease of Overweight and its train of bodily and mental ills. Curing herself, she gave up a successful career as a singer to devote her life to curing others. Here is the story of a modern miracle

others, the importunities increasing to such an extent, after a few demonstrations of her skill, that regular duties were interfered with. This demand, it was pointed out to her, could have but one meaning: that she had something the world needed, and it was her duty to satisfy that need. To do so meant giving up her music, which at first she could not even consider. For a time she worked in both fields, the health service being operated under the name "Delle Ross," a combination of her own and her husband's middle names, to keep it separate from her music work. The demands multiplied as her reputation grew, and it became so difficult to function in two fields that she and her husband reached the conclusion that their greatest service to the world could be given by means of teaching the laws of health through diet. In a short time the School of Music was closed, and, assisted by her husband and Mrs. Ada Roe Arnbruster, who has from the beginning been a tremendous

factor in the success of the new system, Mrs. Ross began, in 1923, in one small room, with the services of a stenographer an hour or two daily, the work which has grown so rapidly that before the end of two years it was necessary to enlarge quarters five times, the business now occupying nine rooms in a modern office building.

And does Mrs. Ross begin to cure you by taking away everything you like and make you eat all the things you don't like? She does not! She is a psychologist as well as a dietitian. She takes the food you like best and builds upon it by selecting others having for it a natural affinity. And, because no two persons are exactly alike and therefore do not require the same kind of food, all instruction is individual, and all is given by mail. And for this same reason—because no two individuals are exactly alike—there can never be any *standardized formula* for the cure of overweight.

One has but to glance over Mrs. Ross' files and read the hundreds of letters and inspect the photographs of students in all parts of the world to be assured that in changing her vocation from that of musician to that of scientist she made no mistake. All professions and ages are represented—lawyers, farmers, preachers, railway conductors, merchants, housewives, dentists, nurses—yes, and youths, boys and girls not yet twenty, some starting with an original weight of more than three hundred pounds. There are others, more pathetic still, paralytics who have been so benefitted they now are able to walk; many crippled with rheumatism for years joyously tell of discarding their hateful crutches; physicians have used the system and recommend it to their patients.

"Ridiculous!" says some scoffer. "It is silly to think that such miracles can be wrought merely by eating certain foods." But is it? If you have a machine designed to supply motor power through the burning of gasoline in its tank, you would not be able to get the highest efficiency if you substituted, say, a mixture of turpentine and molasses, would you? The human body is a complex machine, depending for its life-building and life-sustaining powers, science tells us, upon fourteen elements, found in foods free from the "improvements" of man. If you feed the body fifteen elements, or thirteen, it will not work at its highest efficiency. Brain, muscles, bone and nerves depend upon the blood to furnish them material; the blood, in turn, is dependent upon the food put into the stomach. To have a perfect body we need only give it perfect food, judiciously combined. Disease germs do not thrive in a pure blood stream.

The great wisdom, of course, lies in knowing *what* foods and what combinations of foods to eat. The average human is utterly ignorant on this point—most of our eating is by guess. But eating is a science, and science is only the systematic and orderly arrangement of knowledge. Mrs. Ross *educates*, those who come to her for aid are called students, not patients. Those who finish the course need never again fear the nemesis of overweight. And, as all real and lasting reform must begin in the mind, the mental laws are not neglected in this unique system. Out of her own experience has grown a sort of sixth sense which enables her to grasp the thought that is never put into words, but which lies deep in the souls of the afflicted. "The overweight are only poor sick people," she says, "deserving of our greatest love and sympathy. If more persons understood this, they would not laugh at them any more than they would laugh at the victims of cancer or tuberculosis."

The Story of John Eberson and His Work

An architect who gives much attention to detail and whose genius is blossoming in the Sunshine State where he has just completed the Olympia Theater with its outdoor effects

By FRANCES MATHER

JOHN EBERSON, architect, is a man of great conceptions carried out to the tiniest practical detail. He is more than an architect, however, for, in executing his revolutionary innovations in theater building, he follows in the footsteps of the great Michelangelo, employing many arts. Mr. Eberson is at once architect, engineer, interior decorator, and mural painter, using artificial lighting as well as brushes to gain his color effects, and he applies all this knowledge in creating his contribution to the modern theater—the outdoor illusion.

I first met Mr. Eberson on the day before the opening of his most recent triumph, the Olympia, a magnificent million-and-a-half-dollar office building and moving picture theater erected in Miami, Florida, by the Paramount Enterprises under the local management of Harry Leach.

This auditorium of twenty-five hundred seats is built to represent a picturesque Spanish courtyard under Andalusian skies. But the sky is all paid for, as one of the management remarked, since it is a literal dome of heaven that Mr. Eberson has evolved. Here shine the stars of the actual southern constellation of February, accurate in arrangement and coloring, commemorating the opening month of the theater. The realism is made even more perfect by moving clouds which are projected on the sky.

The first considerations in building a theater, Mr. Eberson explained as we walked about the building, are the comfort and convenience of the patrons, the fire and health ordinances, and the requirements of the stage and projecting room. After that the architect may allow his imagination full sway except, he smiled ruefully, as to cost and amount of space.

Many of the finest modern playhouses are copied after great palaces. This cold grandeur may inspire awe in the average theatergoer, but it does not put him at his ease, Mr. Eberson believes. In an out-of-doors atmosphere, on the other hand, in addition to the warm foreign picturesqueness of Mr. Eberson's conceptions, the spectator enjoys the natural beauty of skies and flowers he has been brought up to love, and does not feel himself in entirely strange surroundings.

The Olympia Theater admirably suits its Florida setting. A truly tropic atmosphere pervades this mellow-toned courtyard of old Spain; over its walls, pierced with niches of lovely statues, sway the drooping fronds of graceful palms; orange trees are glimpsed under cloistered arcades leading to exits to the outside world; a bower of lovely foliage attracts several white doves to the balustrade of the roof garden surmounting the boxes; flowering vines spread everywhere. High over the balcony arches a vined trellis, gay with colored lanterns. Parrots, pheasants, and cockatoos add brilliant notes of color and realism to the scene.

Everything in this theater is consistently

Spanish in treatment: the entrance and mezzanine foyer, then the auditorium representing the walls of a Spanish courtyard melting on one side into the facade of an old mission with bell towers concealing the organ, and on the other side into the archways of a patio, surmounted by the balcony boxes and roof garden. The proscenium arch is consistent also with its sheltering tile roof, and the stage setting continues the Spanish court idea with its doorways and balcony windows. The polychromatic treatment of the rough plaster walls, the colored antique lamps, sconces, and wrought iron work are all typical of Spain.

"Turn that dove around! Spot that parrot! I want an indirect flood behind this statue!" Mr. Eberson would suddenly interrupt our conversation to shout at bustling workmen. Thus this man whose very presence radiates potential force, would break into lightning action, correcting the least mistake.

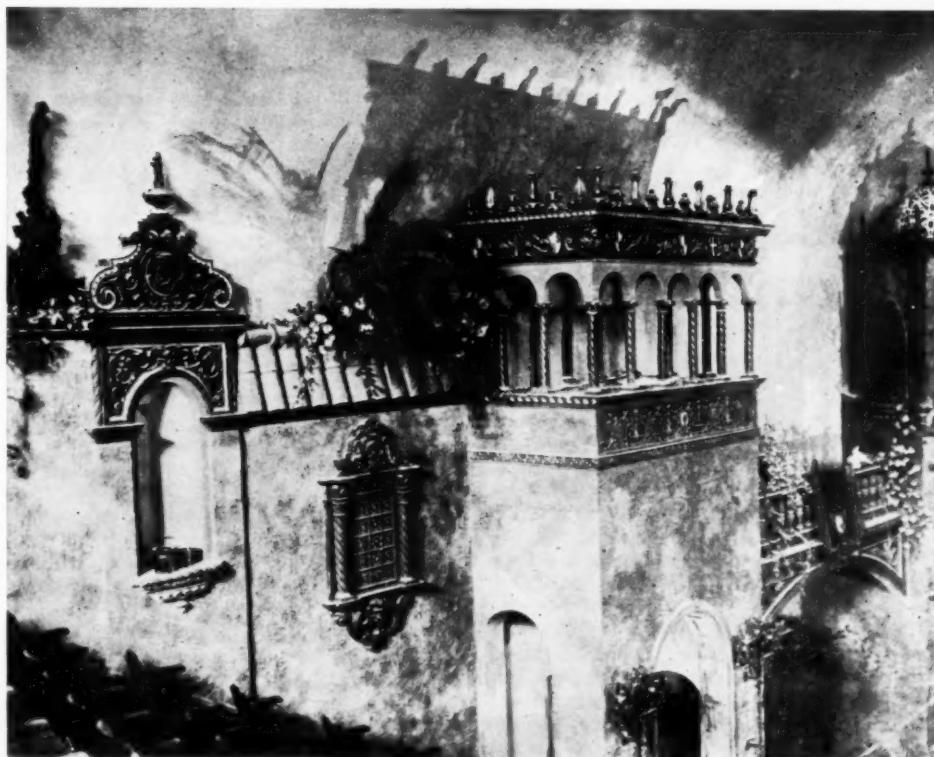
This careful attention to detail explains the perfect illusion Mr. Eberson creates. What a difference it made when that ivory-toned statue was brought out by a blue Della Robbia background!

John Eberson builds and decorates to please the general public, but his work has also been acclaimed by fellow architects and artists.

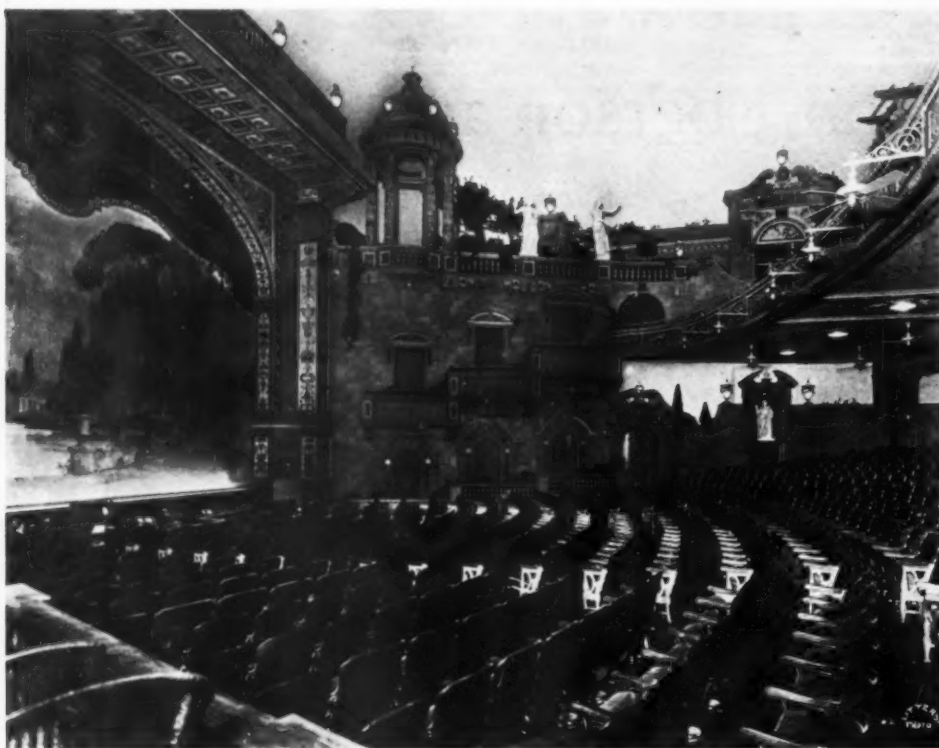
In his treatment of this building he has applied each influence in Spanish architecture with that care in which David Belasco delights. Characteristic Spanish crudity appears in the bold entrance tiling and great jars placed here and there; the Mohammedan influence brought to Spain by the Moors manifests itself in the window gratings, pointed domes, and the studied lack of symmetry and perfection; even the ecclesiastic note is sounded in certain wooden images; an occasional touch of regal splendor is caught in the heraldic designs above an arch, in the pattern woven in the gorgeous stage curtains, in an old chest, or in the velvet banner hanging from a box; statues, balustrades, and urns bespeak the classic renaissance.

Elaborate mechanical machinery provides an amazing gradation of lighting in this theater, and the ventilating system can wash, sterilize, and temper two hundred cubic feet of air per minute for every patron.

Entirely independent of the outside world, the rich blue of evening deepens into the midnight blue of a velvety, starlit, tropic night, and a gentle breeze stirs in the Spanish courtyard, while overhead soft clouds drift across the sky.



Photograph of architectural detail in new Olympia Theater, Miami



Theater at Houston, Texas—the first theater with outdoor effect built by John Eberson

Mr. Eberson's breadth of scope is due to his early training in the schools of Vienna and in art school at Dresden, where students take chemistry, and electrical and mechanical engineering, in addition to the studies required of American architects.

Thirty years ago John Eberson came to this country, beginning as an electrical engineer in a power plant in St. Louis. There he met a theater builder and scenic artist with whom he became connected as a scenic painter.

From this start Mr. Eberson gradually became interested in designing theater buildings, with the result that he now has over one hundred and fifty theaters to his credit.

John Eberson's thorough training has stood him in good stead, but he soon realized that in designing for the public he would do better to copy the wealth of color and detail to be found in nature, forgetting the old theories of artistic restraint.

Four years ago he first attempted his outdoor

effect. This required great courage, because there was a question whether the dome ceiling might not ruin the acoustics. Happily to the contrary, it has proved very excellent.

Mr. Eberson's present organization includes seventy-two draughtsmen, and he maintains offices in Chicago, New York, Miami and Houston, Texas. He is at present building in eighteen different cities. Evidently Mr. Eberson is living up to his belief that a man is worth only as much as he can do for others.

His first theater in the outdoor effect was built at Houston, Texas. Other theaters he has built are in Tulsa, Oklahoma; Youngstown and Canton, Ohio; Brooklyn and Buffalo, New York. Notable among his buildings are the Olympia in Miami, a Spanish courtyard; the Capitol in Chicago, and the Grand Riviera in Detroit, both Italian gardens. Mr. Eberson is now planning Le Papillon in Chicago, emphasizing the butterfly motif; the Arragon in Chicago, a Spanish village ballroom for five thousand people; a

modern Egyptian theater, and one a garden in Persia, the land of the sapphire and the rose.

A departure in color treatment of an office building is being created by Mr. Eberson in the thirty-two-story skyscraper at Houston, Texas, which Mrs. Niels Esperson, the great woman capitalist, is building in memory of her husband. This building has a ten-foot granite base, then five stories of Indiana limestone, above which rises the shaft of vitreous pink brick. The tower surmounting the shaft is the feature of the building. It is built of polychrome terra cotta, which, as Mr. Eberson expressed it, starts out modestly in sympathy with the brick, and gradually breaks into brilliancy as it reaches the top. This giant building, bursting into color against the pure Texas sky, will attain an effect hitherto unknown, unless in the biblical temples of old.



JOHN EBERSON, HIMSELF

Major-General Charles P. Summerall *Continued from page 324*

troops fiercely at the objective assigned him, counting not the cost when victory hung in the balance. Yet he cannot speak of his dead, of those who have been crippled for life, mangled by the bloody hands of the war-gods, without emotion. More than once he was criticised for devoting too much time to his men's needs. Often he walked, sometimes alone, through the trenches, cheering the wounded, questioning the downcast, talking with the soldiers about the things nearest their hearts.

He was never so busy, even in the Cantigny or the Argonne engagements, that he could not find the time to answer letters from anxious and sometimes frantic parents inquiring as to the welfare of their sons. Probably he was the only officer of his rank to accept this simple, homely task.

With characteristic disregard of self, in two of the most severe battles in which the "Fighting

First" participated—south of Soissons and in the Argonne—he continuously worried his staff by exposing himself in the front lines. This was one of the traits that made his soldiers, as a high French officer expressed it, "willing to go through hell for him."

Frederick Palmer, the noted war correspondent, said of him: "He is a leader compounded of all kinds of fighting qualities, a crusader, and a calculating tactician, who, some say, can be as gentle as the sweetest natured chaplain, while others say he is nothing but brimstone and ruthless determination."

Quite naturally, the general has been awarded nearly every decoration and military medal the allied countries bestowed upon valiant warriors. This includes our own Distinguished Service Medal and the Distinguished Service Cross. His first citation came twenty-five years ago, when he commanded two of the guns that broke

down gate after gate leading to the Forbidden City in Peking.

After the signing of the Armistice on November 11, 1918, General Summerall represented the United States on the inter-allied mission appointed by the Supreme War Council. There he showed his diplomatic ability by aiding in straightening out the Fiume situation.

Upon his return he commanded the First Division again at Camp Taylor, Kentucky, and at Camp Dix, New Jersey. In 1921 he was assigned to the command of the Hawaiian Department, where he applied in peace the qualities for which he was distinguished in war. In the fall of 1924 he was transferred to the Eighth Corps Area, with headquarters at Fort Sam Houston, San Antonio, Texas, and later to his present post as commanding general of the Second Corps Area, which includes the fortifications guarding the greatest city in the land.

"Wild Geese"

Young Minnesota school teacher writes prize-winning novel

MISS MARTHA OSTENSO, an attractive, twenty-four-year-old school teacher from the Northwest, was awarded the \$13,500 prize for the best first novel submitted during the past year. The contest was organized jointly by Dodd, Mead and Company, *Pictorial Review*, and Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, and was conducted by Curtis Brown, Ltd., literary agents. The story, which is called "Wild Geese," deals with the farmers of the Northwest and portrays the romance of one whose ambition to soar beyond the black loam led to dramatic consequences.

More than fifteen hundred manuscripts were submitted. The judges state that Miss Ostensos was so far superior that no other story seriously rivalled it.

A brief sketch of her life and the circumstances which inspired her novel, as related by Miss Ostensos, follows:

"Where the long arm of the Hardangerfjord penetrates farthest into the rugged mountains of the coast of Norway, the Ostensos family has lived in the township that bears its name since the days of the Vikings. The name means 'Eastern Sea,' and was assumed centuries ago by an adventurous forbear who dreamed of extending his holdings over the mountains and through the lowlands of Sweden eastward to the very shores of the Baltic. Although his dreams never came true, the family name recalls it and the family tradition of land holding has persisted, unbroken; the part of the land that borders the lovely fjord is still in its possession, handed down from eldest son to eldest son.

"My father, a younger son, was free to indulge his roving disposition. A few years after his marriage to my mother he decided to emigrate to America.

"My mother's parents lived high up in the mountains, remote from the softening influence of the coast towns. At their home it was, near the little village of Haukeland, that I was born. This, the first of many small towns in which I have lived, is known to me only through hearsay, for when I was two years old we came to America.

"The story of my childhood is a tale of seven little towns in Minnesota and South Dakota. Towns of the field and prairie all, redolent of the soil from which they had sprung and eloquent of that struggle common to the farmer the world over, a struggle but transferred from the Ostensos and Haukelands of the Old World to the richer loam of the new. They should have a story written about them—those seven mean, yet glorious little towns of my childhood! In one of them, on the dun prairies of South Dakota, I learned to speak English. What a lovely language I found it to be, with words in it like *pail* and *funeral* and *alone*, and ugly words, too, like *laughter* and *cake* and *scratch*! What strange sounds the new words made to me.

"Later, in another of the little towns, I learned that it was fun to make things with words. It

was while living in a little town in Minnesota that I became a regular contributor to the Junior Page of the *Minneapolis Journal*, and was rewarded for my literary trial-balloons at the rate of eighty cents a column. In the public school of that little town there still hangs, perhaps, a large print of a rural scene in a resplendent frame, with a neat name plate at the bottom of it. That also came from the *Journal*, in recognition of an essay which, in my eleven-year-old opinion, placed me abreast of Emerson.



MARTHA OSTENSO
Author of "Wild Geese"

"When I was fifteen years old, I bade goodbye to the Seven Little Towns. My father's restless spirit drove him north to the newer country. The family settled in Manitoba.

"It was during a summer vacation from my university work that I went into the lake district of Manitoba, well towards the frontiers of that northern civilization. The story that I have written lay there, waiting to be put into words. Here was the raw material out of which Little Towns were made. Here was human nature stark, unattired in the conventions of a smoother, softer life. A thousand stories are there, still to be written.

"My novel lay at the back of my mind for several years before I began to write it. In the intervals of those years, spent as a social worker in a great city, I often compared the creaking machinery of skyscraper civilization with the cruder, direct society of the frontier. Slowly, as my work among the needy brought me nearer and nearer to the heart of the city, the border life began to be limned clearly against the murkier background of my work-a-day scene.

"A year ago last summer I returned to Manitoba. The approach to remembered scenes renewed my interest in my story, the characters

stood out clear-cut at last, and I made the first draft of the novel.

"I was not satisfied with the result, and laid the manuscript aside, with no definite purpose regarding it. It was not until spring that I returned to the city and learned of the Curtis Brown contest. It was with diffidence and reluctance that I was persuaded by friends, who thought well of the early draft and its possibilities, to rewrite it in time to submit it for consideration. At best, I felt, if it were as good as my friends said, it might not be wholly ignored.

"I leave it to the scientists and pseudo-scientists who argue interminably about the relative influences on men of heredity and environment to decide the responsibility for whatever merit my story may have. The blood of the Norseman? The Seven Little Towns? Perhaps—I do not know. No—but I have my own very unscientific opinion. It won't bear stating, but this much may be said of it; it has something to do with magic and fairies and all the other impossible, beautiful things that I believe in."

"Wild Geese," since its publication on October 17, 1925, has gone into edition after edition; and the novel, in addition to being a best seller in America, Canada, England and Australia, has appeared in translation in eight foreign countries—Norway, Sweden, Finland, Holland, Denmark, Germany, Austria, and Czecho-Slovakia.

Regarding the scene of the novel—the community of Oeland—Miss Ostensos writes:

"It is a community composed of Icelandic settlers, mainly, with a sprinkling of Hungarians and Ruthenians, near an Indian reservation north of the city of Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada. It is thirty-five miles from the railroad and is probably as close to being a wilderness as any frontier settlement of Canada. I taught school there when I was seventeen years old, after I left high school and before I attended the University of Manitoba. The territory being unorganized, 'permits' were given to students to teach there. It is a very colorful district, indeed, with its influx of nationalities from the Old World—rich in writing material, if that happens to be what one is looking for."

CRITICAL ESTIMATES

"Wild Geese" has passion, sweep, forcefulness, richness of vitality, imagination and strength and a living American theme. It is more than a story—it is the fulfillment of the rich, glorious promise of our native writing.—Harry Hansen in the *Chicago Daily News*.

"Wild Geese" is a good novel, solid and substantial and significant and likely to last for some time after even the best of its contemporaries are forgotten.—*Galveston News*.

Here is a work of great vitality, intensely dramatic—of high clear vitality.—*The Oakland Tribune*.

Continued on page 341

Florida Snapshots

from a Private Collection

Snapped around Punta Gorda, Florida, famed as the home of the silver king tarpon as well as hundreds of other varieties of fish, where wild game abounds and where birds are so plentiful that it makes even a champion setter perspire and pant to work them.



ABOVE—Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Mellon of Conneaut Lake, Pennsylvania, with their two prize setters, Chum Russell and Pal Russell, brothers, pose for the snapshooter in a typical Florida setting a few miles from Punta Gorda, the sportsman's paradise. LEFT—C. M. Budd of Pittsburgh doesn't go far from his favorite winter home, the Charlotte Harbor Hotel at Punta Gorda, to shoot birds, though without Chum and Pal Russell he'd lose many a quail in the palmetto.



RIGHT—Speaking of bird dogs in Florida, here's Chum Russell with his tongue wagging because it's hot, F. H. Mellon with his coat on, and Capt. R. C. Kilpatrick of the air service who uses a 28 gauge gun very effectively on the birds around Punta Gorda.

BELOW—Self cook as well as self serve is the custom for the noon day feed around Punta Gorda, where you hop into your car, drive out a few miles, catch your fish or bring down your birds, and prepare your chef d'oeuvre with a freshly boiled cabbage palm on the side.



Stalking Wild Game In the Trusty Motor Car

All of the scenes reproduced on this page were snapped within only a few miles of Punta Gorda, on the sunny southwest coast of Florida's tropical country, where graded highways guide one to within a few hundred steps of wild game—quail, wild turkey, and the like, and one still may be within sight of one's automobile and yet discover deer tracks, which, followed only a short distance, will lead to the herd hovering under the cypress trees.



(From a recent issue of REXALL AD-VANTAGES which goes to ten thousand
and Rexall Stores in the United States, Great Britain and Canada.)

Puretest: An Aspirin *that* Does Not Depress the Human Heart

*Our claim regarding your controlled product is confirmed by a famous toxicologist during
a chat with Daddy Puretest*



NE of the greatest American toxicologists accepted my invitation to luncheon the other day. For many reasons, it would be unwise to publish the name of the scientist, but I shall be glad to reveal his identity to any Rexallite on request.

The doctor is a man of wonderful personality, a clear thinker, and a brilliant conversationalist, who has received many degrees from the world's leading universities and medical and chemical institutions in recognition of his high scholarship and scientific attainments. He is a recognized authority on the subject of poisons affecting the human body, and his services have been for many years in ever-increasing demand as an expert on the legal aspects of toxicology. His research work with reference to murder cases has made him famous, and his discoveries are recorded in the medical text books of many languages.

I took my guest to the club, and there for two hours enjoyed his delightful companionship. During the luncheon and afterward, seated in easy chairs in the lobby, we discussed various types of poisons. Beginning with the most deadly of all substances, that derived from Aconite, our conversation ranged from the poisons described in the United States Pharmacopoeia and the most recently

By **GEORGE C. FROLICH**

*Manager Medicine Departments
United Drug Company*

published medical works, to the death dealing arrow poison used by the Indians of Brazil and Venezuela. Re-



Government Bacteriologist Detecting Tetanus Bacilli
in Mud Found Beneath Bamboo Growth

ferring to personal experience with mud-poisoned arrows in Columbia and Trinidad, B. W. I., I told the doctor how I discovered the arrow-poison in the mud clinging to the roots of the bamboo after 17 coolies, who had been engaged in cutting down the growth with machetes, had died in the characteristic paroxysms of Tetanus. I reminded him, also, of the fact that in that mud as well as in the poison with which the natives of Columbia tipped their arrows, the bacteriologists of the Colonial Government had identified the Tetanus bacilli.

From these adventures we turned our attention to the subject of gas poisoning and its relation to the occupational diseases and disabilities of modern industry. The doctor gave it as his opinion that many martyrs to progress will yet be sacrificed through the study of unknown and dangerous gases, as a very familiar example of which he cited the deadly monoxide found in the exhaust of automobiles, and which, when present in enclosed spaces such as cars or garages, takes its daily toll of victims throughout the land.

Referring to the propaganda against self-treatment with Aspirin, a propa-

ganda conducted by certain medical men, health faddists and intolerant religious zealots, we agreed that the objection to this popular remedy because of its supposed deleterious effect on the patient's heart, is wholly unjustified. We were charitable enough to admit that the opponents are sincere, and that their misguided activities are the result of mere ignorance. We found ourselves in perfect accord in the belief that Aspirin is a God-given gift to people suffering from pain, and that its popular use should not be restricted.

Finally, I asked the doctor point blank whether or not I was right in my contention that Aspirin, as presented in Puretest Aspirin Tablets, in no way affects the human heart. Without a moment's hesitation, the doctor said:

"You are right, absolutely! I have made a careful study of Aspirin in toxicology for more than a decade. I employ it daily in doses as large as 180 grains, and, frequently, administer from 30 to 50 grains in one dose. My sister, who suffered from Arthritic Deformans, was under my observation daily for thirteen years, during which time I gave her a per diem routine dosage of 90 grains. On days when she suffered unusual pain, I increased the dose to 150 grains. *At no time have I observed the slightest deleterious effect, nor have I been able in my laboratory tests to find any bad effect resulting from the use of Aspirin.*"

Always I have been convinced that the United Drug Company is correct



South American Indian Shooting Arrow Dipped in
Poison Found in Mud Near the
Roots of Bamboo



Native Using Blow Pipe to Project a Dart Smeared
With Curare, a Poison Found in Brazil
and Venezuela

in contending that Aspirin is harmless. And I assure you that if the great organization of which you are a member did not possess positive evidence that this drug is beneficial, Puretest Aspirin Tablets would never be offered to the public.

Today there is a tremendous demand for this product. In view of the fact that our distribution is limited to The Rexall Stores, our sales of Puretest Aspirin Tablets constitute, proportionately, the largest business of its kind in North America. The scientists employed in the Research Laboratory of your Company have devoted much time, money and effort

expert's authoritative statement, our claim regarding the safety factor of Aspirin.

In books on therapeutics published before 1917, the question of the harmlessness of Aspirin was a subject of controversy among medical authorities, some of whom contended that under certain conditions Aspirin would act deleteriously.

One authority, formerly president of the American College of Physicians, past president of the American Therapeutic Society, and a member of the Medical Association of the Greater City of New York, etc., has written a book on *Materia Medica and Thera-*

Stores merely to satisfy the tremendous demand of the laity. We strive constantly to safeguard the public health, working only as skillful pharmacists, and under no conditions do we recommend Aspirin for the treatment of specific ailments. That is the physician's prerogative, and it is the members of the medical profession who, by prescribing and recommending Aspirin, are responsible for its popularity.

Since this article was published in the January issue of *Ad-Vantages*, a tremendous amount of comment has been received, and every bit of it favorable. One doctor assured me that he, under certain conditions, did not hesitate to give 60 grains of Aspirin in one dose to children of from eight to ten years of age. Several doctors assured me that their doses of Aspirin are based upon body weight of the patient. Their formula is as follows: A safe and efficient therapeutic dose of Aspirin during twenty-four hours is one grain per body weight pound of the patient. In other words, if a patient weighs 150 pounds, some doctors consider 150 grains during twenty-four hours to be a safe and efficient therapeutic dose.

Such enormous doses are really a revelation to me, and as far as I am personally concerned, I will not assume the responsibility of recommending Aspirin in these enormous amounts. But these reports have confirmed the investigation which caused me to write the above article.

Without question, Aspirin is the most widely-used drug in America. In our own case, we distributed approximately three hundred million five-grain tablets in 1925, purchased by five million people, which means that each one of these people used on an average of 60 tablets a year—and not a single complaint have we received from this great mass of users, nor do our files record a single complaint during our many years of distribution registered either by doctors or the public—surely a proof of the perfect safety of our product.

The other large manufacturers of Aspirin last fall published over their signature the statement that they distributed seven hundred million Aspirin tablets, which if we average purchases similar to our consumers, means another eleven million people using Aspirin.

No doubt twenty million people in this country take Aspirin at one time or another, and if even a small percentage would have shown any deleterious effect, a tremendous amount of pressure would have been brought to bear on the distributors by the American Medical Association.

Speaking from our own standpoint, if the American Medical Association or anyone else would demonstrate by scientific facts that Aspirin was a detriment to the users, our policies would stop us from marketing this (or any other) product over-night.



Seventeen East India Coolies Died from Tetanus Contracted from the Mud of Bamboo Groves in Trinidad

to the development of a stable, constant Aspirin; and the public, having become convinced of the uniformity and efficacy of the product which you control, are buying Puretest Aspirin Tablets in ever-increasing quantities.

The Aspirin used in Puretest Aspirin Tablets differs from that contained in many other tablets of their kind in its absolute stability. *The Puretest Tablet is pure Aspirin when it is manufactured, and it remains pure Aspirin, not alone in the package in which it is marketed, but after it reaches the consumer, and it is still Aspirin when it is taken into the system.*

We make this statement without fear of contradiction, because we know the skillful pharmaceutical manipulation of the high-grade Aspirin sold under the Puretest label. Puretest Aspirin Tablets are therapeutically more efficacious than those tablets which are less firmly held together, because Aspirin, as an entity, has a definite and a different action from that of tablets which, when dissolved in the stomach, separate into their acid components.

This is a rather complex point of distinction, but only by realizing its significance can you merchandise your exclusive product with that confidence which will enable you to corral, increase and continue to hold the Aspirin business of your community.

We are not prepared to recommend Aspirin in such large doses as are used by my scientific friend, but have cited his experience to substantiate, by an

therapeutics, published by Blakiston's Son & Co. in 1917, on page 673 of which he anticipates the findings of later research in the following statement:

The depressing effect of salicylates upon the heart, which has sometimes been observed clinically, may, it is thought likely, have been due to impurities in the drug, since it has been shown that creosotinic acid, which may in rare instances contaminate the synthetic acid, is a powerful cardiac poison.

Another eminent medical author in London, in his text-book on *Materia Medica* published by Churchill in 1920, writes as follows regarding Aspirin:

The artificial variety was found to contain orthoeresotic and paracresotic acids, and the former is a powerful cardiac depressant. Thus it seems probable that the depressing effects commonly ascribed to salicylic acid are really due to the impurities occasionally present in the artificial form. Salicylic acid increases the blood pressure from stimulation of the vaso-constrictor center.

As indicated in the foregoing paragraph, the somewhat adverse criticism of the earlier authorities was occasioned not by the effect of Aspirin itself, but by that of the impurities in the drug.

You can assure your medical men that *Puretest Aspirin Tablets are absolutely free from the specific cardiac poisons and other depressing impurities.* The pioneer work of our Analytical and Research Laboratory on Aspirin should make you proud of the accomplishment of your Company in giving you such excellent medicines.

Please bear in mind the fact that we present Puretest Aspirin Tablets to the public through The Rexall

One of Florida's Fools

Carl G. Fisher, of Prestolite fame, builder of Miami Beach, was considered loco when he tackled his big projects

By DIRK P. DEYOUNG

SOMETIMES it is a compliment to be called a fool. Most of the great accomplishments of mankind have been the work of fools. Moses was looked upon as a fool at times when he was leading the Children of Israel out of Egypt into the wilderness. Christ was considered a fool because he drove the money-changers out of the Temple. Edison was actually thought to be crazy when he was carrying on his first experiments at Menlo Park. Ford, Firestone, Field, and a host of others who have made history, were all considered fools when they first conceived the big idea which later made them famous. Contemporary opinion puts everyone who attempts to do something that has not been done before in the category of a fool. And Carl G. Fisher, of Prestolite fame, builder of Miami Beach, is no exception to this time-honored rule.

Carl G. Fisher was positively considered loco when he conceived the idea of Miami Beach, an Isle of Utopia, which he had to make from a patch of mangrove swamp just off the city of Miami. But he had been called a fool before. He was crazy, they said, when he conceived the idea of Prestolite, starting the enterprise on a capital of ten thousand dollars, originating a business which he later sold for millions. He was a fool of a boy, attempting daring feats; he has been a fool of a man all through life, always doing the impossible, the unheard of, the pioneering stunts, which the gaping multitude of humanity considers impossible until some genius steps forth and shows the way. Thus the building of Miami Beach, in which Fisher has reared islands from the sea, is only another laurel of this Florida fool, who hails from Indianapolis, where he started life as a "butcher boy."

Passing over the colorful life of this Hoosier, for the purposes of the moment, we shall confine ourselves to his achievements in Florida, which his friends originally considered the greatest folly of his career. I refer to his work at Miami Beach, now an accomplished thing, although when he began the project a few years ago the wisest heads shook at it skeptically, as wise heads generally do.

Fisher's dream of Miami Beach originated with the lease of a three-acre key from the government a few years ago, on which he constructed an island home and a dock, at a cost of about \$25,000—a place for this fool to think and dream, a retreat from a world of many realities and conventions. This key was later auctioned off by the government and his bid was too low. The government granted him permission to remove his personal property—the house and dock. The successful bidder offered him but \$3,000—he would give no more. And Fisher's reply, which is characteristic of the man, took the form of lighting a match to his property and seeing it go up in the flames. The man who tries to take advantage of him soon finds that he is a very wise "fool."

As we are told that institutions are but the lengthened shadows of men, Miami Beach reflects Carl G. Fisher, a taciturn man, who conceives and accomplishes great things—the things which ordinary men say can't be done. Starting with a three-acre key in colorful Biscayne Bay, it was considered the most foolish of the Fisher undertakings to make sufficient land there for a city and a resort which houses many of the finest hotels in Florida. They called him a fool. But his crazy dream has come true, with more than seventeen square miles of turquoise seas near the city of Miami manufactured into *terra firma*. And now the madman from Indiana who performed this feat, is looked upon as another Hoosier genius. Nothing succeeds like success when it comes to making fools into heroes.

Here are some of the facts regarding the growth of Miami Beach, this brain-child of Carl G. Fisher, born of the sea. In 1921 there were but four hotels and fifteen apartment houses there. In 1924, 39 permits for hotels and apartment houses were issued, while these increased to 112 in 1925. Today there are 48 hotels and 110 apartment houses, with numerous stores, business blocks, bathing beaches, casinos, all rearing their heads out of what was formerly swamps and seas.

In 1924 the total building permits issued for buildings of every nature at Miami Beach, reached the aggregate of 376, the construction valuation thereof being \$7,014,750, while in 1925, these figures were respectively 638 and approximately \$18,000,000. For the first eleven months of 1924, twenty-four store buildings were erected; during the same period in 1925, sixty. During the month of November, 1925, sixty-six contractors were erecting buildings on Miami Beach.

Miami Beach now has 813 licensed real estate brokers, 87 miles of paved streets—none unpaved—while bank deposits have grown from \$2,433,863.59 on December 31, 1924, to \$9,981,129.81 on the same date in 1925, an increase of 400 per cent. The assessed value of Miami Beach property was \$8,000,000 in 1921—in 1924 it grew to \$12,000,000 and in 1925 it jumped to \$45,000,000. Quite a sequel, this, to the dream of a fool, who started the ball rolling with the first dredging outfit which scraped up the earth for this island resort.

Carl Fisher is a promoter of the keenest type. He looks ahead. Just now he feels that he has performed his major achievement at Miami Beach, and he is looking for other worlds to conquer. As a side-line of business enterprise, Florida has been excessively profitable to many northerners during recent years, says Mr. Fisher—it gives them a field for summer and winter operations. Thus having seen his seeds of development flower in the gardens of Florida, after building up an efficient organization, he has

recently purchased nine thousand acres of extraordinarily desirable land on the easternmost tip of Long Island, New York, which his force will develop into a Miami Beach of the North.

There are numerous organizations that cannot be operated in the North in the winter because of weather conditions, Mr. Fisher believes, which will find it profitable to move their paraphernalia to the South to work in the sunshine for the season. He also feels that the constructional era has just begun in Florida, with work for years for all willing hands. But to those who toil not nor spin, he gives this timely advice:

"Don't come to Florida and expect to be prosperous if you have not been successful at home; don't come to Florida if you are not a mechanic or workman with an occupation; or unless you are a farmer prepared to till the soil, a worker of some sort or a capitalist.

"Ponce de Leon may have discovered the perpetual fountain of youth down here, but he left no wand-waving successor who can perform the miracle of transforming Northern failures into Florida successes.

"I was in the Klondike gold rush, and in that northern wilderness where common sense was law, boom rushers from the United States were not permitted to cross the Canadian border unless they had either an adequate amount of money or a sizable store of the necessities of life. And a similar ruling should be enforced at the entrance to Florida.

"Any unfavorable criticism that Florida, as a whole, has received—and some of it has been justified—has been caused by the Wallingfords, who rushed in with empty pockets and expanded lungs. Fortunately for the future of Florida, they have exhaled and are returning to winter in other climes. They were unsuccessful at home and they failed here.

"If you want a home, and can afford one any place, you can find a better one in Florida; if you are a business man who has been successful any place, you can be more successful in Florida; if you are a tradesman who will work, there is more work in Florida for you than any place else; if you are an investor with capital, there is adequate opportunity for you in Florida—but if you are a cigar store stump speaker, or a soda fountain ornament, Florida is no place for you. You have to work down here."

Worthwhile wisdom, these words from this Florida fool, who caused Miami Beach to be raised from the sea while the scoffers and doubting Thomases ridiculed and belabored his dreams. But Fisher has a skin like a crocodile, when the critics pick at his projects. The more impossible they pronounced his plan, the more determined he became. Like all the other impossible undertakings of his career were crowned with success, the dream of the present Miami Beach gradually took form, rising up out of the many-hued waters of Biscayne Bay, as a monument to this madman from Indianapolis, whose plans are

Continued on page 341

Classified Advertisements

AGENTS—WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLES
Sell Madison "Better-Made" Shirts for large Manufacturers direct to wearer. No capital or experience required. Many earn \$100 weekly and bonus. MADISON MFRGS., 560 Broadway, New York.

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painting lamp shades, pillow tops for us. No canvassing. Easy and interesting work. Experience unnecessary.
NILEART COMPANY, 2298 Ft. Wayne, Indiana.

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SONG POEM WRITERS—Send for my proposition now.
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D72, 4040 Dickens Avenue, Chicago.

SALESMEN WANTED—You can save money. TRY
"Practik Home Managing Method." Introducers supplied one free. DAP. 39 Harvey, Buffalo, N. Y.

DINING AND SLEEPING CAR conductors (white). Exp unnecessary. We train you. Send for book of Rules and application. Supt. Railway Exchange, Sta. C, Los Angeles.

What's Wrong With Shorthand?

Executives say:—
"She can't get out all she's taken."
"I'm forced to cut dictation short."
"She can't help me with other things."
"If I could only dictate while it's fresh in my mind."
"If she could only take it as fast as I think."
"Phaw! she's gone. I'll have to wait till tomorrow."

That's enough! I'll send in the coupon below on general principles.

NORWAY via BENNETT

For seventy-five years we have specialized in Scandinavian tours and cruises. Full details in booklet "Norway and Sweden."

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Write for free booklets

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SWEDEN Welcomes You

Under Sweden's sunlit nights of enchantment you discover Viking relics, ivy-draped castles, a smiling countryside with peasantry in national costume, magnificent cities, and the arctic mountains of Lapland. Excellent railways, steamers, hotels. Low-cost Student Tours available. Eight days from New York, by Swedish-American Line or via London or continent. Booklet "Summer Trips in Sweden" from any travel bureau or

SWEDISH STATE RAILWAYS
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He couldn't keep "caught up"—while he used shorthand

How much more can a man cut loose from his office when he uses The Dictaphone than when he's held down by old-fashioned shorthand?

Read this story of Horace W. Davis—then note coupon offer

CHIEF executive of so important a concern as AnSCO Photoproducts, Inc., manufacturers of the famous AnSCO Cameras, AnSCO Speedex Film and Cyko paper, Horace W. Davis must be on the jump all the time. So one day sees him in the New York office. The next, at the AnSCO Factories and main office in Binghamton, N. Y. And the next, on an overnight jump to some mid-western city.

But when he gets back to his desk, does he spend all his time "catching up"? Not at all! The astonishing fact is that he has abundance of leisure for constructive planning and recreation.

How does he do it? The Dictaphone!

He never has to wait for his secretary to take dictation. *The Dictaphone is always ready.* With machines at both offices and at home, he can go and come at will—work at all hours—with his mind intent only on his job. In short, The Dictaphone permits him to cut loose from office routine.

And since Miss Ruckel, of the New York office, doesn't have to put up with the interruptions of shorthand, she has a chance to develop as a real secretary. Work which would otherwise consume Mr. Davis's energy and time, she has taken over.

What's Wrong With Shorthand?

Secretaries say:—
"He talks so fast I'll be getting writer's cramp soon."
"Those awful waits while he chats over the 'phone.'"
"I'm 10% secretary and 90% slave to my note-book."
"Nothing doing till 3 and then two days work."
"No one else can read my notes."
"Hours wasted while he's in conference."
"Yes, I do mind staying late."
That's enough! I'll show him this trial offer right now.

DICTATE TO THE DICTAPHONE

Which of these coupons will you send, as the first step to "doubling your ability to get things done"?

Give The Dictaphone a trial. We will gladly lend you a machine to test any way you like.

DICTAPHONE SALES CORPORATION, 154 Nassau St., New York City Gentlemen: Please notify your nearest office to lend me a New Model 10 to try—without expense or obligation. Leave it to me to judge by results, not by salesmen's reasons or other people's success. Thank you.

Name.....
(Please pin this to your letterhead)

DICTAPHONE SALES CORPORATION, 154 Nassau St., New York City I want to see what leading executives or secretaries themselves say about increasing their ability by discarding shorthand. So please send me your booklet "What's Wrong With Shorthand."

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ADDRESS.....

I am a Secretary ☐ Executive ☐
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A Southern colonial story of rare beauty. A most appropriate birthday or holiday remembrance. A charming tale built out of a bundle of love letters discovered in old Arlington House.

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MY FLORIDA

My Florida—when from thy low-swung stars,
Thy murmurous inlets and thy tide-swept bars
I take reluctant leave and in the fading light
My spirit journeys forth upon an unknown flight.

Think ye I shall not seek here to return?
Yea—I shall strive in humbleness some way
to earn

A detail on some duty that shall bear me nigh
Thy well-remembered shores, thy glorious
cloud-flecked sky.

"Lord," I may reverently say, "this golden
street
Is beautiful; Thy songs the angels sing are
sweet,
But is there not some work that I can do
Down where the gulls cry over waters blue?"

"I would not seem ungrateful, yet I pray,
Let me go on some errand where the spray
Of salt waves leaps and falls around some key,
If there be work like that, I pray Thee, Lord,
send me."

—STEPHEN C. SINGLETON

A Man Who "Talks of Shoes and Ships"

Continued from page 330

years before the earth's surface was cool enough for human beings.

Many marvelous devices were used by these people for their flight, especially the tube in which they were shot off by means of liquefied air. The Martians proved themselves truly human, however, in the love story and chicanery involved in this adventure.

Another love story, this time back on earth, brings about the solution of the chief theme of "Yezad," when the boy and girl sweethearts tell of the curious word, Y-E-Z-A-D, they spelled out while looking at the moon, and John Bacon's daughter exclaims, "Father has returned!"

George Babcock's mind is full to overflowing with amazing scientific facts and visions of the future. Many more of these, together with some serious message, will no doubt be embodied in his book to be published in the coming year, "Soldiers of Potters Field."

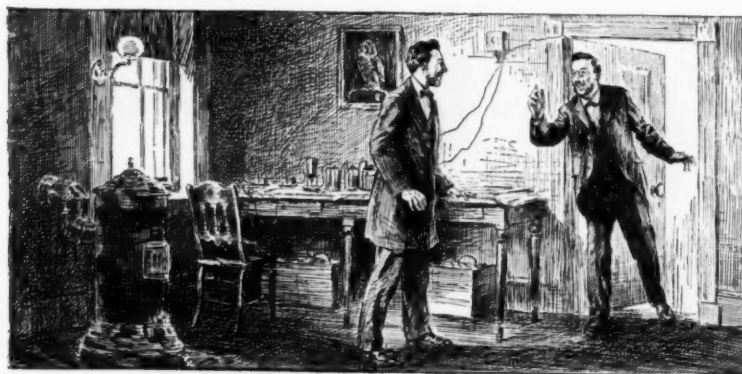
One of Florida's Fools

Continued from page 339

rarely brooked. And it is just such fools as Fisher who are behind this great Florida boom.

Carl G. Fisher was born in Greensburg, Indiana, January 12, 1874. Neither college, university, high school nor grade school education has played any part in the events leading up to a score or more of his successful undertakings, any one of which entitles him to a place in "Who's Who." Until he was twelve years old he attended a badly lighted one-room school, which he blames to this day for his imperfect vision. At that age he became a news butcher on a railroad train, peddling newspapers, candies, and whatnots to travelers throughout the United States. Later he worked in a book store where he began to read the Old Masters, to which he credits his liberal education in the Arts, Sciences, and Literature. He is a self-made man, in the old sense of the word.

With the new Fisher harbor on Miami Beach, the Venetian Causeway nearing completion, and other improvements in process and in prospect, one can get an idea of what Miami Beach is now and will be when Miami becomes the Manhattan of the South. The old resident as well as the visitor can not but be impressed with the finished product of the founder's dream. Beautiful bungalows, magnificent homes, hotels and apartments, springing up as if by magic, all add to the



From One Sentence To Millions

ON MARCH 10, 1876, a single sentence was heard over the telephone. Now, after half a century, 50,000,000 conversations are heard each day.

"Mr. Watson, come here; I want you," spoken by Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor, was the first sentence.

His first crude instruments had been tested by sounds and single words; the patent had been granted; the principle was established from which a world of telephones has since resulted. But at that time the telephone had not proved its practical usefulness—its power to command.

Bell's words, electrically transmitted over a wire, brought his assistant from another part of the building. And with his coming, the telephone became a dynamic factor in human affairs.

Since that first call untold millions of sentences have been heard over the telephone. Men have traveled vast distances in answer to its calls. The wheels of great industrial enterprises have turned at its commands. Everything that man can say to man has been carried to a distance over its wires, and the thoughts and actions of nations have been influenced through its use.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

IN ITS SEMI-CENTENNIAL YEAR THE BELL SYSTEM LOOKS FORWARD
TO CONTINUED PROGRESS IN TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION

lengthened shadow of the "Florida Fool" who looked into the seeds of time and dredged the first shovel of earth from the depths of Biscayne Bay as the foundation for this now world famous resort of the South.

"Wild Geese" *Continued from page 335*

For better or for worse, I suppose it has to be told that Miss Ostenso has received a prize of \$13,500 for "Wild Geese"—the largest prize, I understand, ever awarded for a first novel by an American author. She deserves it. I hope she will not waste it nor let it corrupt her into a professional prize-winner. This once, at any rate, I think we should not allow the prize to prejudice us against her. She is so young that for my part, at least, I propose to treat her just as respectfully as if she had won no prize, condoning the first offence.

Let me state some of Miss Ostenso's limitations, either natural or self-imposed. She has not attempted to be witty or clever or showy. She has not much busied herself with interpreting land-

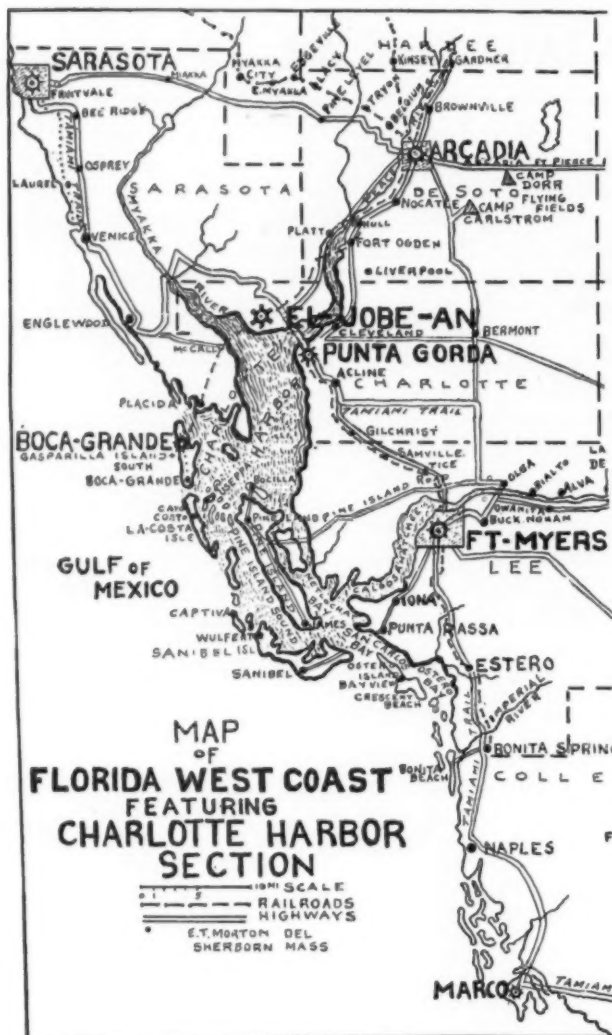
scape or with expressing the soul of the Corn, the Wheat, the Hemp, the Tobacco, or other local crops. She is not verbally fastidious nor a sensitive stylist in pursuit of subtler music of thoughts. She is a little blunt and quite downright and factual—like the saga writers. She does not dally in the sentimental fringe and violet shadow of her occasions.

What she lacks in subtlety she makes up in strength. She grips her human theme as a man takes hold of plow handles, driving the colter in. She conspicuously excels where the young novelist is ordinarily weak: in firmly conceiving and thoroughly dramatizing character and in the fundamental work of composition, which is, namely—seeing the thing through, and thus pre-establishing lucidity and order in the movement of her narrative.

Here is a novelist with genuine dramatic imagination, power to penetrate to the viscera of very diverse lives and, withal, endowed with a sense of form which has hitherto been rarely coupled in American writers of fiction with anything like Miss Ostenso's vital sense for substance.—Stuart P. Sherman in *New York Herald-Tribune*.

To be sold on a proposition you must have confidence in the owners

EL-JOBE-AN, the magic city, now forging ahead as one of the most promising sections of the west coast of Florida. This development is under the supervision of Mr. Joel Bean, of Boston, Massachusetts, a well known and successful Massachusetts realtor. Ideally located on the southwest coast of Florida, at the head of Charlotte Harbor, the second largest harbor on the west coast of Florida.



The following reference to El-Jobe-An is taken from the "Punta Gorda Herald" of Friday, December 18, 1925

Saturday evening, December 12th, the El-Jobe-An Social Club held a dance in the new restaurant building. The hall had been most attractively decorated with golden rod and bunting, by the ladies of El-Jobe-An.

The music was furnished by the El-Jobe-An Orchestra, and the lively tune of the quadrille and the dreamy strains of the waltz, floated out on to the Myakka until late into the night. This first social function of the Club was voted an overwhelming success by the eighty-odd members in attendance, and many more evenings of the same nature are now being planned for the future.

On Sunday morning at 9.30 a flag raising took place in the new restaurant building in El-Jobe-An. The citizens arranged themselves in a semi-circle and remained in reverent silence while Old Glory was raised on high. After the salute to the flag Ex-Mayor Morse of Haverhill, Mass., made a few appropriate remarks and pictures were taken of the gathering before it dispersed.

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts is well represented in El-Jobe-An with forty-four of her former citizens. Other states have their representatives, but so far the Old Bay State has the majority.

Green and Costain, contractors of El-Jobe-An, have been in Punta Gorda lately, purchasing building materials for the erection of several stucco bungalows for which they have contracts.

Mr. C. N. Jenks, Vice-President of the Florida Syndicate, Inc., and E. C. Hunt, Sales Manager, visited El-Jobe-An recently, and were pleased with development activities which were being carried on.

Among visitors last week at El-Jobe-An Hotel were Ex-Mayor C. A. Littlefield, of Lynn, Mass., and Ex-Mayor Morse of Haverhill, Mass. Both have become ardent boosters of Florida's West Coast, and Charlotte County in particular.

Developing Engineer Capt. B. B. Blood of El-Jobe-An, has just purchased a fleet of dump trucks and scrapers from G. S. Goff of Punta Gorda.

EL-JOBE-AN has been rightly named "The City of Destiny." Within a radius of forty miles of the limits of EL-JOBE-AN, tens of millions of dollars are being expended by some of the foremost business men of America.

Knowing the large profits made by those who invested at Miami and on the East Coast of Florida, it is the opinion of conservative investors that history is to be repeated in EL-JOBE-AN, the fast-growing city in Charlotte County, Florida. Five miles of beautiful beaches, ideal bathing and fishing. A short distance from Tampa, with direct railroads into the heart of the city.

Boston and Florida Realty Trust

Main Offices 455-456 Park Square Building

BOSTON, MASS.

Your Future Home in Florida

It is more than likely that you will have a home in Florida sometime. It is fair to presume that at least one-tenth of the population of the United States eventually will own homes in Florida.

Some people live in Florida all the year around—in comfort; some seem to prefer other sections in the summer—where it is just as hot, with added humidity, which is unknown on Florida's Southwest Coast, and others live in Florida only to escape the severe winters of the north, not realizing that its sublime climate continues throughout the year.

The Logical Place to Build
Your Home in Florida Is At

RADAIR PARK

At the Courtesy City of Punta Gorda, the Golden Gate to the Gulf
Where the Tamiami Trail Meets the Dixie Highway

Punta Gorda is the going and growing center of Southwest Coast activities. It is the county seat of Charlotte County, on Charlotte Harbor, at the end of the long concrete bridge. The city and county are spending millions of dollars in public improvements, and private interests are providing hotels, dwellings, and business buildings. Suburban garden farms supply fruits and vegetables in abundance; poultry and game are plentiful; and all kinds of fish abound in adjoining waters.

Comfort, Convenience and Quiet

There are no annoyances in Radair Park—no confusion or noise. It is peaceful—tranquil—the place to live in comfort. No wild speculation prevails, and yet values are slowly rising as developments proceed. The plans of the developers include every modern convenience in this high-class residential section—wide streets, moderately-restricted dwellings, an inn, a golf course, a clubhouse—and lying high and dry along the banks of the beautiful Allapatchee River, no more desirable location can be found for a modern home.

Section One of This Splendid Homesite is Now Offered to the Public at
20% Discount

Allapatchee Lodge

An ideal family inn or country club, where guests are welcome at all times. Moderate rates, excellent meals, pleasing service. Write for rates and reservations to

Ernest Pearce, Gen. Mgr.
Box 172, Punta Gorda, Fla.

A PRE-DEVELOPMENT REDUCTION
Terms, 1-3 cash, balance 1, 2, and 3 years
5% Discount for cash

Punta Gorda Finance Company

ERNEST PEARCE
Vice-President and General Manager

Taylor Street
PUNTA GORDA, FLORIDA

EASTERN OFFICES
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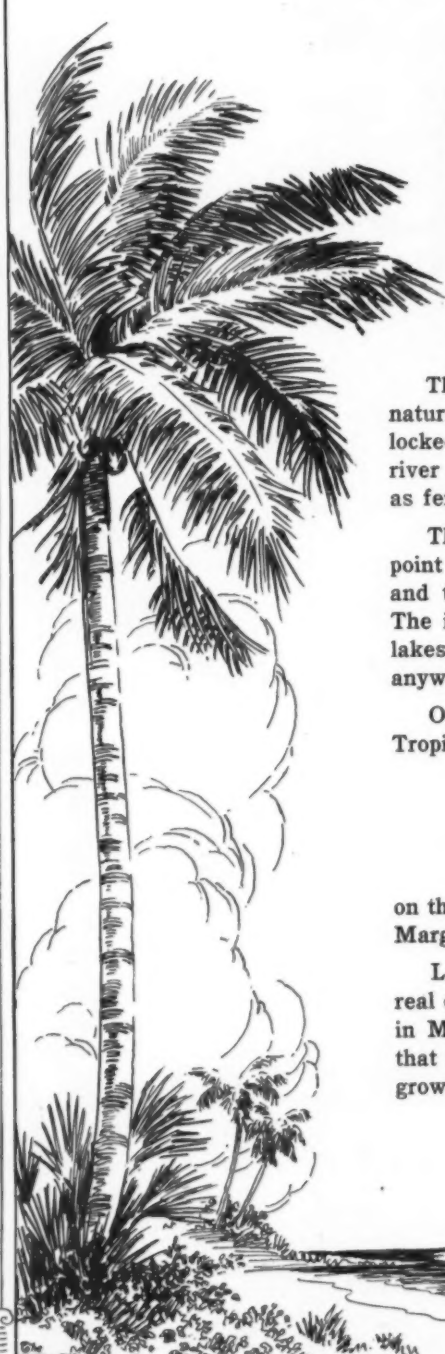
Lots at Moderate Prices

Every lot in Section One is highly desirable and the lots have been moderately priced, road frontage and river frontage, of course, being priced according to their desirability.

Write for Prices and Discounts

Found!

Miami on the Gulf



DIRECTLY opposite Miami, on the Gulf of Mexico, is a tract of land that has been known to sportsmen for years as the prettiest spot in Tropical Florida. Inaccessible except by boat, this part of Florida has long been a fisherman's and hunter's paradise. Travel along the Keys and around Cape Sable to this location has heretofore been a two days' journey from Miami, but with the completion of the Tamiami Trail and the Poinciana Trail, this spot will be but two hours' ride by automobile from Miami.

This property, which is called the Lostman River Tract, has all the natural advantages for the making of a large city. It has a broad, land-locked harbor, seven miles of clear, sandy beach, and over 14 miles of river and lake frontage. The Lostman River Tract is marl prairie land, as fertile soil as can be found anywhere in the United States.

This locality is in the Miami zone. The water in the Gulf at this point has the same temperature as that of the Gulf Stream at Miami, and the breezes from the Gulf insure a delightful year-round climate. The islands and picturesque shores of the Lostman River, the adjoining lakes, and the Gulf, provide natural beauties which are unsurpassed anywhere in Florida.

On account of the coming accessibility of this beautiful section of Tropical Florida, it is proposed to establish here the town of

POINCIANA

on the north side of Lostman River, bordering on Poinciana Harbor, Lake Margaret, and the Gulf.

Lots in Poinciana are now on sale. Many early investors in Miami real estate have reaped fortunes because of their foresight and confidence in Miami's growth. In Poinciana you are offered the same opportunity that Miami presented years ago. The only difference is that today the growth of Tropical Florida is no longer a conjecture, but an assured fact.

50 Foot Lots as Low as \$100

Fowler-Rood Company, Inc.
253 West Flagler Street
Miami, Florida

STEVENS

Compares Florida and Cape Cod

F. W. Norris speaks on Cape Cod and Florida and says that both places have much in common—Cape Cod ideal for summer residence and wonderful for the year around—Florida unexcelled as a winter playground

FLORIDA is an ideal winter playground and more and more people are availing themselves of an opportunity to enjoy the warm sunshine and beautiful climate of Florida during the months of January, February and March," says Forris W. Norris, well known Boston and Cape Cod real estate operator, who recently returned from a visit to Florida.

"Many others are even taking up permanent residences in Florida with a summer home in the North, and I believe the number of people doing this will continue to increase.

more Hotel, under the Bowman management. This hotel is of Spanish architecture situated almost in the centre of the city, giving to this hustling and fast-growing little community one of the finest hostleries in the world. The Spanish idea has not only been carried out successfully in the exterior architecture, but in the furnishings and decorations in the interior. It is, indeed, a hotel which makes one feel at home. Its prices are extremely reasonable considering the many advantages that the hotel itself and the Coral Gables development offers with three

"Another development which impressed me very strongly is known as Villa Rica, being handled by George W. Harvey of Boston. Here the latter has planned with the same foresight and vision that Mr. Merrick did at Coral Gables. Villa Rica is located at one of the most ideal spots on the eastern coast of Florida, and again the promises made by the promoters are being fulfilled with zeal and integrity.

"There are many other subdivisions throughout Florida that are being handled honestly, and in such cases the investors are bound to win, but, unfortunately, there are some subdivisions which are not being handled in this way. Any one investing in Florida should not purchase unless they personally know the people who are back of the development or have seen the property themselves and know that the promises made are to be fulfilled.



Where the folks who live ashore "go down to the sea" at Cataumet



A beauty spot along the quiet reaches of Bass River

"There will be a very bright future for the well-planned and conscientiously developed subdivisions in Florida," he says. "It is true the entire state has been injured by the wild speculative orgy which was indulged in during the summer and fall of 1925, and the present apathy in the real estate market now existing in Florida, I believe, is only a corrective of this unsound condition.

GOOD INVESTMENT

"In studying this situation it shows that the well planned and soundly financed developments are going to prove a good investment for the people who have purchased their land in Florida with discrimination. For instance, Coral Gables, conceived and developed by the master mind of George Merrick, planned with foresight and developed with an honest intention of giving to those who have purchased there value for their money, to my mind will be one of the wonder cities of the world.

"I have been more or less familiar with Coral Gables for several years and find each year on going there that Mr. Merrick is giving to the purchasers of Coral Gables more than he promises. This year the corner stone of the Miami University was laid, an institution already endowed with \$15,000,000, with a further endowment of \$10,000,000 being raised to make a \$25,000,000 university. Mr. Merrick started his campaign to secure this institution for Coral Gables four years ago, when Coral Gables was in its inception.

"An achievement of great value to those who have purchased at Coral Gables and to future purchasers is the completion of the Miami-Bilt-

18-hole golf courses, two country clubs, one an immediate adjunct to the hotel, two large swimming pools, one at the hotel and one at the Venetian Casino, in addition to the recently opened Tahiti Beach on Biscayne Bay, which offers outside salt water bathing.

"Many have asked for a comparison between Cape Cod and Florida. It is this: Florida offers a wonderful winter playground; Cape Cod offers an ideal summer playground. Cape Cod can give for seven months in the year a climate comparable to Florida's three months, while either

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Cape Cod Chat



NOTHING could be more unique, quaint, and at the same time businesslike, than the development of the "Queen's Byway" by the Central Cape Realty Corporation. This arcade of stores is rapidly nearing completion on the corner of Main and C Streets, Hyannis. The traditional Cape Cod windmill towers above a group of connected Cape Cod cottages, which will be filled with high-class stores early this season. The windmill will sparkle with colored electric lights. The sales cottages themselves have been constructed with an arcade between two extensive rows, this arcade being approached from Main Street. A garden of old-fashioned flowers and shrubbery will flourish in the center of this arborway. Every convenience for the shopper and owner is provided, and all of the twenty stores or more are connected by spacious doorways or pleasing promenades. Every variety of goods will be on display as in the emporiums of New York or Boston—but how much more attractively in these quaint Cape Cod cottage sales rooms of the "Queen's Byway!"

THE New Haven Railroad has caught the spirit of Cape Cod's awakening and announces plans for covering the Pilgrim land with up-to-date bus line transportation to all principal points.

The contemplated motor coach operation on the Cape includes a line connecting the New Bedford Steamboat Wharf and Hyannis. This line will be jointly operated for the benefit of the New Bedford and Onset Street Railway, and the New England Transportation Company between Buzzard's Bay and New Bedford and beyond Buzzard's Bay by the New England Transportation Company.

The amount of service to be rendered will be dependent upon the traffic demands from the standpoint of the street railway whose lines it will supplement.

Another line now planned to be operated is between Middleboro and Hyannis; still another line will be operated from Hyannis toward Falmouth; the exact western terminus of which has not been definitely decided. There will be



On West Harwich Beach, where the soft white sand is a delight



Silver Beach—well named—a beauty spot

a line between Plymouth and Hyannis, and a line between Chatham and Hyannis—if the necessary permits to make these lines possible can be secured from the various towns.

The preliminary requirements having been satisfied in time, the plan is to start this Cape operation with the coming of the warmer weather, presumably about the latter part of May, although no definite date has been selected.

This will be good news indeed to New York



Cottages at Menahaut, where formal landscape gardening prevails



The shore line of quaint Lewis Harbor at Hyannis

and Boston commuters to Cape Cod for the summer months.

* * *

ADMIRAL BOWLES, President of the Cape Cod Chamber of Commerce, who has given years of energy and keen judicial thought to the advancement of the best interests of the Cape, is still the recognized authority. The incident is related down at Hyannis that at the time Mr. Norris announced his development of Oyster Harbors, he attended a meeting and Admiral Bowles was called upon to introduce him, which he did in a courteous manner, but was very frank in stating that he reserved the matter of welcome until he was better informed regarding the contemplated development by Mr. Norris. Mr. Norris' after-rejoinder was that it was the highest compliment that had ever been paid him in the interests of the Cape. Being sure of himself and his project, he was confident of this belated welcome by the Admiral, which, in fact, did come later on in words of unstinted praise from Admiral Bowles, who has the interests of the Cape always so much at heart.

* * *

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE is indebted to Mr. Frank W. Prescott, of Conlon, Prescott Company, advertising counsel, 23 Central Street, Boston, for his kindness and courtesy in co-operating to make this issue so profusely illustrated with Cape Cod scenes. They had just issued a magnificent brochure on the Oyster Harbors development, for which a striking cover was made and also handsome half-tone illustrations. They also prepared the text for this silk-sewed booklet. It is a veritable symphony in brown, the cover stock and contents paper stock being a soft finish India tint, with typography of harmonizing brown. Two tints of brown were used in the map illustration.

Conlon, Prescott Company have been placing advertising for a great many of the larger developments on the Cape, and the work they are doing shows their fine conception of design, as well as a practical knowledge of the methods to pursue in obtaining results for their clients.

* * *

NEW ENGLAND residents at least will recognize the name of James D. Henderson of Henderson & Ross, the author of the article entitled "Quaint Cape Cod." The NATIONAL MAGAZINE wanted some business man of prominence who could present good business arguments and reasonable facts regarding the

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Compares Florida and Cape Cod—Continued from page 345

place is very agreeable to live in the other two months, according to the choice of the people. I believe that nature has richly endowed both of these sections of the United States far more than any other place on our continent.

"It is to be hoped that Cape Cod will not experience the wild speculative boom which Florida has. On my trip there was a great deal

months cannot be equalled in climate, the Spring and Fall months are all delightful, and winter comes late and goes early. Even this year, with the extraordinary fall of snow which all New England has experienced, Cape Cod has been free from snow since the 22d of February, and no snow of any account fell on Cape Cod until the early February snow of 1926.

of interest shown by people who had never seen Cape Cod but were planning to make their first visit there during the summer of 1926, and I predict that the summer of 1926 will see thousands of home sites purchased by people from all parts of the United States east of the Mississippi River. Purchasers for investment, speculation, or homes on Cape Cod should profit by the experience of their friends who have purchased in Florida and be careful to select their location only in the subdivisions that are being planned properly, with suitable restrictions for their protection and with an assurance that promises made will be fulfilled. If the buying public will demand these conditions before purchasing, they will do more to promote a satisfactory development of our beautiful Cape Cod than any other one force possible to apply.

HAVE MUCH IN COMMON

"It is inevitable that prices will increase rapidly on Cape Cod, but the fact that they are increasing rapidly does not mean we are experiencing a boom, for we are only realizing values that have been there for many years. Land on Cape Cod comparable to the land in Florida can be purchased today for a very small fraction of what one would have to pay for similar land in Florida. A large percentage of the people of the country prefer to take their vacations during the summer rather than the winter months, and, owing to the limited supply of land available on Cape Cod, which is admittedly the most ideal spot in the East to spend a summer vacation or own a home, prices must necessarily increase until they reach a fair value as compared to other summer resorts.

"Florida and Cape Cod have much in common, offering to the American public the opportunity for year-round comfort, recreation and ideal living conditions. I believe that thousands in the near future will give up their city homes entirely and live out in the beautiful country of Cape Cod during the summer and spend the cold winter months in Florida.

"The eyes of the nation are turning to Cape Cod, the oldest and one of the first settled communities in America. Its many advantages have been known for years to a small and selected group who have owned and maintained large estates on its beautiful shores. This small neck of nature's wonderland has been guarded zealously by those who live there, even to the point of resenting the intrusion of outsiders.

"The climate on Cape Cod day in and day out for twelve months in the year is without question the most delightful climate to live in of any spot on the American continent. The summer

"You ask me to state why I became so much interested in Cape Cod and why I have taken such an active part in its development. For many years I have been to Florida in the winter time and enjoyed the delightful climate there,

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**NATIONAL
MAGAZINE**
Mostly about People



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Affairs at Washington

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

NINE American delegates were appointed by Secretary Kellogg of the State Department upon the recommendation of Secretary Jardine of the Department of Agriculture to represent the United States at the biennial meeting of the General Assembly of the International Institute of Agriculture which convened at Rome, Italy, on April 19.

The biennial conference, which is attended by representatives from the sixty-two countries that have membership in the Institute, is for the purpose of formulating a program of action for the next two years in connection with methods of collecting and disseminating statistics on current world crop conditions, the movement of agricultural products in international trade, and other agricultural problems. The Institute is virtually a world clearing house of agricultural information and has been an important factor in enabling the Department of Agriculture to keep farmers in the United States informed on crop conditions in competing world areas.

The Department of Agriculture has indirect telegraphic contact through the Institute with the responsible Government crop reporting agencies throughout the world. The crop data are received by telegraph and radio at Washington, where they are interpreted and released immediately over the United States for the guidance of farmers in the production and marketing of crops.



CENTRAL IDAHO is an almost untapped storehouse of mineral wealth. Although the day of the red-shirt miner with equipment that could be carried on a pack horse has passed, that of development by modern methods has only just begun, having been retarded by lack of transportation facilities in this rugged, forested region. The Yellow Pine district, in Valley County, in the Salmon River Mountains, is a part of central Idaho in which there are promising deposits of antimony, gold, and quicksilver, none of which have yet been developed beyond the prospecting stage. The district has now been reached by an automobile road, and additional roads across it are in prospect, so that the time when its possibilities can be adequately tested is close at hand.

The geology of the Yellow Pine district and of its principal known ore bodies is set forth in a report just issued by the Department of the Interior entitled "Antimony and Quicksilver Deposits in the Yellow Pine District, Idaho."

Now that the quicksilver industry in the United States is on the decline, this district and neighboring parts of Idaho are especially interesting, for they constitute one of the few remaining areas in this country that contain inadequately tested quicksilver deposits, some of which may prove to be of considerable value. At one of the quicksilver mines in the Yellow Pine district tests are being made of a new apparatus for obtaining this metal from its ore. The apparatus and process are briefly described in the report just issued. Initial tests of the plant under working conditions were unsuccessful, but

it contains novel features that may eventually prove real contributions to the metallurgy of quicksilver, in which few fundamental advances have been made in many years.

The district is of especial interest just now also because of the price of antimony, which for the last year or more has been abnormally high and shows no sign of decrease. One of the Yellow Pine antimony deposits contains a considerable quantity of commercial ore, and made a small production during the war under very adverse conditions.



SOMETHING of a departure from the usual scope of reports of the Department of the Interior is shown in Professional Paper 138, just issued by the Geological Survey, giving a history of metal mining in Colorado.

First there appears an interesting review of the pioneer times, giving a clear picture of the influence of topography on the routes taken by prospectors and of the spread of prospecting activities through the mountainous part of the state. This account is accompanied by a relief map showing the location and extent of lode and placer districts, early routes of travel, present-day water-power plants and electrical transmission lines.

Next is given the history of mining and metallurgical developments in individual districts, grouped by counties, together with statistics of production. Figures on production for the earliest years, originally presented in various ways, have been carefully studied and so grouped as to be directly comparable with those issued since 1908 in the annual volume "Mineral Resources of the United States." The bringing together of these figures into one volume and the clear explanation of their significance will be appreciated by engineers, economists, and others who desire a quantitative idea of mining in any particular district.



THE topographic and geologic mapping of Naval Petroleum Reserve No. 4 at the northernmost point of the United States, that is being done by the Department of the Interior for the Navy Department, has involved three seasons of the most strenuous labors of numerous men from the Geological Survey, in which they have traveled thousands of miles by dog team



Norman Borchardt, noted artist who specializes in paintings on the Florida Keys. The cover on the February number of the "National Magazine" was from his brush. He has illustrated stories for "Collier's" and other national publications. His home is in Miami

in the dead of winter, and by canoe in the equally trying days of summer.

A further season's work will be necessary to complete the major problems of geography and geology. This project is being carried out by a party composed of Dr. Philip S. Smith, the Survey's chief Alaskan geologist, and Gerald FitzGerald, topographic engineer, with two camp hands. A telegram from Doctor Smith brings the information that recently he left Nenana, on the government railroad in the heart of Alaska, and is proceeding by dog team along the mail trail, down Yukon River, and on for over six hundred miles to the town of Kotzebue, which lies on the Arctic Ocean, just north of the Arctic Circle.

At this town the major portion of the outfit will be obtained, and the party will proceed with freight teams northwestward along the bleak Arctic shore line for one hundred miles more, to the mouth of Kivalina River. At this point the work will commence, although the temperature will undoubtedly be far below zero. The men will proceed northeastward across an unknown country, putting their canoes in the water when the rivers have cleared of ice and traversing streams that are not at the present time known in detail. They will ultimately complete their work at the town of Wainwright, where they expect to obtain some sort of water transportation back to Nome, the northern terminus of the steamship route from Seattle. The party will probably not return to Seattle before the first of October.



TWO new mastodons and a new glyptodont, the fossil bones of which were found in rocks of Pliocene age in Arizona, are described in a report just issued by the Department of the Interior.

Several years ago numerous vertebrate fossils were discovered in San Pedro Valley near Benson, Arizona, by Kirk Bryan of the Geological Survey. Later J. W. Gidley, of the United States National Museum, co-operated with Mr. Bryan in making a large collection of these fossils. Among the large animals in this fauna are two elephant-like mastodons and a peculiar armored mammal, a glyptodont, related to the modern armadillo, which are described and figured in the report just published.

The skeleton of one of the mastodons has been mounted after the restoration of the missing parts and forms a striking exhibit in the National Museum. The total length of the mounted skeleton is about fourteen feet. A very effective mount has also been made of the glyptodont by using parts of three individuals. Its huge carapace, resembling a turtle shell, is over five feet long.



GOOD ventilation as one of the most important means of preventing explosions in coal mines has been recognized for over a century, says George S. Rice, chief mining engineer of the United States Bureau of Mines, but it evidently has not received enough attention, for at least sixty per cent of the big explosions have been caused by the ignition of gas which, in turn, has ignited coal dust.

It is to the credit of mine operators that extensive explosions are relatively few, having averaged less than ten a year during the last

quarter of a century. Moreover, during the period, besides these major disasters, there have been many minor ignitions of fire damp which, while resulting individually in but a few fatalities, have caused many deaths and serious injuries. Such lesser explosions and burnings have occurred as frequently in the anthracite mines as they have in the bituminous.

Although mines are sometimes classified as gassy and non-gassy, no coal mine is free from the possibility of encountering gas, and encountering it most unexpectedly. Ignition of gas is prevented by the use of explosion-proof machinery, permissible explosives, and permissible miners' lights, and by the maintenance of rigid discipline. Nevertheless, so long as men are forgetful or careless in the use of open flames, so long as there is the possibility of machinery or materials failing, systematic ventilation will remain a most important safeguard in preventing explosions of gas.

Experienced mining men understand fairly well the principles governing the coursing, or systematic circulation of air through a mine, said Mr. Rice, but the Bureau of Mines engineers have found that there is general failure to recognize that although an abundant volume of air may be entering a mine, yet because of leakage

along the air ways not enough fresh air reaches the workings to dilute and carry away inflammable gas. Generally it is at working faces that gas is most apt to enter a mine. Produced during the formation of the coal beds, the gas accumulates in crevices and joints and in the pores of the coal, and as mining advances it escapes into the workings, sometimes under high pressure as "feeders" or "blowers."



THE opinion is gaining ground that the stock market break was a thing apart entirely from the business situation; and that aside from the temporary caution which it induces in business circles and from the severe losses experienced in the market, it should have no effect upon the natural course of business. This opinion is fortified by the belief that the check given to speculation was a voluntary and arranged proceeding to stop the flow of credit unduly into enormous stock speculations. Other expedients and warnings had had no effect upon the unruly excitement and so this major operation was undertaken—and it may be added, was successful.



HIGHWAY construction and maintenance in 1926 will equal and possibly exceed the progress made in any other year, according to estimates from the various states compiled by the Bureau of Public Roads of the United States Department of Agriculture. A total of \$1,030,286,948 is available for the construction and maintenance of all rural roads.

Fifty-eight per cent or \$598,590,948 is to be available to the state highway departments, of which \$461,515,400 is for construction and \$137,075,548 for maintenance. These funds will provide for the construction of 6,751 miles of asphalt, concrete and brick paving, 14,320 miles of sand-clay, gravel and macadam, and 8,145 miles of improved earth road. The states also plan to maintain 234,582 miles of road.

The total expenditure by counties and local units for both maintenance and construction is estimated at \$431,696,000, which is less than the similar estimate made one year ago by about \$31,000,000. This reduction is more than offset, however, by the increase of more than \$58,000,000 in funds estimated as available to the state highway departments. For a number of years there has been a trend toward placing control of all important state roads in the hands of the state highway departments.



THE discovery of what promises to be a thick bed or group of beds of potash salts in Eddy County, New Mexico, is announced by the Department of the Interior through the Geological Survey. The region described adjoins and is, in fact, part of the great potash field of western Texas, in which many discoveries of potash have already been made. In western Texas, as a result of the discovery of commercial pools of oil, there has been increased drilling activity, especially in the southern part. Information on potash has come in larger measure from Reagan, Upton, and Crane counties, but wells in other counties south of the thirty-second parallel and east of Pecos River are also showing favorable percentages of potash.



Here's a happy young man from Philadelphia, who, with his parents, while spending the winter at Punta Gorda, Florida, also spent his spare time showing his dad where to pull out the finest fish along the shores of Charlotte Harbor

The Gem of the Cape

Forris W. Norris' Oyster Harbors Colony development an extraordinary example of the reasons for the awakening of Cape Cod

THERE has been a real awakening in Cape Cod as the "land for recreation" and beautiful summer homes—and many remarkable developments are in progress this spring that will certainly concentrate the widespread attention of at least that part of the country lying east of the Mississippi River.

The chief of these developments I have found out, as the result of a tour to the Incomparable Cape recently, is the Oyster Harbors Colony, already known as the Gem of the Cape, and it has grown to occupy this premier rank since last July. Forris W. Norris, the well-known Boston realtor, discovered Oyster Harbors—we say discovered advisedly—for he made a long and diligent search before he found this remarkable location.

Mr. Norris readily admits that the inspiration of his search for this remarkable locality on the Cape emanated from his numerous trips to Florida. His observation of what was being accomplished in many cases in Florida, with such meager basis, in many instances, on which to work, focused the idea:

"If they can do this in Florida, how much more effectively could one do similar development on Cape Cod, where all of the natural advantages have been provided by Nature, and the only thing left for man is to fall in with Nature's plan."

It was last year that Mr. Norris put this idea into practice. He toured the Cape in his automobile from one end to another and gathered a great many options, but none of them expressing the scope for which his vision called. Not finding, as a result of his automobile tours, the location he wished, he rented a boat at Falmouth and went on a voyage of discovery, east from Falmouth along the shore of the Cape. It was on one of these cruises that he got over to what is known on the big map as Osterville Harbor.



Forris W. Norris, President of the Cape Cod Real Estate Board and Developer of Oyster Harbors

Just across West Bay from Wianno he came upon an island which seemed to have been untouched, but lay almost entirely in its primeval state, heavily wooded with virgin forest and only a trace here and there of some cottage developments along a short section of the Cotuit Bay Shore.

In looking up the ownership of this remarkable tract of undeveloped land, he found the owner was so fond of the island himself that he did not want to part with the title; in fact, he had held it for nearly half a century in the hope that he might find the time and resources to properly develop the property as a select colony of summer homes.

But from the moment Forris W. Norris made the discovery of this remarkable tract, the trained mind of the realtor had begun its transformation. It did not take him long to convince the owner of the island that he would see his heart's desire accomplished if he should give title to this young discoverer, who with a free scope would bring about the materialization of his dream. Since that moment the alert mind of Forris W. Norris has been transforming the region into the most perfect residential development along the coast. He plunged into the development with all his energy, and the real awakening of Cape Cod can be dated from the time that he started this transformation.

The NATIONAL MAGAZINE for the past several months has devoted considerable space to telling of real estate development in different parts of the country—in Florida, the Carolinas, and around Chicago—particularly Florida. When it was decided to devote considerable space, beginning with the April issue, to the awakening of Cape Cod, our first inquiry was to be directed to the best recent development on the Cape. There are probably a score, all told, down there, but inquiry for information always brought the ready response "Oyster Harbors is the really distinctive development of first magnitude."

It was the pleasure of the writer to be personally conducted over the property early in April and view with the originator of Oyster Harbors Colony the progress of the project. First let us repeat that Mr. Norris did not gain title to this



Southern point of Oyster Harbors, looking from Wianno; Oyster Harbors Beach at the left



A wild and wooded beauty all its own

until well into July, 1925. Among his first moves after exploration and visualizing the project himself, was to engage the well-known landscape artists, Olmsted Brothers, who have a national



Smooth, sandy beaches along the shore

reputation, and Donald Ross, golf architect, to plat the island, and he has almost lived with the development of the island since that time.

If it were not necessary to confine oneself to this one property in order to encompass its description in a single article, I would fain divert right here to back up my statement a few lines above that with the advent of Forris W. Norris at Oyster Harbors began this recent awakening of Cape Cod, for it has certainly started an interest in real estate down along the Cape from one end to the other that has all the aspects of a boom—but you must not say “boom” in the hearing of the members of the newly-organized Cape Cod Real Estate Board, for that word is taboo among them. They do not wish to sanction the wild orgy of speculation on “Our Incom-

parable Cape” such as we nearly all have known can result in retarding legitimate development.

From Hyannis, the commercial center of the Cape, it is but a few miles’ drive by automobile to Oyster Harbors, through the most naturally beautiful and artistically developed section of Cape Cod. Two or three miles back along the road is Craigville, with its magnificent beach; then Centerville and Osterville, where you come



The edge of a bluff with the broad expanse of harbor just beyond

to the Causeway which connects Little Island; and from Little Island to Oyster Harbors. Mr. Norris has been so thoughtful of the proper development of Oyster Harbors that he has bought the western half of Little Island in order



Scene along Oyster Harbors shore, a paradise for bathers and yachtsmen

to protect the prospective holders of home sites there by applying restrictive measures in the development of this portion of Little Island, as well as Oyster Harbors.



Glimpses of blue water through the trees; view from clubhouse site

But from Little Island across the Causeway the great vision begins. On the right stretches the waters of Great Bay and on the left the



Pine-clad elevations commanding magnificent water views

waters of West Bay. At the Causeway we visualize the Lodge, built along the true traditional lines of a Cape Cod cottage, and, like a sentinel across the way, the Cape Cod windmill, with its giant sweep of sails. It is like advent into a new country, where everything is being constructed according to well-defined plans arranged by expert landscape and building architects and engineers.

As we traversed one of the newly-made roads to the left, after passing the gate lodge, we viewed one of the new homes just nearing completion. Standing out in the midst of sentinel pine and oak, this beautiful home commands a view of West Bay, although it sets back many hundred feet from the water. That is the remarkable



Sepuit River, with Oyster Harbors on left; Oyster Harbors Beach on right



Where oystermen harvest the luscious cotuits—near Oyster Harbors



Oyster Harbors Beach as seen from Oyster Harbors, looking across the Sepuit River with Vineyard Sound beyond

feature about Oyster Harbors. The lots are so much larger than in any other development it has ever been my privilege to view. No lots are less than one hundred and most of them are one hundred and fifty feet or more frontage and run two hundred and fifty to four hundred feet deep, nearly every one commanding a view at some point of the beautiful waters of the surrounding Bays. The natural contour of the island makes it possible for most of the building sites to view the waters at three points of the compass.

The shape of Oyster Harbors, as you see it on the map, or from airplane, is very much like that of a gigantic oyster shell, from which it gets its name, "Oyster Harbors," and also from the fact that it is surrounded with so many natural small harbors and bays.

On the extreme tip of one of these points that extend out into West Bay, the summer home of Mr. Felix DuPont is rapidly nearing completion, being built from the plans of Chapman and Frazer, architects. This home is not of the palatial type which one might think would be the natural product of his great wealth, but conforms to the best traditions of the Cape architecture.

It was a pleasure to sit under the spell of Mr. Norris' enthusiasm as he explained the ideas of his development. It is no wonder that one of his friendly competitors, who was going over the Oyster Harbors development, was captured by the atmosphere and the plans of the project, and bought a home site for himself there. But this perhaps is not as singular as the sale which was made by moonlight. A gentleman from Miami, Florida, to make it more extraordinary, was taken over to the development one evening, on account of press of time to meet a New York engagement. He was accompanied by his wife. They reached Oysters Harbors after dark, and when his wife saw the moon reflecting through the trees on the surface of a lagoon, she announced: "This shall be the site of our home!"—and the deal was closed.

Wherever the dredge works, it not only deepens the channel, but cleans out all of the weeds and marshy growths, building shores of shining sands. I never realized what a tremendous amount of work these sand-sucking dredges could accomplish until I saw one in actual operation at Oyster Harbors.

Several hundred men are engaged on the island in clearing, landscape operations, and in construction work. The forestry work is being done by woodsmen from Maine. They have commodious quarters, and the commissary department is excellent.

This vast undertaking of scores of miles of new roads and the work of clearing nearly seven hundred acres has been in charge of the J. J. Gallagher Construction Company, with Mr. Gallagher himself giving it close supervision.

The magnificent eighteen-hole golf course, which is rapidly nearing completion, will have natural water hazards. A picturesque touch along the golf course, to me, was a grove of original cedars left standing in their natural state at the end of one of the fairways. The fairways have been cut right through the natural woods, distinct and separate from each other. The bridge path follows along the outside borders of the golf course. The stable and paddock, located in a secluded spot, will be surrounded by trees and shrubbery.



A charming woodland road across an intervening island

The Community Service Station is located in a most central part of the development and conforms in architecture to the plan of development as a whole. The cottage effect is maintained even in the garage and the community stores.

A particularly interesting development on the island will be the Club House, which occupies one of the highest points. This bluff rises thirty-two feet above the sandy beach. A covered arborway will lead from one wing of this secluded Club House to the beach, so that a golfer, after his game, can change to his bathing suit, take his dip, and return to his room without the necessity of mingling in the social activities of the Club House. This Club House will be a social center for well-qualified memberships and guests of a large section of the Cape—at least until the development of the island has reached that point where it will be necessary to confine its membership to residents of Oyster Harbors.

The island has eight miles of waterfront, one of its most picturesque features, and one that will prove most attractive to the owners of home sites. It was after circumnavigating this island with the original owner that the genius of Mr. Norris as a developer caught the inspiration of this sea-girt dominion for diversion. A little province in itself, it needed only the execution of the dreams of the developer to tone its undulating ranges of wild land and surrounding harbors, bays and inlets to a charming colony of domesticity, with every conceivable advantage for interesting outdoor activity which the community center and select social club life will complete.

Just across Seapuit River on the south side of the island, Mr. Norris has planned polo fields, an aviation field in the center, bowling greens, tennis courts and parking space for automobiles. A bathing pavilion will also be constructed at the beach along the outer edge of this additional recreation field for the householders of Oyster Harbors. A bridge from the island to this elaborate field will connect at a point most accessible to the various arrangements for sports afield.

The beach along Nantucket Sound, which will be one of the finest features of the location for the field for sports, borders Nantucket Sound on its entire southern exposure, in that very section which is noted for its tempered waters for bathing, with no undertow. The beach is capable



Cotuit Narrows, nearest point on mainland to Oyster Harbors



There are nearly eight miles of water front at Oyster Harbors

of extraordinary expanse for promenades and water-side sports.

Mr. Norris himself has chosen a site quite near the Club House on a point jutting out into Cotuit Bay. In working up this excellent location for others, he is reserving a portion for himself, where he will build.

In addition to the landscape workers and road builders, there are about one hundred builders engaged at the present time in the construction

site at Oyster Harbors. He must be qualified, and there are various restrictions which will be rigidly adhered to by Mr. Norris. His dream is a community that will fully express the home-loving spirit of Cape Cod and will have no disturbing elements. No property can be resold without the consent of the owners of Oyster Harbors, Inc.

Those who are so fortunate as to receive invitations to join Oyster Harbors Colony will

our nation's history. The fingertips gave the Pilgrims their first welcome to the New World after their stressful voyage across the Atlantic. Now it beckons to the nation!

Standing first, historically, in the annals of the country, Cape Cod has sustained a continued interest through pioneer and colonial days—politically, commercially and industrially—an even flow of contemporaneous life with no especial emphasis on any single feature.



Looking into Cotuit Narrows, with Oyster Harbors on the right



Along the shores of West Bay; Oyster Harbors in the background

of homes. This work is being handled by the E. H. Porter Company of Peabody. Nearly all of them are rapidly nearing completion, and it is a supreme joy to just go through them and note the many features of comfort and convenience incorporated in these Cape Cod cottage dwellings. Not elaborately pretentious, but choice homes embodying the spirit of Cape Cod—the kind of homes one will love at first sight and regard with even accentuated feelings through the years to come.

Not every one can gain the privilege of a home

treat them as complimentary expressions of faith in their truly American citizenship. In this way Mr. Norris will maintain the high standard of the community.

CAPE COD IN PERORATION

Our Incomparable Cape! Stretching out sturdily from the coast of Massachusetts as the "arm of the Almighty"—full of vital strength for those who are seeking re-creation; filled with romance for youth and buoyant maturity; replete with records that are among the foundation events of

It has remained for this new era to cause a singular awakening.

Where else in the whole world can be found such a combination of alluring and attractive features for summer homes? Seashore, with crystalline, balmy waters; inland lakes with wooded shores; great hotels for the citified; trellised cottages and wide verandas for the aerified; wide-ranged for golf, polo, tennis; great stretches of land-locked waters for boating, or the wide expanse of ocean for cruising, and good roads everywhere!



Under Summer Skies on Cape Cod

High lights gathered in the fifteen towns of Pilgrim Land, whose thoughtful preservation of reminders of the early days make them veritable storehouses of our Nation's history and traditions

THERE is no other spot in any land quite like Cape Cod. Here—facing upon four seas, swept by cooling breezes on every hand, traversed by winding woodland ways and dotted with myriad ponds pellucid clear, with wind-swept hills and bosky dells, with far-flung sandy shores and towering cliffs—lies a land of varied and surpassing scenic beauty, endowed with a historic past and wrapped in a glamour of old traditions such as few other spots can boast.

Land where the shy arbutus hides its sweetness in the dewy woods and a thousand hidden joys allure an army of Nature lovers to explore its beauty spots when the countryside lies dreaming under the summer skies.

* * *

"DOWN ON THE CAPE"

WHERE lies the town of Bourne, stretching between the waters of Buzzard's Bay on the west and Cape Cod Bay on the east, here begins Cape Cod—an island now, because of the

in 1658, and whose descendants still live on a portion of the land presented to him by its aboriginal owners. This good and godly man—a friend of Eliot—preached to all the Indians from Middleboro to Provincetown, and taught nearly a hundred and fifty of the red men to read the Eliot Bible. He had at one time more than a thousand "praying Indians" under his tutelage in twenty-two localities on the Cape, and finally went to live with the Indians at Mashpee, where he died after a long and exalted life of patient and loving labor among his chosen people.

Half way between Bourne and the railway station at Buzzard's Bay, on the south bank of the Manomet River, are the remains of the trading post established by the Pilgrims in 1627, where they exchanged sugar and linen stuffs and other goods with the Dutch of New Amsterdam and the colonists of Virginia.

To this place, in 1756, came in sailing boats the last fugitive band of the Acadians who had been driven by the British from the Annapolis Valley. The whole ninety souls, last remnant

a place to sit down in, and have sufficient land for threescore families," selected their place of residence.

Soon after the settlement was begun, the Plymouth Colony sent Myles Standish and John Alden to set forth the "bounds of the land granted them," and the little town began the decorous career that has lasted to the present time—for nowhere on Cape Cod has the progress of time wrought fewer changes than in Sandwich town.

History records but one blot on Sandwich's fair escutcheon. Cape Cod was free of the witchcraft mania that swept the North Shore with such virulence, but her behavior toward the Quakers was quite as shocking in its way as the hangings on Gallows Hill in Salem. And because there happened to be more Quakers in Sandwich than in the other towns upon the Cape, there was correspondingly more persecution. The laws against Quakers were very cruel—and they were cruelly enforced. If the heavy fines inflicted failed to teach them the error of their



Soft inland waters at Mattapoisett—the "place of rest"



Artists find the old Cape doorways a never-ending delight

Canal through which the coastwise shipping creeps to escape the long and oftentimes dangerous course around the Cape. So long ago as 1630 the narrowness of the strip of land at the very beginning of Cape Cod suggested the digging of a canal, but not until 1914 did it become an accomplished fact.

Old charts of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries show the locations of possible routes considered by the Pilgrims, whose long residence in the Netherlands had taught them the convenience of canals.

At Bourne, the threshold to the Cape, we come at once in contact with the quaint traditions that lend such charm to the whole Cape country. The town was named for Jonathan Bourne, evangelist to the Indians, who began his labors

of the seven thousand helpless men, women and children, whose heart-rending story is told by Longfellow in "Evangeline," seem to have been absorbed, obliterated in the various towns on the Cape where they were distributed in lots for "safe keeping."

No trace of them remains upon Cape Cod. Their boats were sold eventually by the court, and history is silent as to their end.

* * *

CAPE COD'S OLDEST TOWN

SANDWICH, named after a seaport in Kent, claims the honor of being the oldest of the Cape towns. Here, in 1637, ten men from Saugus, who had been granted permission by the court at Plymouth to "have the liberty to view

ways, they were flogged, banished, and their ears cut off!

At Sandwich are the glass works which, when established in 1825, were among the largest in the world, and interesting specimens of Sandwich glass are to be seen in Cape Cod parlors. Colored goblets, engraved pitchers and quaint little glass animals in their natural colors, blown inside a glass bell, are cherished still in many homes.

Many of the prairie schooners which crossed the plains in the gold rush of '49 were built at Sagamore—which is a part of the town of Sandwich—by Isaac Keith, whose original wagon factory has grown into the largest freight-car plant in New England.

The turpentine industry that flourished once



The shore line at Popponosett, looking out to sea on a beautiful summer day

in Sandwich has vanished with the pines that have fallen before the flames that have so often ravaged the forests on the Cape. Where once the tall and stately pines reared their tasselled heads, the hardy scrub oak now is found.

As Sandwich is the oldest town upon the Cape, it is quite fitting that here should have stood what was said to be the oldest house still standing in America—the Thomas Tupper House, which was built in 1637.

Seven generations of his name lived there successively for two hundred and sixty-seven years, and the Tupper Family Association, descendants from this “man from Saugus,” had just finished restoring the old homestead to perpetuate his memory when it was burned down.

The quaint, delightful Daniel Webster Inn, where the “Godlike Daniel” used to stop when on his frequent fishing trips to the Cape, is situated in Sandwich, and Joseph Jefferson’s grave, marked by a great rough boulder, is in the cemetery by the side of the country road.

CAPE COD METHODISTS

YARMOUTH, which takes its name from a seaport in Norfolk, England, is the third oldest town on the Cape, founded in 1639, with a stirring Revolutionary history, and vivid memories of the old whaling and seafaring days. In the days of sailing ships, Yarmouth was famous for its able seamen, who voyaged on the seven seas, and became ship’s officers and acquired great wealth in the roaring days of the whaling industry and the India and China trade. The town’s complacent air of easy-going comfort today is a resultant of the wealth that has been handed down to the descendants of those bluff old ship’s captains who helped to make the fame of America’s merchant marine known round the world.

Traditions of its brave seafaring days still linger round the town, and straggling lines of rotting piles mark where once stood the wharves from which its mackerel fleet was wont to sail a score of years ago.

But it is because of its being the great camping center of Cape Cod that Yarmouth is best known today. Here, for a week each year, a great congregation gathers in Millenium Grove

and gives fresh impetus to the progress of Methodism throughout New England. Since 1863 these meetings have been held at Yarmouth without interruption. For thirty years before that time they were held at Eastham, from which place the history of Methodism on Cape Cod really starts.

In the early days the people on Cape Cod took their religion seriously. What they wanted was, as Southey said, “religion in earnest,” and, by easy-going modern standards, that was what they got. Austere meeting houses, devoid of every creature comfort, and impassioned preaching by zealous exhorters, induced an atmosphere wherein a rock-ribbed religion flourished.

The multitude of white-spired churches that dot the scattered villages throughout the Cape country are monuments to a sturdy and simple faith that has sustained a sturdy and simple people for many generations.

CAPE COD’S COUNTY SEAT

CAPE COD comprises the entire county of Barnstable, of which the town of Barnstable is the county seat—the shire town of Pilgrim Land. To a stranger on the Cape, the colloquial use of the word “town” is often puzzling. There are fifteen “towns” upon Cape Cod, the largest of which is Barnstable, and the smallest Provincetown—each town containing a number of villages or “neighborhoods,” with distinctive names and separate post-offices of their own; and quite often important railway stations. Thus, Hyannis with its fashionable shops, imposing station, wide and beautiful main street and metropolitan air, is a village in the town of Barnstable. Buzzard’s Bay is a railway center and a well-known summer resort, famous for years as the summer home of Joseph Jefferson and Grover Cleveland, but geographically a “neighborhood” in the town of Bourne, as is Pocasset and Cataumet and Monument Beach. So, too, Wood’s Hole, home of the Marine Biological Station, distinguished in the last century as a whaling port, now the terminus of the railway, and the point from which the boats to Nantucket and New Bedford and Martha’s Vineyard depart, is a part of Falmouth.

Barnstable might well be called the “melting pot” of the Cape. Excepting only Provincetown, it has more “Bravas” among its population than any other town on Cape Cod, and here also most of the Finns are gathered. There are Catholic churches in Barnstable with exclusively Portuguese attendance, and Protestant ones where only Finns are the communicants.

Barnstable was the home of Priscilla Mullins, the heroine of Longfellow’s poem, “The Courtship of Miles Standish,” and of James Otis, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

While delving into the annals of this old town, we get a glimpse of an all-but-forgotten chapter in the history of Massachusetts, written in the days when the institution of slavery flourished within its borders. The will of John Bacon, of Barnstable, made in 1730, bequeaths to his wife the “use and improvement” of the slave Dinah for her lifetime, and if “at the death of my said wife, Dinah be still living, I direct my executors to sell her, and to use and improve the money for which she is sold in the purchase of Bibles and distribute them equally among my said wife’s and my grandchildren.”

Originally known as “Great Marshes,” from its wide sweep of marshes, a living green in the summer time and golden russet in the fall, Barnstable was later named in memory of the seaport in Devonshire near the Bristol Channel, but the name of the young Indian sachem, Iyannough, who first welcomed the white men to that locality, is perpetuated by the village of Hyannis—which came to its present musical adaptation of the Indian syllables through the modifications of his name into Janno, Ianno and Hyanno.

From the top of Shoot Flying Hill, five miles from Hyannis, on any clear day a panoramic view of all Cape Cod may be obtained, and also of the mainland as far away as Plymouth.

THE HOME OF THE CRANBERRY

WHILE the wild cranberry has always grown freely in certain sections on Cape Cod, it was Henry Hall, an inhabitant of Dennis, who first began to cultivate it more than eighty years ago. Since his first experiments with the cultivation of the piquant berry that resulted

Along the south side of the Cape you find those quiet nooks where the sail boats loaf



in the whole population of Dennis soon becoming enthusiastic cranberry raisers, the industry has been reduced almost to an exact science, and now produces a revenue of several millions of dollars per year for the inhabitants of the Cape.

Cranberries and Cape Cod have been linked together since 1677, when the loyal subjects of Charles the Second in Massachusetts presented His Gracious Majesty with ten barrels of the wild berries, together with three thousand codfish and two hogsheads of sump.

The industry of salt making upon Cape Cod began also in Dennis when, in 1776, Captain John Sears constructed the first salt vat and began experimenting with solar evaporation of sea-water. Like most inventors, he was laughed at for a visionary and his first failures held up to scorn, his salt works being popularly known as "Sears' Folly," but within a few years his experiments brought success and competition in the new industry became so intense that in the year 1855 there were a hundred and sixty-five salt manufactories on Cape Cod, with an annual output of thirty-four thousand bushels.

All over the Cape, but especially in Dennis, where eighty-five salt manufactories were in operation, there stood on the hills which overlooked the sea windmills which pumped sea-water into wooden vats for the making of salt. The thousands of tourists who purchase the gay little wooden windmills for sale along the roadside at many points on the Cape little realize that they are buying souvenirs of a vanished industry.

Three hundred and fifty gallons of sea water were required to make a bushel of salt, which in 1783 sold for eight dollars a bushel. The General Court encouraged the manufacture by offering a bounty of three shillings for every bushel produced, and at one time more than two millions of dollars were invested in the salt works on the Cape.

Dennis, at the close of the Civil War, had a fishing fleet of forty-eight vessels, and a coast-wise fleet of eighty-five. Nearly twelve hundred men sailed then from this port, which for years was famous for its maritime history. Here many fast clipper ships were built by the Shivericks,

the foremost shipbuilders on Cape Cod. Some of their vessels became noted for their swift voyages between Calcutta and the Golden Gate.

Dennis extends from Cape Cod Bay to Nantucket Sound, and is a town of ponds. On Scargo Hill, the highest point of land on Cape Cod, an observatory has been built, from which, on a clear day, Martha's Vineyard can be seen across the Sound.

From the bluff back of the mile-long bathing beach of firm white sand on the Bay-side of the town a view of Provincetown can be had, nearly twenty miles to the north, while on the left the Plymouth coast is visible.

* * *

A LITTLE KNOWN CORNER OF CAPE COD

ORIGINALLY included within the boundaries of Barnstable township, but incorporated as a separate town in 1870, Mashpee has experienced a variegated sequence of experiments in government.

In this quaint little village live today the descendants of the red men for whom, in 1650, the Commonwealth of Massachusetts set aside several thousand acres of land as a reservation on condition that "no Indian should sell or white man buy of an Indian, any land without a license first obtained from the General Court."

The sense of guardianship proved to be repugnant to a people innately independent, and defiance of its restrictions resulted in the Mashpee tribe being granted management of its own affairs in 1693—a privilege that was revoked after three years of unsatisfactory experiments in self government. In 1763 it became incorporated into a district by an act of the General Court that was repeated in 1788. When, in 1870, the plantation was finally incorporated into a town, there was not a single pure-blooded Indian left alive to enjoy the privilege of sending their own representative to the Legislature.

The ecclesiastical history of Mashpee has been as tranquil as its civil history has been disturbed. Since 1630, when Jonathan Bourne began his evangelizing of the Indians, there has been an unbroken line of preachers, and in 1790 it had the only organized Indian church in Massachusetts, endowed by the will of an English clergy-

man who left his estate in England to Harvard College "on condition that sixty pounds per annum be allowed to two persons of prudence and piety to preach in the English plantations for the good of what pagans and blacks may be neglected there."

Though the Indian language has not been spoken there for a generation, and the last full-blooded Indian in Mashpee died in 1793, its inhabitants still prefer to be called Indians, and the characteristic physiognomy and carriage of the red man and the aquiline nose and straight-black hair, still persist in the offspring of the heterogeneous Indian, Portuguese, and Negro parentage that now comprises its population.

Mashpee is no longer a reservation, and its inhabitants are no longer Indians, but it is, nevertheless, a quaint and interesting locality, well worth a visit from anyone in search of picturesque types and old traditions.

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AT THE BEND OF THE CAPE

BREWSTER was originally the North Parish of Harwich. The town was named for Elder William Brewster of the *Mayflower* band. It forms the bend of Cape Cod, and while it has no adequate harbor has always been a town of seafaring men. More shipmasters engaged in the foreign trade went from the town of Brewster than from any other place in the country in proportion to its size. In 1850, at the height of its prosperity, more than fifty shipmasters called this town "home."

Mementoes of their journeys to far-off foreign parts may still be seen in many Brewster homes. Old china, quaint armor, rare Canton crepe shawls, India silks and strange foreign curios, brought from across the sea by ship captains and sailormen in years gone by delight the visitors of today.

During the War of 1812 the inhabitants of the town raised four thousand dollars at the demand of a British commander as the price of immunity from invasion and destruction of their town.

Brewster has an air of quiet prosperity and thrift, and in its architecture perpetuates the typical Cape Cod homesteads patterned after the



Craigville Beach on a summer afternoon



The Manse at Dennis—a beautiful example of true Cape architecture

simple Devon or Cornish cottages from whence its earliest settlers came.

The town owns a herring brook and appoints a committee at the annual town meeting to catch and dispose of the fish. Often in former years the yield was as high as three hundred barrels a year—not an inconsiderable source of income as a bounty from the sea.

A CENTER OF EDUCATION

THE educational record of Harwich is one of which to be justly proud. The first vocational course offered in America was offered here at Brook's Seminary—a course in navigation. The Seminary was founded in the year 1844 by Sidney Brooks, who served as its head for about twenty-two years. In 1883 it became the town high school, and still maintains a high record among pedagogical institutions. Before the enactment of the Act of 1911, providing for the establishment of agricultural departments in high schools under State aid and supervision, Harwich petitioned the Board of Education for such a department, which was established in 1912, the third in the State, and the first in Barnstable county, and has helped to further the development of agriculture on the Cape. At the Panama Pacific Exposition, Harwich won the Vocational Exhibit Grand Prize for Massachusetts.

Besides its exceptional high school, Harwich boasts of having the largest and finest town hall and theatre on Cape Cod, and the finest village park. There is a fine harbor for yachts and small craft, and at Harwichport and West Harwich are splendid bathing beaches.

There are more than ninety miles of finely-kept highways in Harwich, which are a delight to the automobilist because of the beautifully wooded country which they traverse.

Originally the chief resource of Harwich, named for the old port in Essex County, England, was fishing, and its inhabitants had their working

capital invested in vessels built on the banks of Herring River, which borders the town. Now its chief industry is caring for the summer people who find here a delightful combination of wooded roads and sparkling sea and beautiful beaches.

HOME OF THE QUAHAUG PIE

WELLFLEET, established originally as a fishing village, has sustained a consistent reputation for its prowess on the sea since long before its separation from the town of Eastham in 1763. Wellfleet men are seamen and fishermen by inheritance. In the old whaling days the town had a fleet of a hundred vessels, built in her own yards from her own timber and manned by her own men, and sent the first whaling expedition to the Falkland Islands. The renowned Jesse Holbrook of Wellfleet in Revolutionary times killed fifty-two sperm whales in the course of a single voyage, and William McKay in 1882 brought in a fare of codfish amounting to 4,062 quintals—worth twenty-two thousand dollars. These two records are the high marks in Wellfleet's fishing industry, but she still holds an honored place in the off-shore fisheries, and her shellfish are excellent and abundant.

Oysters are shipped in large quantities to Boston, and clams, quahaugs, scallops and mussels, lobsters and crabs, find their way from Wellfleet to favoring markets, or are cooked in native fashion for the delectation of the summer visitor. Who has not eaten a Wellfleet quahaug pie has missed a rare epicurean delight.

At Wellfleet is the Marconi wireless station, established in 1903, the first high-powered installation in this country, with a range of sixteen hundred miles. Press matter and long-distance messages are sent from this station every night.

Many Wellfleet farmers are growing prosperous from the cultivation of asparagus—but fishing and summer visitors are the main industries.

One of the most successful contests against mosquitoes was waged at Wellfleet. Through the efforts of Mr. Lorenzo D. Baker, a dyke was built at Herring River to exclude tide water that was commented on at great length in the *Engineering News* as a noteworthy triumph in reclaiming marsh lands from the winged pests.

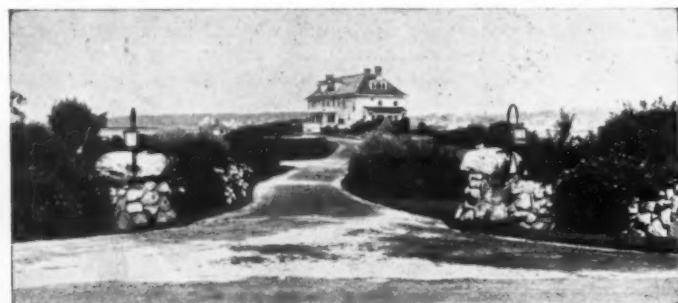
The Commonwealth of Massachusetts appropriated ten thousand dollars towards the project, and the local authorities provided the remaining six thousand dollars. The dyke is nine hundred feet long, twenty-two feet wide at the top, with a height of seventy feet above low water. It is an embankment of sand, protected by a coating of marsh sod three feet thick. The top of the dyke is used as a road to reach locations for summer residences.

The work of constructing the dyke was carried out by Channing Howard under direction of the Board of Harbor and Land Commissioners.

The results have far surpassed expectations. The construction of the dyke and the draining of the marshes have made the mosquito more of a curiosity than a pest. The success of this enterprise has emancipated this section of the Cape from the discomforts that followed when the salt marshes were deserted by the farmers who, with the coming of the railroad, were able to purchase better hay and fodder from inland, and were not dependent as formerly upon the salt marshes.

The success of the dyke at Wellfleet means much to other communities afflicted with the mosquito pests. With dykes to exclude tide water and oil spread upon the surface of all stagnant pools to prevent its eggs from hatching, the days of the mosquito are numbered. The dyke is, in a small way, as important an achievement in engineering as the irrigation dams of the west—and the digging of the Canal indicates what can be done in the way of reclaiming large areas on Cape Cod for habitation and cultivation.

It indicates that the inhabitants of Cape



"The Anchorage" at Woods Hole



Artists "busy as bees" on the wharves at Provincetown



Home green of the Woods Hole Golf Club

Cod, where the Pilgrims struggled to carve a Republic from the wilderness, are entitled to some consideration in the way of public improvements from the great nation which they have helped to build, and for whose betterment they have contributed toward improvements in other sections of the country over a taxation period of nearly two centuries.

* * *

WHERE THE QUAKERS FOUND REFUGE

QUITE in contrast to the treatment accorded them in other Cape towns, and particularly in Sandwich, the mild and inoffensive Quakers found a safe and pleasant home in the town of Falmouth, whose inhabitants not only tolerated, but welcomed them—even going to the unheard-of length of freeing them of the customary minister's tax.

They still maintain their unadorned gray meeting house on the State road into Falmouth, with its open carriage sheds, now mostly filled with autos on a Sunday during service, and its quiet little graveyard on the slope of the hill where all the small gray stones are uniform in pattern—emblems of their lack of worldly pomp and circumstance.

Falmouth has an air of having had its face washed and its hair combed very early in the day and being sent out to play with a strict injunction not to be rough or noisy and not to get its nice new shoes all dusty. It is by way of being very prosperous, in a quiet, quite decorous way, ranking sixth in wealth among all the towns of the Old Bay State—though it is rather puzzling to determine where all her money came from, as the town has never been conspicuous in commercial or maritime undertakings, as have many other of the Cape towns.

Nevertheless, Falmouth is thrifty and prosperous, and a rather conspicuous example of a New England town of the better class—dignified, sedate and beautiful.

It is very popular with a rather exclusive class of summer folks who find in and around Falmouth many quiet and delightful spots in which to pass the season. Falmouth Heights, North

Falmouth and Hatchville all partake of the dignified prosperity of their mother town, and Chapaquoit is one of the most fashionable resorts along this portion of the Atlantic coast.

The rose gardens, just outside of Wood's Hole, are a wonderful sight when in bloom, and attract visitors from all over the country and from Europe—horticultural enthusiasts who come to study the methods of their cultivation and to place their orders for the bushes.

At Wood's Hole itself, the point of departure of the boats for Nantucket and New Bedford and Martha's Vineyard, is the Marine Biological Station where hundreds of strange and curious fish may be viewed at close range in the glass tanks of the aquarium. Millions of cod, flounders and mackerel are taken from the hatchery here each season and carefully planted in the adjacent waters along the coast to help maintain the fisheries for which Massachusetts is famous.

* * *

LOVELIEST OF ALL CAPE TOWNS

CHATHAM, situated on the elbow of Cape Cod, the most easterly point in the State of Massachusetts, is the loveliest, and in some respects, the most interesting town on the Cape. Champlain came here in 1606—fourteen years before the Pilgrims landed at Provincetown.

Its shore is broken by bays, creeks, harbors and inlets, making an irregular coastline of nearly twenty miles, where every step along its winding course opens up some new vista of delight. But, for all its beauty, Chatham marks the most perilous spot of a perilous coast. Before the Canal was cut across the Cape, its name was a dreaded nightmare to the skippers and sailormen of the coastwise shipping—and even now not a year goes by without its record of wrecks on Monomoy.

In generations past, hundreds of vessels, small and large, and thousands of lives have been sacrificed on the cruel coast where the resistless sea lashes itself into fury on the jagged scattered rocks along that dreaded shore-line from Monomoy to Peaked Hill Bars.

There is no connected official record of the disasters on this coast previous to the establish-

ment of the United States Life-Saving Service in 1872, but among the town records and the local histories and traditions handed down by word of mouth is told an almost unbelievable tale of tragedy and death.

In spite of the great number of sea disasters along the whole "pitch of the Cape," as the stretch from Chatham to Provincetown is called, previous to 1872 the only agent of rescue on this coast was the Massachusetts Humane Society—a private charity established in 1786, which established huts along the shore of the whole Atlantic Coast in desolate places where shipwrecked persons might be cast. Now there are Government life-saving stations about every five miles from Provincetown to Monomoy, where a keeper lives throughout the year, and where from August first to June first of the following year there is a crew of life-savers, a small unit of a force whose exploits, recorded briefly in the dry page of government reports, should be written in letters of gold upon choice parchment for all men to read as an example of self-sacrificing devotion to duty.

The Twin Light Houses on the bluff at Chatham, the windmill on the hill, the fish-freezing plant and the fishing village are all objects of interest to the summer visitors who have helped make of Chatham a thriving and prosperous town.

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ALONG THE DUNES OF TRURO

AT no other place can the peculiar geographical formation thought by many people who have never visited Cape Cod to be characteristic of the whole region, be more clearly seen than in the town of Truro.

Here are the rolling sand dunes, clothed with a scanty verdure, stretching away on every hand, with hardly a tree as far as the eye can see, and only an occasional house half hidden in a hollow of the dunes—in the distance—a barren, wind-swept, desolate land where the lonely autoist at night may drive for miles without seeing the friendly twinkle of a light in the window of a human habitation.

To stand on the crest of Corn Hill on Cape



A quiet spot near Orleans



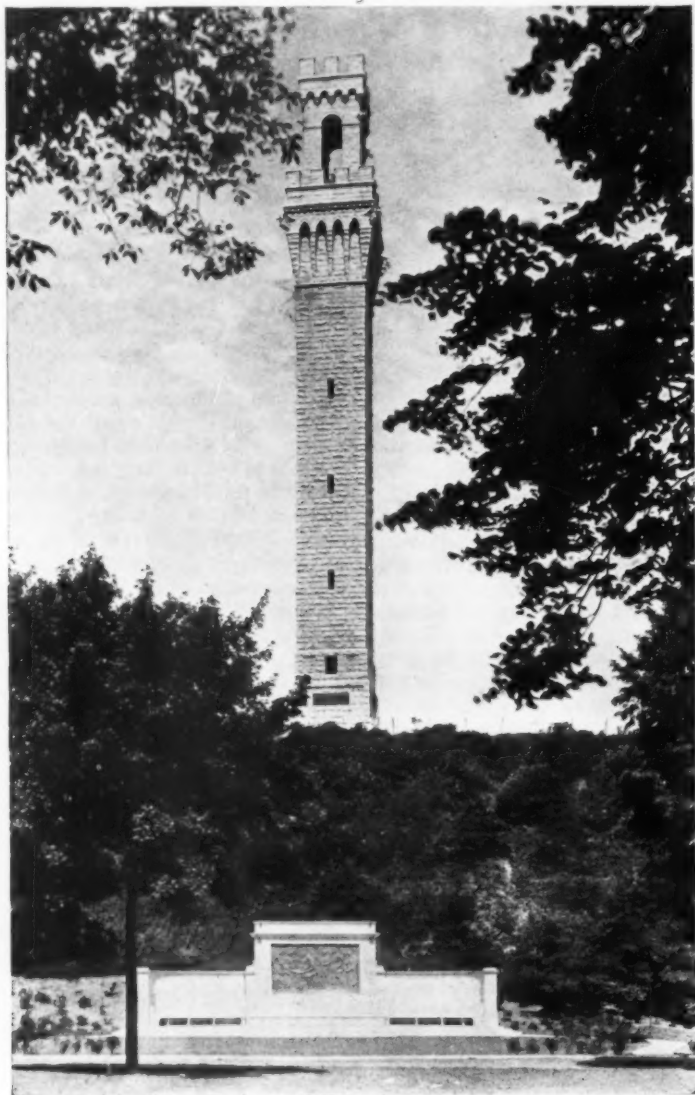
In Osterville Bay—so often mentioned in Joseph Lincoln's books



The bathing beach at Mattapoisett

Cod, not far from Truro, before a monument in the grass and sand, placed there by the Pilgrim Tercentenary Commission under the supervision of Hon. Thomas C. Thacher, inspires a picture of events three hundred years past.

time. The following spring, 1621, the first field of corn was planted by white men. From these kernels discovered by Bradford and Hopkins have grown the millions and millions of acres of waving corn in the mid-west. Corn that fur-



The Pilgrim Shaft at Provincetown—America's most historic monument.
"Here was a nation born"

Standish, Bradford, Hopkins and Tilley, four of the Pilgrim fathers, were sent out from the Provincetown landing place to explore in a shallop, to search for food on a cold dreary day in November. This was even one month before the landing at Plymouth.

They found maize on the crest of this hill; the Indian corn that redskins had put away for their winter supply.

Think of the feeling that must have come to them as these Pilgrim fathers uncovered soil described as "wooded to the water's edge." Shadowed by the primeval pine, they discovered the first corn ever known by white men.

The winter was approaching; famine was staring the Pilgrims in the face; and it was this little cache of golden corn that saved them from starvation during the long months at Plymouth. Every kernel was preserved. With the forethought and thrift characteristic of the Pilgrim fathers, they saved it and denied themselves that they might have seed corn for the spring

nished relief to Ireland and Russia. Corn that has been the backbone of the agricultural development of America. It all started from the little kernels discovered on Cape Cod.

The record of the finding of the first corn is found on a bronze tablet on the monument, as follows:

1620	SIXTEEN PILGRIMS led by Myles Standish, Wm. Bradford Stephan Hopkins and Edward Tilley found the precious Indian Corn on this spot which they called Corn Hill Nov. 16, 1620 (old style)	1920
<p>"And sure it was God's Good Providence that we found the corn for else we know not how we should have done." —<i>Mourt's Relation</i></p>		

ONCE IT WAS THE GRANARY OF THE CAPE

EASTHAM, which was at first called Nauset, was settled in 1646. It is a region of sea and sand, a barren, windswept land, with long low marshes, level and softly tinted, and an individuality all its own—a distinctive section of the Cape. Yet once it was the granary of Cape Cod, where the Pilgrims came to fill their sacks from its great store of corn.

Here the rolling pastures, today so bare, were once luxuriantly green with waving grass and the maize fields of the Indians. And here the early settlers raised such bumper crops on its fertile soil that the Plymouth Colony at one time considered removing to this favored spot.

The lesson that Eastham teaches is one that New England farmers were slow to learn—the lesson that the richest land can be in time exhausted if care is not taken to return to it the elements of fertility exhausted by continued cultivation. This natural garden spot, forced to bring forth repeated crops, yielded its virgin glory to the hand of man till, utterly despoiled, it became a barren waste—beautiful still with a wistful charm—a mute reminder of an economic crime.

Encouraging signs that the lesson which Eastham teaches is bearing fruit are the asparagus and strawberry crops which are now being raised here with the aid of seaweed as a fertilizer for the sandy soil.

The Reverend Samuel Treat settled here among the red men in 1672, and learned to speak and write the Indian language. Like the noble Frenchmen along the shores of the Great Lakes, he became a spiritual father to the Indians, and labored there for forty-five years in the vineyard of the Lord.

A half mile or so from the town of Eastham across the sandy plain are the Nauset Lights, built among the sand dunes, with the keeper's house sheltered in a hollow in the rear. The shore line changes with every storm and the sea eats always at the bluffs along the beach.

* * *

REMINISCENT OF ITS GALIC TIES

THE early settlers of Cape Cod came mostly from the south of England and gave to the towns they founded in the New World the names of the villages in Devon, Kent and Cornwall from which they came. Orleans, the terminus of the French Atlantic Cable from Brest, perpetuates its Gallic affiliation with the only foreign name among the Cape towns.

It is a place of beautiful landscapes, rambling over breezy uplands, and formerly was a part of Eastham, from which the towns of Chatham, Wellfleet, and Orleans all were carved. It became incorporated as a separate town in 1797.

Here, during the War of 1812, occurred the fray between its townspeople and the British troops which is dignified in history as "The Battle of Orleans." They were a people of spirit and independence—those early settlers of Orleans—and when a demand for tribute was made by the British fleet, indignantly refused to pay, and successfully repelled the perfidious enemy by force of arms.

There is a legend that in the year of 1718 the sea, lashed to fury by a great storm, forced a passage across the Cape through which Captain Southack sailed in a whaleboat from the bay to the ocean to capture the pirate Bellamy. The tradition persists that when a storm is brewing, a mirage in the sky shows Captain Southack's whaleboat sailing across the meadows of Orleans from Cape Cod Bay to the Atlantic Ocean and



View of quaint old Provincetown as seen from the Tower



Roll all the great deserts of the world into one—then look upon the Dunes

disappearing in pursuit of a phantom pirate ship. As scientific proof of the well-loved legend, Orleans people point with pride to the established fact that in 1865 the wreck of an old-time ship was uncovered by the sea in the town of Orleans, and that Professor Agassiz made an investigation which disclosed specific evidence of the now obliterated passage across the Cape.

* * *

"THE CITY IN THE SAND"

THOREAU facetiously wrote, after his first visit to Provincetown, that when he reached Boston he had a gill of Provincetown sand in his shoes—a not uncommon experience of travelers even at this late day. And, by the way, I know of no better preparation of the mind to receive new impressions than to re-read his delightful account before visiting this quaint spot—if only for the purpose of comparing the Provincetown of Thoreau's day with the Provincetown of today.

The sand is still there—and the sea—but otherwise it is greatly changed, for the better or the worse I would not care to say. At any rate, aside from all its historic associations, so dear to every true American, it has a peculiar charm that draws us back year after year, if only for the briefest visit.

Peculiarly enough, though Provincetown was the birthplace of the American Republic—the spot where, as Thoreau said, "one may stand and put all America behind him," it has today the most foreign atmosphere of any place in the United States—excepting St. Augustine, perhaps.

The Portuguese have pre-empted Provincetown and made it so much their own that dark-skinned faces are almost as common there as in the villages of the Azores or in Lisbon itself.

It is a queer, jumbled, bustling place, a mixture of strange sights and sounds, a mingling of the East and West—where legends of the Norsemen blend with Pilgrim history and the patois of modern art. It has an "atmosphere" beloved of the painter folk, who flock here every year and set up their easels and their white umbrellas on the sand and splash enough paint on their acres of canvas in a summer to paint one of the great gray battleships that lie so majestically at anchor in the harbor.

It is less than thirty years since the inhabitants of Provincetown were more than "squatters" on Province land, without valid titles to the land on which their houses stood. In 1741 this portion of the Cape was set off as a precinct of the Province of the Massachusetts Bay Colony—hence the name of Provincetown for what had formerly been a part of Truro—with the title resting in the Colonial Province and afterward in the Commonwealth. And not until 1893 was a division made—by a special act of the General Court—of the lands between the township and the state whereby the town acquired its title to the settled portion, and the Commonwealth retained as "Province Lands" the unoccupied portion of the town, stretching from the settled limits of the village to the ocean.

This unusual civic arrangement acted as a natural deterrent to permanence of population, and though a fishing hamlet was established here

at the tip end of the Cape after the union of the Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay Colonies in 1692—so late as 1749, says Douglass in his "Summary," the "town consisted of only two or three settled families, two or three cows, and about six sheep." In 1764 it was overlooked by the census entirely, and so late as 1819 we read that "there was only one horse in Provincetown, and that was an old white one, with one eye."

Yet Provincetown had its season of prosperity—before the tourists and the artists began to flock there a decade or so ago—and fortunes were made by its inhabitants in ambergris and oil before the discovery of petroleum put an end to the whaling industry forever.

They still reap their harvests from the sea—these dark-skinned people from another land who have come to make Provincetown their home—for the Portuguese are natural fishermen, but the rotting wharves that line the water front where the whaling ships were wont to dock, are mute reminders of a glory that has passed.

The granite shaft two hundred and fifty-two feet high that stands on the summit of Town Hill is the famous Pilgrim Memorial Monument, reflecting in its austere beauty the Torre del Mangia in Sienna. It was dedicated in 1910 by the Cape Cod Pilgrim Memorial Association—and dull indeed must be the heart of an American who does not feel a throb of patriotic fervor inspire his being when he gazes upon its stern and impressive lines, reflecting that here, within the shadow of its towering height, America was born.



Craigville Beach—one of the finest in the world—is a busy and happy place



The great cliffs at Highland Light—most spectacular outlook on the Cape

"Catching More Flies With Molasses Than Vinegar"

Andrew Keyes, town clerk of Woodbridge township, New Jersey, Republican candidate for sheriff, smiles serenely and blushes unseenly in public office

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

THAT beautiful verse, lifted from Gray's "Elegy," comes to my mind as I start to write about Andrew Keyes, town clerk of Woodbridge township, New Jersey, a municipality almost as old as Methuselah.

Andrew Keyes is a very serene ray, a political gem, who has buried himself in the unfathomed caves of this old community's administrative circles for the past twelve years as a town clerk—an official who does the work and gets the public abuse, going without most of the honor or rewards of state.

But as a flower in that capacity, blushing unseen, he has not wasted all of his sweetness on the desert air. With the suavity of the late Senator Murray Crane of Massachusetts, and with a disarming smile, he has scattered the fragrance of his winning personality all over Middlesex County—one of the great political divisions of the state.

And since the law of compensation holds good for those who blush unseen as well as for others, this political flower may soon be blossoming in a larger public garden—as the sheriff of Middlesex County—the highest office within the gift of some three hundred thousand conservative New Jersey people. Andrew Keyes, the political ray serene, the official gem of Woodbridge township, is the leading candidate for the Republican nomination for this high office, a nomination which is about as sure of election as a Democratic candidate in Alabama. Moreover, if he wins, and I predict that he will, or if he loses, which he never does, he will smile serenely and blush unseenly when the results are known.

A man who has served almost twelve years as the town clerk of Woodbridge township—the record of this flower—and can still smile serenely, has some of the qualities of a prize-fighter, which would eminently fit him for the office of sheriff. I happen to be a resident of this municipality. I have attended the town meetings as a reporter. A New England town meeting is tame by comparison. When the protesters of Woodbridge township begin to protest, there is nothing like it except a Donnybrook Fair. But at such meetings Keyes always smiles serenely.

And now, shades of Kilkenny cats, the Woodbridge governing body has gone Democratic—with "Andy" as a Republican town clerk—and still he smiles and blushes unseen.

I have not always agreed with Andrew Keyes politically. I happen to be a Democrat. As a writer I have at times drawn heavily on my vocabulary to paint him and all other Republicans in colors as many hued as Joseph's coat. Most of the others would throw chairs at me and huff themselves up generally, but not so with this ray serene. His skin was always as hard as the skin of a crocodile and his smile as

By DON KEENE DE SAVEE

unfailing as Florida sunshine. The deeper I dipped my pen in vitriol, the more friendly he got. Eventually, as he does all others, he killed me with kindness. When he becomes sheriff, as I



Andrew Keyes, town clerk of Woodbridge township, candidate for the Republican nomination for the office of sheriff of Middlesex County, New Jersey

think he will, he will probably dispose of other disturbers of the peace in the same way.

It is that trait about Andrew Keyes which entitles him to a niche in the Hall of Fame. He is always agreeable, always unruffled, always ready to do anybody a favor. As a town clerk, he has demonstrated those excellent qualities to almost every resident of Woodbridge township. As a contractor who has built county and municipal roads for years, he has impressed his personality on a wide and appreciative public. As a Rotarian, as a town-booster, as a guest to hundreds, he is a *bon vivant* everyone calls "friend." Thus, although this gem has been buried in the dark, unfathomed cave of Woodbridge politics for twelve years, it may soon sparkle as brightly in the office of Middlesex County sheriff as a large diamond on a dowager's breast.

Andrew Keyes was born in Rahway, New Jersey, June 15, 1883, and attended the public schools there, completing a course later in the New Jersey Business College, Newark, New Jersey. He entered the clerical employ of the Pennsylvania Railroad immediately after graduation, continuing with them until 1906, when he became a lineman with the Public Service Corporation at Perth Amboy, New Jersey. In 1912 he began his business as a contractor in Woodbridge, which he has built up through hard work and good management into a large organization, from which he derives a substantial income.

In 1905 Mr. Keyes married Mary A. Marson. Two children have been born to them, John Andrew and Behatta Alice, the latter having passed away recently, to the great sorrow of her parents. The son is now attending the Freehold Military School, at Freehold, New Jersey.

The Keyes family is highly esteemed in Woodbridge, where they have a fine home. Mr. Keyes has been a faithful town clerk, giving the duties of that office close attention, the same as he looks after his large private business. His credit and his word are both good, and his smile and his serenity are not counterfeit either.

Andrew Keyes' life is a shining example of the principle that "You can catch more flies with molasses than with vinegar." He has got what he has by friendliness—he will be the next sheriff of Middlesex County, I believe—because he is a friend to every man.

As primary day approaches in Middlesex County, New Jersey, where there is more politics to the square inch than anywhere else in the world, excitement is rife. Editors of country weeklies are again dipping their pens in vitriol; rival party leaders will soon begin to sling mud. And some of this, you may be sure, will be directed at Andrew Keyes. But he will come through it all blushing unseenly and smiling serenely—with the biggest political plum in the county—say the wise ones of the Mosquito State, who always have their ears to the ground.

"GOOD-BYE"

(Written by a Chinese student in a friend's album)

THERE is a word, of grief the sounding token;

There is a word bejeweled with bright tears,
The saddest word fond lips have ever spoken;
A little word that breaks the chain of years;
Its utterance must ever bring emotion,

The memories it crystals cannot die,
'Tis known in every land, on every ocean—
'Tis called "Good-bye."

Quaint Cape Cod

Out of the World, a Wonderland at the Dooryard of Massachusetts

CAPE COD, that long, crooked neck of land extending in the shape of a huge, beckoning arm a hundred miles out to sea from the Massachusetts coast line, is perhaps today the most famous vacation land in America. Almost completely surrounded by salt water, its surface is continually cooled by welcome winds day and night throughout the entire year, and it has a charm and fragrance all its own.

This long neck of land offers more different kinds of summer vacation life than almost any territory within such easy reach of the big cities of the East. Here we have a rural region on terms of close intimacy with the sea, where you can live with the salt water at your front door and the sweet-scented pine woods at your back. A more delightful climate would be hard to find.

The Cape's health-giving and fragrant pines are noted for their tonic qualities. Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket are equally notable for their salubrious climate, free from unpleasant humidity and always invigorated by ocean-cooled air.

Cape Cod roads for driving and motoring have been a factor in the development of the region. They offer perpetual variety, now crossing salt meadows or arms of tide waters and affording sweeping views of the sea, and then through peaceful farm lands and thickly wooded sections. Because of the shifting sands and difficult engineering feat involved, the Commonwealth of Massachusetts extended itself to the limit of its genius and resources to provide a perfect and permanent series of automobile roads. The King's Highway, extending from Boston to Provincetown, cannot be surpassed anywhere in this country in excellence of construction or in charm of inland scenery or in glimpses of sea views.

From the headland at Falmouth Heights to the twin lights at Chatham and thence up the Atlantic coast to Highland Light, another excellent highway runs. It crisscrosses through Osterville and Hyannis and cross roads bisect the main highways at Harwichport, Yarmouth, Marion, Wood's Hole and Wellfleet. The densely-shaded, quaintly house-lined avenues of Dennis, Brewster, Sandwich, Barnstable, Sagamore, Eastham and Truro beckon the motorist to linger. Highways on the island are as alluring as on the mainland and have been constructed with as much care and expense.

Always just at your side is one of the fresh water ponds that waft pleasant and cooling winds in the summer season. There are three hundred and sixty-five fresh water ponds which diversify the Cape landscape and add greatly to the beauty of the region and to the freshness of the air. More than half of these ponds are ten acres in extent and afford fine fishing.

The towns down on the Cape are the location of many beautiful estates. Some people just come for the summer vacation season, but

By JAMES D. HENDERSON

there are thousands who find it convenient to live there all the year round. The winters are almost as delightful as the summer months. Heavy snow is almost unknown, and in early February of this year, while most of New England was snowed under, dust was blowing in Cape Cod streets.

Being so convenient as a week-end retreat, it is not strange that Boston and New York men have played an important part in the development of this region. The summer homes range from the pretentious villa, situated in park-like

grounds, to the simple cottage on its own bit of shore, where no sea breeze can escape it. For those who prefer, there are summer hotels, ranging from the big ones, with broad verandas, to small ones on the family order, both catering to the summer-long or transient guest.

There are likewise quiet cottages or old-fashioned dwellings where summer visitors are accommodated. Some of these village houses, with their old-time furniture and curios, brick ovens, fireplaces, cupboards in odd nooks and wide old chimneys, are intensely interesting. All over the Cape at this season of the year hundreds of new homes are being erected with here and there a large hotel coming into view. The

Continued on page 368



The Twin Lights at Chatham that overlook the deadly Chatham Bars, where hundreds of sea tragedies have been enacted

Victor Hope is Example of Men Making Florida

Crawling up through the hawse pipe, he later became the broker of the late William Jennings Bryan. As a man of civic spirit and indomitable courage, he has distinguished himself in the tropics of America. Is one of large donors to Miami University

CONTRARY to popular opinion, many Florida multi-millionaire real estate brokers have not made their money by reclining comfortably under sugar plum trees and allowing juicy commissions to drop into their laps. Among their number is Victor Hope, whose faith, energy, indomitable courage and civic spirit have been a big factor in the making of Florida and which she has repaid bounteously.

In the thirty-nine years since Victor Hope made his entry into the world in Randolph, Maine, the stage of his career, set in many corners of the globe, has been in constant action. Indeed, his life story is the embodiment of every imaginative boy's dreams.

At the age of fifteen Victor Hope went to sea, spending his first five years on windjammers of renowned old sailing vessel days. For twenty-one years Captain Hope followed the rough life of the sea. In his own words, he "crawled through the hawse pipe" and worked his way up through all the grades and ranks until, after having served with the navy as an officer on overseas duty during the World War, he abandoned the ship's bridge and said good-bye to "the life on the ocean wave" forever.

In the course of his voyages Captain Hope visited fifty-five countries on the six continents, and the so-called seven seas, and has lived in about every kind of climate that exists on this earth. Because of this fact he is an authority on climatic conditions.

It was little more than three years ago that this deep sea captain quit the adventurous life on board ships and came to Miami, choosing that location because of its climate.

The only tropical portion of the United States, indeed, is that part of south Florida below a latitude twenty-five miles north of Miami.

There is a definite reason, Mr. Hope explained, why this comparatively small part of Florida has the most wonderful climate on earth. It is fanned by the delightful trade winds from the Gulf of Mexico, known as the Gulf Trades. These winds really created the Gulf Stream, that great, warm ocean current which hugs the Florida coast as far as Palm Beach and then curves away until it finally reaches the British Isles. Were it not for the Gulf Stream, England would be as cold as Labrador. Hydrographers claim that approximately 125,000 years were required to enable the winds to set the stream in motion to its present depth.

The most favored section of the tropical United States, in Mr. Hope's authoritative judgment, are the Greater Miami District, the Birdland District, and the Redland District. The latter extends from a point twenty-five to thirty-five miles south of Miami. The Birdland District adjoins the city of Miami and Coral Gables, the latter being, in Mr. Hope's opinion, the world's most beautiful city. He emphatically states that the climatic conditions obtaining in this region excel all others.

By VIRGINIA W. UPDEGRAFF

During the past three years Mr. Hope has engaged in the real estate business. He specialized in acreage west and southwest of Miami when acreage was still ignored. At one time he was actually in debt and his friends all called him a foolish visionary to bother with tracts of undeveloped land. But Victor Hope knew that more and more of those tracts would have to be developed as thousands of people flocked to the wonderful climate of southern Florida. Suddenly he began making sales that have now mounted to a great fortune; he had started the tremendous acreage movement that is steadily on the increase.

Mr. Hope realized the necessity of forming some kind of organization to encourage the development of this valuable territory. As a result of his thorough study of this subject, he recently created the Birdland District, and in order to set definite boundary lines, he promoted and organized the Birdland District Chamber of Commerce, Inc., and was unanimously elected president. Other prominent citizens of the community complete the list of executive officers, directors and advisory board. William Jennings Bryan II is one of the advisors.

The Birdland District comprises one hundred and thirty-three square miles of land, bounded

on the north by the famous Tamiami Trail. It extends south from that great cross-state highway for eleven miles, and is twelve miles wide. The district contains eighty suburban developments, among them many beautiful subdivisions, and five towns and villages, including South Miami, Kendal, Perrine, Benson and Rockdale. The district includes more than 85,000 acres.

The valuation of the eighty developments, covering an area of nearly ten thousand acres, is conservatively appraised at \$125,000,000. Adding to this the \$375,000,000 valuation of the seventy-five thousand acres of undeveloped land, the total value of the Birdland District is half a billion dollars.

The executive offices and assembly hall of the Birdland District Chamber of Commerce are located at South Miami. This progressive place, formerly called Larkin, is the largest town in the district, having a population of nearly four thousand inhabitants and an area of six square miles.

Because Mr. Hope is a great bird lover, he took the opportunity of naming this territory the Birdland District and making it a bird sanctuary. Suitable laws will be enacted to protect the song birds and other birds living there, some of which are mocking birds, red birds, meadow larks, robins, quail, egrets, curlews, cranes, and herons.

A man of great civic spirit, Victor Hope was a close personal friend of William Jennings Bryan, in addition to being his real estate broker and business advisor. He had many long talks with the Great Commoner regarding the founding of a Pan-American University.

As a result, at the recent founding of the University of Miami, Mr. Hope made an outright gift of \$1,050,000 for the purpose of establishing the Pan-American Unit of this splendid university, which is now under construction in that section of the city of Coral Gables, adjoining the Birdland District.

Nearly \$10,000,000 has already been subscribed for the university, which will eventually have an endowment of \$25,000,000. This institution of international scope will, of course, exert a great local influence in building up the surrounding community and establishing a cultural center.

As a memorial to his friend, the late William Jennings Bryan, Mr. Hope has devoted \$250,000 of his gift to the University of Miami for the establishment of a College of Civil Government and Diplomacy, a subject which was dear to the heart of the Great Commoner. Mr. Hope has also commissioned the famous sculptor, Walter Russell, to execute a large tablet in bronze of the bust of Mr. Bryan for an inset in the memorial.

Another foundation made by Mr. Hope is the College of Business Administration, to cost \$250,000, or a total of \$500,000 for the two foundations, both of which are to be a part of



VICTOR HOPE

A Writer Tells Why He Likes His Own Town

Although he has been roaming 'mid the pleasures and palaces of Florida all winter, Avenel, New Jersey, looks good to him, be it ever so humble

By DIRK P. DEYOUNG

'MID pleasures and palaces tho' we may roam, be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

That old song has come to me a hundred times during the past week after my return from Florida, where I have been wined and dined all winter in the palaces of real estate kings.

The more I see of other places, the more I love my own home town. There is a charm about Avenel that can only come with age, which the Aladdin cities of Florida or the young Auburns of other plains do not have. It is one of those places that combines the progress of youth with the serenity of advanced years.

Long before subdividers began to market Florida lots—long before Montclair, Tuxedo, Pelham Manor, the exclusive Westchester suburbs—long before any other New York blue-blood commuter town was thought of—Avenel was selected as a suitable site for country homes for the elite of Gotham, and realtors were busy booming what is now my own home town.

In the days when wives and daughters wore hoop-skirts and tremendous bustles, carrying foot-warmers and poll-parrots with them, they were commuting in stage-coaches from Avenel to New York. And later, even prior to the Civil War, a little boxed-in steam engine, with a single passenger coach behind, tooted off proudly every morning from there with wealthy Manhattan merchants hurrying to their counting houses across the Hudson.

Benjamin Franklin, George Washington, Lafayette, and other immortals have all been in Avenel. The first printing press in the state of New Jersey was located within a mile of my Avenel home. J. H. Stoddart, the famous actor who starred in the "Bonnie Briar Bush," built his summer home here fully a half a century ago,

a mansion which still stands within a few blocks of where I write this tale.

Less than a mile away is the Episcopal rectory, once a continental fort; and a little farther down the road is the Presbyterian church, which recently celebrated its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary. Within a quarter of a mile of where I sit is the old home of the Edgars with its solid brick walls, large rooms and veranda, a palatial dwelling and large barns, with pigeon coops atop of them, and carrier pigeons which have continued the same strain for more than a hundred years.

That briefly, is Avenel in perspective, part of a settlement which came here before Robert Treat founded Newark. My own home town is heavy with history and hoary with age. As one who loves the historic, the unusual, and the richness which only the fullness of time brings with it, I therefore revere the hallowed ground on which this place has been builded.

But as women of sixty are now bobbing their hair, and wives of forty-five put on the looks, clothes, vivacity, sparkle and charm of their daughters, Avenel, too, has changed its ways and become modish. Instead of the stage-coach and the boxed-in engine with a single passenger coach behind, as in the days of our grandfathers, it now has rapid transportation to surrounding metropolitan points—and all other modern wrinkles. Where the trip took two or three hours to commute to New York City in the fifties, it is done now in less than an hour in comfortable passenger coaches.

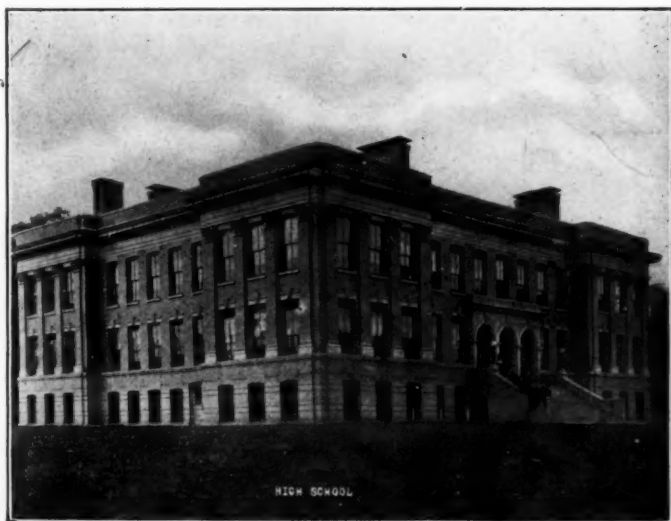
Such is Avenel, my home town, blending the old and the new. When I get reminiscent, I light my pipe, and bask in the glitter of its silvery age; when I want to go somewhere, I find the speed of youth at my doorstep ready to take me hither and yon. New towns have nothing but youth; but this place I call home possesses the dignity of age with the spice of modernity. It has some of the color of Coral Gables and some of the awe of Boston, while its people are the good average folk of America, such as myself, merchants, lawyers, bankers, bakers and candle-stick makers.

Until a few years ago Avenel was made up of a few large estates owned by the Edgars, the

Coddingtons, the Krugs, the Clarks, the Bloomfields, and others who traced their descent from the year one. The strain of these families was almost as unbroken as the strain of the carrier pigeons atop the Edgar barns. And the Maple Realty Company is responsible for the change.



The home of William B. Krug, of Avenel, built by the noted actor, J. H. Stoddart, who starred in the "Bonnie Briar Bush" when the play was a great hit a half century ago

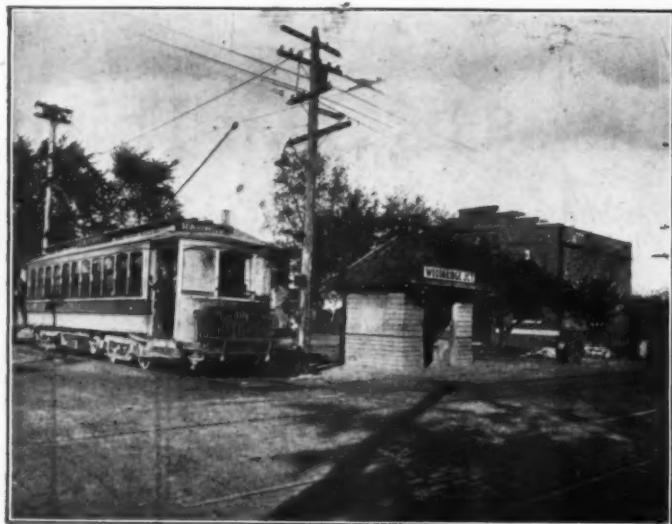


The High School, where Avenel children are educated

Coming here less than a decade ago, they brought modernity with them, introducing the spirit of youth to the hoary history of the place.

In blending the old Avenel with the new, this enterprising concern bought up all the old estates they could acquire, laying out Avenel Park first—on a hilltop which is the highest point between New York City and Long Branch, New Jersey, on the Pennsylvania Railroad to the Jersey shore. They put in sewers, streets, and all other modern conveniences, fitting this development cozily into the heart of the old Avenel, which still retains its fine old mansions, shaded by stately trees and surrounded by fine terraces. With these improvements completed, they built homes on grassy lawns, selling them on the easy-payment plan to such as myself who had been collecting rent receipts since our wedding days from landlords in Manhattan. And that is another reason why I like my home town—we are all striving to get title to our own vine and fig-tree. That makes for common interests in the struggle to acquire a roof of our own.

With Avenel Park well under way, the Maple Realty Company began work in Avenel Park number two—where other town building laurels



The Fast Line Trolley Station at Avenel, New Jersey, running to Newark, Elizabeth, New Brunswick and Trenton, and providing modern, rapid transit facilities for the citizens of those thriving cities



The Pennsylvania Railroad Station at Avenel, whence the boxed-in engine and one passenger coach once took our grandfather commuters to New York City—now many trains with big locomotives leave here daily

stand to their credit. In all, they have built something like two hundred houses here, which have made that many families happy, enjoying the pure air of the country, lower living costs, and other pleasures of suburban life. And our schools, our churches, our social life, and all else that is worth while, are equal to such things in the great cities.

Avenel is only twenty-two miles from New York City, twelve miles from Newark, six miles from Elizabeth, five miles from Perth Amboy, and eight miles from New Brunswick—all great centers. Where else could I locate and be more convenient to ten million people? It is on the Pennsylvania Railroad, and has two trolley lines. I can get in and out of my home town at most any hour of the day or night. The cost of homes is reasonable. We have good stores, a good post-office, thirty-two different clubs and organizations—anything, everything that a normal person needs.

The new houses in Avenel are well built. They have double oak floors, modern heating systems, up-to-date electrical fixtures, B-X wiring, and all enamel gas ranges. They have built-in ironing boards and other labor-saving devices, beautiful bath rooms and other attractive features. And we get these, bless your heart, with a few dollars down and the balance like rent.

In fourteen years from the day I moved into mine, I'll have it paid for, with no mortgages to worry my gray hairs, and no heartless landlord to put me out.

The Maple Realty Company have built and financed all of these two hundred odd homes in the new Avenel. Harry L. Wolff, a capitalist who has made his way from small beginnings, is the president of this company. Daniel C. Chase, former State Senator, a millionaire banker and a direct descendant of Salmon P. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury in the Lincoln

administration, is its vice-president, while Mathew T. Smith, formerly internal revenue collector for this district and at one time alderman of the city of Perth Amboy, is the treasurer. Another prominent official of the company is Dr. M. S. Meinzer, well-known physician of Perth Amboy, N. J. The names of these men stand for something. They are behind the new Avenel.

I am proud of my home town, proud of its developers, proud of the old families who still live here, and proud of the younger generation which has brought in this twentieth century progress. I look up to its illustrious past and forward to its glorious future. And nothing expresses my feelings for this community better than the last part of the verse from the song quoted at the beginning:

"A charm from the skies seem to hallow us there, which seek through the world is ne'er met with elsewhere."



Home of Frank E. Barth, C. P. A., one of Avenel's modern residences



George Street, Avenel Park, New Jersey, with a view of bungalows built by the Maple Realty Company

A SILVER STREAM

THROUGH sunlit meadows fair it flows,
This silver stream so full and deep;
There breaks no ripple as it goes—
The silken grasses lie asleep.
As God's dear love, or like a Psalm,
It moves within the perfect calm.

There's naught to tell of turmoil past,
No faintest murmur in its flow;
No shadow o'er its bosom cast—
Only its majesty we know.
So God's dear love to you and me,
Flows ever, broad and full, and free.

By Winfield Lionel Scott

Flow on and mirror in thy breast,
Silver of steadfast stars at night;
Or where the jeweled moonbeams rest
And calmly dream in softened light.
In God's dear love a rest is found—
Untroubled calm, a peace profound.

The Proper Development of Cape Cod

WHEN, only a few years ago, the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World emblazoned on their crest the one word TRUTH, they marked to the world the definite arrival of a new day in business—the day which recognized and welcomed business based on square dealing, and the alignment of organized business groups against fraud and deceit.

The standard adopted by the advertising men has rapidly become the adopted standard of organizations in other fields of commercial activity—notably among the real estate operators of the Nation who have united under the common banner of the National Association of Real Estate Boards to promote higher standards in their business, and to establish and maintain codes of ethics and practice by which the public could at all times be assured of perfect fairness and justice in all real estate dealings—especially when conducted through members of the various boards comprising the great National Association.

To those of us who have had a part in the earliest months of the recent awakening of the Nation to the possibilities of Cape Cod, one of the gravest dangers faced by the Cape was the possibility that unscrupulous operators might get a foothold on Cape Cod—that they might sell waste land at fabulous prices to unsuspecting buyers—that they might manipulate prices and send values soaring to unreasonable heights—that they might create mushroom colonies peopled with undesirable types of colonists on what is beyond question one of the real beauty spots of the Atlantic seaboard.

Far-sighted realtors, advertising men who had worked with us in the first year of our Cape Cod developments, newspaper publishers and others interested in the welfare of the Cape, looked with genuine alarm upon the possibility of the exploitation of Cape Cod merely that some few speculators might reap a harvest. The Cape Cod which we had learned to know and to love; the Cape Cod of Lincoln, Thoreau, and others; the Cape Cod which had attracted so many thousands by its beauty and charm, must be protected so that even as it grew in response to the increased demand for homes within its bounds, it would still be the lovely old Cape of which Massachusetts and the Nation were so justly proud.

With these thoughts in mind, a small group of real estate men met early in the spring and issued a call for their fellow-realtors to meet and formulate a plan to keep Cape Cod free from the taint of speculative activity, and to insure its development along lines which would best preserve and enhance those beauties and that charm for which the Cape has ever been famous. Meetings were held at Hyannis during March, and the Cape Cod Real Estate Board was soon an actual fact. Back of the Board was the solid purpose of its members that Cape Cod should never suffer from the things which have made other great real estate developments unfortunate for

By FORRIS W. NORRIS

President of the Cape Cod Real Estate Board

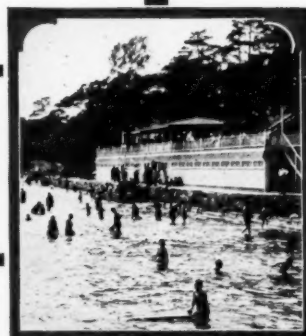
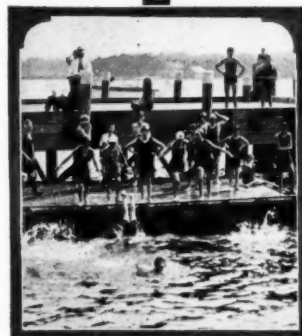
the sections in which they took place, and costly to the persons who came in contact with them.

An emblem was adopted by the board for the sole use of its members. Back of that emblem is the pledge of every member that he will conduct his business on the highest ethical plane; that his dealings with the public shall be fair and above board; that he will not be a party to, or have a part in the financing, promoting or selling of any project which will in any way injure the charm of Cape Cod or encourage the presence of

undesirable persons. Back of that emblem as well is the pledge that no advertising shall be published which in any way misrepresents any piece of property or holds out promise of great speculative gains.

To make that emblem known in the fullness of its meaning, the Board proposed a nation-wide campaign of advertising—not to say that the man who fails to display that emblem is dangerous, but to definitely establish the fact that the man who does display it is safe—that he is pledged to the highest standards of conduct in all his transactions, and that he has the ultimate good of Cape Cod in his heart.

For, after all is said and done, the future of



To be "in the swim" at Onset, you must go bathing every day

One of the beautiful estates at Chatham—town of beautiful houses, where Joseph Lincoln spends his summers



Cape Cod is in the hands of the real estate men. That those who are now at work on the Cape have pledged themselves to such high standards is the best possible assurance that those who now own Cape Cod homes, those who are now building on the Cape, and those who come to the Cape in the next few years will see growth, but that it will be normal, sound growth which will make a truly greater Cape Cod, extending hospitality to increased thousands of visitors, and yet preserving for them all that is delightful, charming and attractive on Cape Cod today.

Due to a nation-wide awakening to its possibilities, Cape Cod is enjoying unprecedented popularity. That popularity has resulted in an increased demand for Cape property, but with this significant feature—the greatest demand is for homes and for an opportunity to build homes.

Cape business property is valuable, of course, and will be increasingly so as the population grows and incomes become larger, but there is no extravagant boosting of values, and no ambitious programs of building beyond the needs of the section. What shops, hotels, garages, apartments and such structures as are needed will surely be built, but there is little danger that extravagant programs of building will be undertaken in advance of demonstrated requirements.

In a few words, then, Cape Cod has a future rich in possibilities. It offers every charm that a vacation colony can possibly present. It has beauties that are all its own. It has a people wonderfully friendly and pleasantly neighborly. The Cape will grow and will grow tremendously this year and in years to come, but in-so-far as it is humanly possible, the Cape Cod Real Estate Board proposes that the growth shall be healthy, shall be normal, and shall be such as will bring only pleasure to those who come to Cape Cod, and will keep for the Cape every particle of the oldtime beauty and charm which have made Cape

Cod attractive in the past, and which makes it so alluring today.

The small area of the Cape necessarily means that with the demand that is coming for homes there, land must enhance in value. Land on Cape Cod is intrinsically worth today many times its selling price. It is to be hoped that we will never experience an inflation there which will carry values above a fair value, as all sound developments must be based on sound values.

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Non-resident member—E. H. Porter Company, Peabody, Mass.



Duck Creek, Wellfleet



Yacht landing at Falmouth Heights—which affords a wonderful sea view

"One of the Last that is to Come First"

So says Mayor Baker of the new town of Miami Shores, recently incorporating several of the magic city's magic suburbs

AND the last shall be first," said Mayor D. F. Baker of the brand new town of Miami Shores, smiling genially, as a brand new mayor of a brand new town naturally would.

Like the proud father of a first-born child, he looked over the prodigy, threw out his chest, and began to tell me all about the infant—a lusty youngster—born recently on the north edge of the Magic City, as the result of incorporating several of its most magic suburbs.

Where this municipal prodigy now stands there were only fifteen modern homes and the little Arch Creek post-office about a year ago—now it is a beautiful residential community of approximately 5,000 people.

But this marvelous growth is not the most remarkable feature about Miami Shores. The most astonishing thing is that it did not blossom forth into a city long before it did. This locality has so many advantages as a business and residential center that it should have been boomed many years ago.

Miami Shores is an example of the value of wise planning and not too hasty development. This community, contiguous to the northern

By CHRISTOPHER PAPE

such subdivisions as Tatum Brothers' Altas del Mar development on the beach; the picturesque natural beauty of the Arch Creek section of the big development of the Miami Shores from which the new town takes its name; Biscayne Park Estates, with its beautiful shrubbery and lawns; Irons Manor, "where six highways meet"; the splendid improvements in Alhambra Heights, and Sunkist Groves' lovely homes.

Instead of selling off their property too soon, the owners and developers in Miami Shores—all substantial figures in real estate and financial circles of Miami—preferred to wait for increased values with the attendant careful restrictions and high-grade improvements in evidence there today.

The only early developer there was Arthur M. Griffing of Biscayne Park Estates, who lavished on his property all the care befitting his reputation as a landscape artist and nurseryman. And, following in his footsteps, other developers are now doing likewise.

Since Biscayne Bay is only a mile wide at this point, the new causeway will enable residents of Miami Shores to reach the ocean in half the time it takes people from the city of Miami. With the beach always a leading attraction in this southern city, Mayor Baker thinks that considerable of a business section will spring up here rapidly too.

For the same reason the proposed handsome Miami Shores railroad station will be the logical one for people from the North to use going to and from Miami Beach, being not only cheaper for them, but also much quicker and far more pleasant.

In addition to this station on the Florida East Coast railroad, 160 acres of land has been donated by the Donnelly Realty Company, who own 2,000 acres in the heart of Miami Shores, for a passenger station of the Seaboard Air Line, which it is reported has been accepted, with the understanding that a station to cost \$100,000 will be built there. Giving Miami Shores two railroads with fine stations and its proximity to the new causeway to the beach, this brand new town has some basis for Mayor Baker's optimism when he boasts of its business possibilities as the logical business center for people all the way from Hallandale to South Miami Beach. Expanding his chest just a little farther, as he surveyed this new city which has honored him with the mayoralty, he gave additional reasons for believing in this child of destiny, as follows:

"Another factor in the growth of Miami Shores is that all traffic entering or leaving Miami on the north passes through it over that 'Main Street' of Florida—the Dixie Highway and its several branches.

"The town of Miami Shores will be helped materially this year in the completion of the

new West Dixie Highway and the new Federal Highway, both of which pass through our town, together with the Seaboard Air Line Railway, the Florida East Coast Railroad, and the Biscayne



Mayor D. F. Baker of Miami Shores

Canal. Indeed, greater development is taking place now in Miami Shores than in any other section around Miami.

"It is the only town on earth I care to call home" is the way in which Mayor Baker summed it up.

In the ordinary course of official procedure at Washington it takes much red tape, many petitions, and months of investigation and waiting to change the name of a post-office in the United States. But not so in the case of this prodigy, which wanted Uncle Samuel to do the job quickly. Originally, the post-office at this point was called Arch Creek, but a request to have the name changed to Miami Shores brought action from the Postmaster General almost immediately. The change will take effect April 1st.

Mayor Baker is ably assisted in the management of the new town by a strong borough



Home of Louis Nathan, developer of Sunkist Grove, Miami Shores

boundary of the city of Miami, could easily have been as old as the hoariest suburb of the Florida metropolis.

The residents of Miami Shores, as well as the mayor, have a right to be proud of this prodigy, incorporated from several beautiful developments within its present borough limits, covering ten thousand acres exclusive of Biscayne Bay, and having three miles of ocean frontage, including



Town Council of Miami Shores (left to right, sitting): J. B. Jeffries, V. Earl Irons, A. M. Griffing; (standing) R. L. Gribble, President; Earl Morgan, H. Paul Prigg, W. P. Brion

council—public-spirited men who will see to it that all public improvements, including a fire department and town hall, are provided in Miami Shores as soon as possible. These councilmen

are: President, Earle Morgan; R. L. Gribble, V. Earl Irons, H. Paul Prigg, J. B. Jeffries, W. P. Brion, and Arthur M. Griffing. Edward Dougherty is the town clerk, assessor and treasurer, while John A. Mahood is the director of public welfare.



Home of D. F. Baker, the new Mayor of Miami Shores

The new town adjoins the northern boundary of the city of Miami and covers more territory than the city of Miami covered one year ago, and should the city of Miami and this new suburb be merged, Miami will then have three miles of ocean frontage, while at present it has none.



Quaint Cape Cod

Continued from page 361

Cape at the present time is experiencing the greatest building activity in its history. Great tracts of land are being opened up to the home seekers and the development is expected to surpass anything ever experienced in New England.

A summer on Cape Cod is like a visit to the realms of the past. In the days of the glory of the American clipper ships Cape Cod was the nursery of as hardy and as able seamen as ever trod a deck. Many of these men are still living. Their "yarns" of the days of the deep-water ships are always worth hearing; their droll sayings and quaint philosophy have passed into vernacular. Half of the charm of Cape summer life lies in the intimacy between villagers and visitor.

A Cape Cod village is a typical place of rest—with its elms arching above the main street, its old-fashioned meeting houses, its public library and its village hall. One of the delights is to roam amid the treasures of the many antique shops or to inspect the collections in wayside inns of old furniture, early prints, lustre ware, sandwich glass, pewter, silver sets and ancient ornaments.

Every shore town has its little harbor and landing. The coast line is cut every few miles by some bay or cove, making anchorages for sail or motor boats. The shores of these bays abound in clams and quahaugs, and in the

warmed waters are scallops, and oysters. That delightful outdoor feast, the clam bake, is one of the most inviting of vacation experiences.



Photo by Marceau

JAMES D. HENDERSON

Recreation in every form is provided on the Cape, from the whirl of continuous gayety at Onset to the retirement at Osterville or Cotuit. Hyannis is famous for its specialty shops, and Provincetown and Chatham are noted for their historical associations, while magnificent sea and land views are the chief charm of Falmouth. Sea bathing is universally enjoyed on the Cape, as might be expected from the miles of sandy beaches which line its shore. Because of the Gulf Stream, the water is ten to fifteen degrees warmer than the sea water north of Boston. Horseback riding is a favorite pastime, while sailing vessels and motor boats add to their share of the season's sports. Golf courses are numerous and there are hundreds of tennis courts.

Many thousands of non-residents are finding Cape Cod so wonderfully attractive that they are building permanent summer homes, some of which are palatial.

Whether one seeks the gayety of fleeting pleasure, salubrious climate, a wholesome tonic for run-down nerves or quiet, restful contemplation the patriotic inspiration that comes from paying homage at historic shrines, he may find it upon Cape Cod. The convenience of train and steamer service, and the beauty of the route make it an ideal place to pass the fleeting weeks of the city worker's summer vacation.

A Sketch of One of America's Bird-lovers

Howard Fogg, member of the famous Fogg family of New England, who owns ranches in Texas and New Mexico, is founding a colony of nature-loving people on the western shores of Lake Okeechobee, known as Fogg's Tropical Paradise

DREAMING all his life of a paradise for birds, where they would sing and preen themselves and multiply the whole year through, at last Howard Fogg, well-known writer on bird life, has found "the stuff that dreams are made of" on his ranch in Florida, the land of flowers—and birds.

Nearby his bird sanctuary he dreamed, moreover, of seeing homes and farms—a colony of nature-loving people. This part of his dream is also coming true now in Fogg's Tropical Paradise near the village of Palmdale, close to the western shores of Lake Okeechobee.

Born in Texas, and still the owner of a ranch there in addition to one in New Mexico, Mr. Fogg has a thorough knowledge of agriculture in a warm climate and of the irrigation difficulties in the Southwest.

He has also lived in many parts of the United States and traveled extensively in his lecturing on bird life. He is vice-president of the Audubon Society of sixty thousand members, and president and general manager of the Audubon Publishing Company, the official publishing organ of this society of bird lovers. In addition to editing several periodicals on caged birds, he has compiled a bird encyclopedia.

"Few people realize the importance of bird life to humanity," Mr. Fogg asserted. "Were it not for the birds, scientists agree that the insects would destroy all plant life within three years' time.

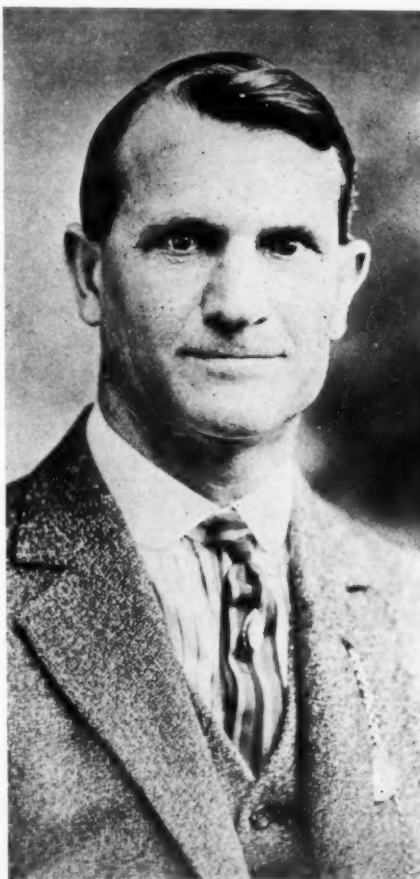
"I am certain that every insect pest has its natural enemy among the birds. For example, the much-maligned bat devours thousands of mosquitos nightly. My dearest wish has always been to establish a bird sanctuary where I might study the habits of the birds and their usefulness to the world.

"It was not until I came to Florida, however," he remarked, his brown eyes shining, "that I found the ideal location for my dream project—a fertile farming region where fruit and flowers abound throughout the year.

"No finer region for bird life or for farming exists in the United States," he continued, "than the land in central Florida around Lake Oke-

By FRANCES MATHER

chobee, where bumper crops grow the year around and the soil is never dormant. Here



Howard Fogg, Vice-President of the Audubon Society and well-known writer on bird life, who is establishing a bird sanctuary and farming colony near Lake Okeechobee

Nature supplies a rich abundance of the three most important factors in growing plant life: sunshine, moisture at the proper time, and phosphates. Indeed the muck land around Lake Okeechobee is best likened to the fertile silt in the Valley of the Nile."

Surrounding this great fresh water lake, sixty miles long and forty miles wide, a group of communities is rapidly springing up. Mr. Fogg prophesies that this territory will ultimately be thickly populated, due to the fact that ten acres of land here have a proved productivity equal to that of two hundred acres elsewhere.

From his own experience, Mr. Fogg sets the minimum yield on an acre of his property planted to blueberries, grapes, figs, or pineapples, at \$1,000 a year. He has also found bananas very profitable.

According to the report of the State College of Agriculture, the rich, sandy black loam is ideal for raising such fruit without having to sweeten or fertilize in any way.

Avocado pears, oranges, lemons, grapefruit, and guavas also grow here in Paradise Valley—a region as beautiful as its name.

Mr. Fogg's land is unusual for the Lake Okeechobee district, being seventeen feet above the level of the lake and accordingly never flooded. The railroad and hard road from Fort Myers to West Palm Beach pass close by.

Fogg's Tropical Paradise was formerly the 3,500-acre ranch of the Hendry brothers, who ranched here for thirty years with great success, and after whom Hendry County is named. Mr. Fogg's home was originally the Hendry homestead.

In addition to the eighty acres he is reserving around his own home in Fogg's Tropical Paradise, Mr. Fogg has set aside a hundred-acre, beautifully-wooded bird sanctuary, and adjoining it a ten-acre public park.

He has also given twenty acres each to the Baptist Young People's Union and the Bell Telephone Company for vacation homes.

The rest of the 3,500 acres he is dividing into small farms, each reached by a sixty-foot road.

The park is shaded by giant moss-hung oaks

Continued on page 373



Great oaks draped with Spanish moss, palms, and native fruit trees beautify this park that for hundreds of years was the capital of the Seminole Indians



The 300-year-old swimming hole adjoining the park and visitors' camping ground



Mr. and Mrs. Fogg standing near the banana grove on their semi-tropical paradise

Mother's Day, May 9

Ten thousand Rexall Druggists are featuring the New Metal Package of Artstyle Candy as an ideal tribute of filial affection

BEING acknowledged pioneers in the build- of Mother's Day candy packages, and having produced in 1925 the most beautiful and distinctive package of candy ever offered—a package that was the talk of the Confectioners' Convention in Boston—the United Drug Company found it a very difficult problem to surpass their own offering in 1926.

To be sure, it was not essential to change. Many of the company's stockholders said, "Continue with the present idea; all that is necessary is to change the design and the motto." But they were in duty bound to give the public something better. Competitors were beseeching the suppliers of metal boxes to produce for them "a package like the United's." The manufacturers of the 1925 package received more than one hundred calls from concerns whose names have long been by-words in the candy world, and who openly admitted the company's prowess.

The march of progress alone demands something better all the time, and, since they beat the field so decisively last season, they resolved to give further evidence of United Drug Company supremacy, and this they did by evolving for 1926 the new Artstyle Mother's Day Package, compared with which everything done before pales into insignificance.

The box is of metal, but of lighter weight, better for mailing, and costs less for transportation than last year's box. Also, it is more beautiful, the design being the latest masterpiece of Charles Haller, the celebrated New York artist. It is reproduced in ten colors. The boxes are over-sized as before, and are the largest one-pound and two-pound packages on the market.

The quality of candy is Artstyle, and nothing could be better. From thousands of stockholders, and also from the public, letters were received praising the candy in the Mother's Day boxes, and lauding them for maintaining their highest quality standard, while at the same time offering the most beautiful package ever used for a candy retailing at one dollar and a half a pound. No merchandise ever manufactured by the United Drug Company has created as much good will among the consumers as the 1926 Artstyle Mother's Day Package.

Those who can distinguish between the finest chocolates delicately blended and carefully milled and the ordinary kinds; those who appreciate the flavor of genuine vanilla beans contrasted with imitations, will instantly realize that, both inside and outside, the United Drug Company has again produced "The Perfect Package."

The Mother's Day verse on the cover of the new package is in itself an inspiration. How appropriate! It is no mere maudlin sentiment or collection of empty words, but it expresses the depth and affection of true mother's love. If I told you that it was the work of a professional sentiment writer, you would believe me, for it

By **ARTHUR T. CONNELLY**

Manager Candy Department, United Drug Company

With Love to Mother

I THINK of you, my mother dear,
Of all your gentle ways,
Your courage and unfailing cheer,
Which love alone repays.

Remembering your kindly voice,
Your heart so warm and true,
My own heart sings and I rejoice
To know that I have you.

—WALTER JONES WILLSON

has all the qualities generally ascribed to the famed poets. But this is "own goods," another creation from the fertile brain of Walter Jones Willson, Editor of *Rexall Ad-Vantages*, and I can think of no higher tribute to render to the

author than to say that the motto is in perfect keeping with the Artstyle package.

The top cover, when removed from the box, becomes an ornament that will be highly prized in any home, being appropriate for the most lavish surroundings. With its magnificent frame, resembling hand-painted wood, it is a treasure such as one might discover in some exclusive art shop. Each cover is equipped with a patented hanger.

The motto insert, you will find by close examination, is printed on heavy, glass-finished paper.

The selling-power of this package has been tested and proved in a spectacular way. At the Eighteenth National Rexall Convention held in Boston in July, 3,000 Rexall druggists had an opportunity to examine it closely. Those who were fortunate enough to attend this Big Show will remember the Artstyle display at the candy booth in Horticultural Hall, where only three packages were exhibited. It is no exaggeration to say that most of the time there was a waiting line of stockholders, four and five deep, who exclaimed in wonder and delight over the new creation. Exactly 101,702 pounds of Artstyle Mother's Day candy were sold at the convention. The company received three orders of 5,000 pounds each—one from Fort Worth, Texas, another from Buffalo, New York, and the third from Flint, Michigan, showing the great anticipated demand for Mother's Day observance.



Photo by Henry Miller News Picture Service, Inc., Washington, D. C.

HAVING A GOOD TIME ON THE SOUTH SHORE AT THE REXALL CONVENTION

President Coolidge Watching the Shooting Exhibition by Ad Topperwein during the Rexall Outing at Pemberton. (Left to right): President Coolidge, Mrs. Coolidge, Senator Charles Curtis, Kansas; John Coolidge, Mrs. Louis K. Liggett, and Executive-Secretary Everett Sanders. (Standing at the left): Captain Adolphus Andrews, U. S. N., Colonel S. A. Cheney, U. S. A., and President Liggett of the United Drug Company

Cape Cod Chat *Continued from page 346*

awakening of Cape Cod, and he most assuredly has done so.

One of the incidents that directed our attention to Mr. Henderson was the persuasive quality of his voice as he and "Whit" on various occasions appeared before the microphone in elucidation of the attractive features of Alden Park Manor. The clear, concise manner in which Mr. Henderson expressed himself "on the air" indicated the qualities necessary for an attractive presentation of the subject in the magazine.

Now read his article, "Quaint Cape Cod", again and see if you do not also recognize these merits of expression.

* * *

A LIST of directors of the Cape Cod Real Estate Board reads almost like the passenger lists of the good ship *Mayflower*, which crossed the Atlantic in 1620 and landed on the tip of Cape Cod, afterwards crossing Massachusetts Bay to Plymouth, where were made the most interesting chapters in the early history of our country.

* * *

NICHOLS & ELDRIDGE, commercial printers, Brockton, have got out some most attractive pieces of literature regarding the Cape. One of these came to hand the other day, with two beautiful half-tone views, together with a tint outline map of the Cape, with the excellent automobile roads clearly outlined. This particular piece of art printing came from the real estate office of Arthur J. Reilly. Mr. Reilly's verdict is that "it comes high, but it is worth it."

Mr. Nichols of the printing firm is a native of Edgartown and Mr. Eldridge is a native of Chatham. They have been located at Brockton twenty-six years, almost constantly working together. They have been associated in business for the past fourteen years under the present firm name, doing a general job printing business. Quite recently they moved into a new building erected for their purposes and have added a creative department, entering the direct-by-mail advertising field.

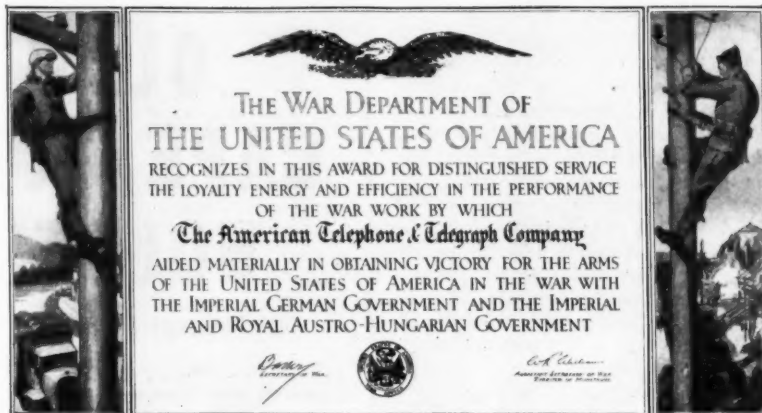
Being natives of the Cape, it is but natural that they put some of their best efforts into the work that has to do with their own home land.

* * *

ON the drive down from Boston early in April, the writer viewed a landscape covered with about an inch of snow all the way down the King's Highway until he approached the Cape Cod Canal, which is the natural line of demarcation of the real Cape from the mainland itself. But this snow—"a robin's storm" the New Englanders call it—had entirely disappeared when the Canal was reached, and he did not see a vestige of it on the Cape. This was clear proof of the claim which the residents make, that the Cape is several degrees warmer in winter time than the mainland, and several degrees cooler in summer.

* * *

IT was a pleasure to meet C. W. Megathlin, an old friend and for many years the progressive Rexall druggist at Hyannis. His store was sold to the Louis K. Liggett Company last February. As he says, "they simply forced me to sell by making such an attractive offer." Megathlin's store was noted from one end of the Cape to the other as most progressive, accommodating, and a profit-producer on account of its great volume of business. It is certainly a great com-



Telephone Preparedness

NINE years ago, when this nation was preparing for war, it found the Bell Telephone System ready for service at home and abroad. The war found the Bell System prepared. From its technical forces so needful to meet our war-time activities in this country, fourteen battalions were organized to carry to the front the highest developments of the telephone art. No other nation had so complete a system of communication to aid in mobilizing its resources. No other nation was able to put into the field a military communication system of equal effectiveness.

Fifty years ago Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, gave to the world a new art. He had the vision of a nation-wide telephone

system by which people near at hand and far apart could talk to one another as if face to face. He foresaw a usefulness for the telephone which could not be achieved without innumerable developments, inventions and improvements, to him unknown. But not even he foresaw the marvelous applications of telephony which gave to the American armies that fighting efficiency which is possible only when there is instant exchange of complete information.

Since the completion of its service in time of war, the Bell System has devoted itself to the extension of the telephone art as one of the great agencies for the development of the pursuits of peace.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES



IN ITS SEMI-CENTENNIAL YEAR THE BELL SYSTEM LOOKS FORWARD TO CONTINUED PROGRESS IN TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION

pliment to Hyannis to have the Louis K. Liggett Company enter the list there, for the city must have shown substantiated qualifications as a singularly attractive commercial center to have won the approval of the Louis K. Liggett Company to the location there of one of its characteristic trading centers. Mr. Megathlin has gone into the real estate business. He is going to build extensively and will develop the large parcels of real estate in which he is interested.

THE Hotel Ferguson at Hyannis, the metropolis of the Cape, is filled with Cape Cod development information. One can meet there more real estate people and hear more development conversation than anywhere else on the Cape.

The genial proprietor, Mr. Ferguson, seems to be all over his comfortable hostelry to greet his

guests and see that service is kept at the highest standard. In our room we found shoe laces and collar buttons for emergency sake; also threaded needle and extra buttons all neatly placed on the dresser—for emergency sake.

The slogan of The Ferguson is "not a country hotel, but a hotel in the country."

* * *

JUST leaving Hotel Ferguson in early afternoon of an April day, I chanced to meet Messrs. Merrill and Cray, who had been in Miami, Florida, all winter and were prominently associated with some of the substantial developments there. They were attracted by the Cape's alluring features. My prediction is that those who have the opportunity of seeking out the nearest-to-ideal climatic conditions for particular seasons will migrate from Florida to Cape Cod this spring and summer.

Compares Florida and Cape Cod

Continued from page 346

and have seen from year to year the wonderful growth which Florida has experienced. I have seen Palm Beach and its surroundings grow from a few homes to one of the most beautiful and best known winter playgrounds of the world.

"I have watched Coral Gables grow from its inception and admired the foresight of George Merrick, who conceived and so ably carried out his plans for an individual colony developed along harmonious architectural lines carefully restricted to preserve the advantages already there as well as to create new ones.

"Although having spent my summers on Cape Cod for many years and learned to love it, and realizing that I had never known a single person to come to Cape Cod once who did not become a staunch friend and admirer of the Cape, it was necessary for me to come in contact with the remarkable foresight of men like George Merrick of Coral Gables, Mr. Fisher of Miami Beach, and George W. Harvey of Villa Rica, to appreciate that the same possibilities and opportunities which they had made known to the world and developed so admirably in Florida for a winter home were right here at our very door on Cape Cod for the development of a summer playground. After spending the winter of 1925 in Florida and becoming imbued with their optimism and foresightedness, I returned to find on Cape Cod an opportunity of giving to the American public the finest summer colony development possible.

"After months of search we secured an island in West Bay and Cotuit Harbors, which is now known as Oyster Harbors, and through the publicity given this island, Cape Cod's largest and most exclusive development, the realization of Cape Cod's beauties became apparent to the people of New England and many of the summer colonies throughout the United States. Thousands of families during the past eight months have hastened to select a homesite on Cape Cod.

"Florida, many people believe, has reached its height of development. This is not so. Never, in all my years of visiting Florida, has Florida looked so real and desirable as it did in the month of February, 1926. To be sure, a number of people will tell you that they have purchased land in Florida which they are unable to dispose of today. This does not mean that if they have purchased wisely in developments that are being honestly developed that their property is worth less than they have paid for it. It simply means a corrective of the over-speculation which existed in Florida during the summer of 1925. Unfortunately, at that time, many unscrupulous developers took advantage of the good will established by the many who had done real things in the development line in Florida, and sold tracts of land to the gullible public throughout the North which never should have been plotted and never will be developed. This should be a lesson to people not to buy property that they have not personally investigated.

"It is to be hoped that the public will, in their realization of the many

OLD CAPE COD HOUSE

On Kings Highway

A wonderful old place with all the old features that have made these homes famous the world over. This one has plenty of land. Available for a home, tea room or antique shop. Price \$7500, terms \$3000 cash, balance on mortgage.

See ARTHUR J. REILLY

Cape Cod Estates—Hyannis

496 W. Main St. Hyannis 392

Everything in Cape Cod Real Estate

beauties of Cape Cod, assist in keeping its development conservative, clean and wholesome, by refusing to purchase land that has not been properly improved, that the landscape architecture has not been carefully planned and thought out, and to be sure that those selling them the property have the financial resources to install the improvements which they promise and to carry through the development to its ultimate and successful conclusion. We do not want speculators on Cape Cod, we want home owners and investors."



By courtesy of Arthur J. Reilly, Hyannis

A CHARMING SCENE, TYPICAL OF THE CAPE COD OLD WORLD ATMOSPHERE. THE WINDMILL IS THE TRADEMARK OF THE PILGRIM LAND



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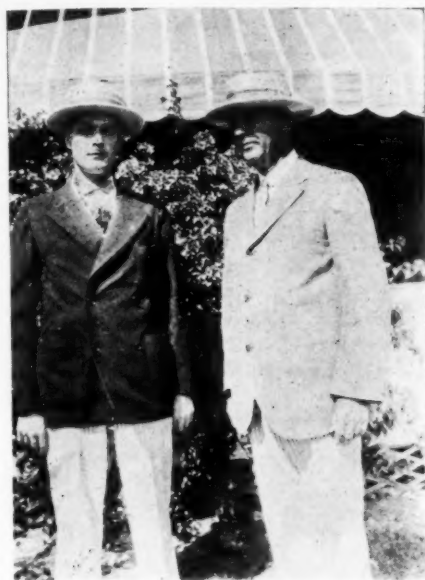


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Adrian H. DeYoung and Joseph M. Holferty, sales-manager and developer, respectively, of South Miami Gardens, near beautiful Biscayne Bay—a retreat where Mr. and Mrs. Joe Mitchell Chapple are frequently entertained. These two men are also brother and brother-in-law, respectively, of Dirk P. DeYoung of the editorial staff of the "National Magazine." South Miami Gardens is one of Miami's coming suburbs, where the cool breezes of Biscayne Bay refresh the residents in the summer and the Gulf Stream tempers the cold of winter

LITTLE RUTH

LIKE blossoms scattered by the gale,
Like odors wafted o'er the lea,
The fragrant memories she recalls
This sweet, sad day to me;
This day that colors all my life
With web of gold and veil of gray,
Because God took her to Himself
A year ago today.

And was her life lived all in vain,
Her short, sweet life that knew no care;
Was there no plan, no broad design
To be completed there?
Ah, not in vain her little day,
Her scarce three years of joy and pain,
For no life ever sent by God
Is sent by Him in vain.

She came to teach us hope and trust
And innocence of childhood's ways,
And bring us back to love and youth
And Eden's sunny days;
And then, while life was scarce begun,
The curtain on our promise fell,
For He who gave recalled His own
Because He loved her well.

And over there, 'mid scenes more fair,
Her growing life will find its own,
And what we loved as bursting bud
We'll know as bloom full blown.
So may we learn this lesson well,
For God has writ it everywhere,
That what we see unfinished here
Will be completed there.

—T. BAIRD

Songs of Florida—Key Largo

SUNRISE over the Ocean;
The setting sun o'er the Bay;
My heart is torn 'twixt two true loves,
To neither can I say "Nay."

The sun shouts over the Ocean
Like a King in golden array,
But purple clouds, they march in troops
When the sun sets over the Bay.

Moonlight over the Ocean,
The waning moon o'er the Bay;
A whisper of tropical breezes
That linger, but cannot stay.

Between the shout from the Ocean
And the whisper that comes from the Bay
I will build me a home on a narrow isle
And have joy of them both, alway.

—Stephen Cochran Singleton.

Victor Hope is Example of Men Making Florida

Continued from page 362
the Pan American Unit. The balance of the \$1,050,000, amounting to \$550,000, is an endowment for the upkeep of both foundations. He is on the board of regents of the University of Miami, and will have some connection with the Pan-American Unit.

Mr. Hope is a permanent resident of Coral Gables and declares that it is the most delightful, healthful, and altogether happiest place to live that he has seen in all his twenty-one years of travel. He is planning a huge development there which at this time he says he cannot announce.

Mr. Hope recently resigned from the presidency of the Birdland District Chamber of Commerce, Inc., because of the pressure upon his time of his many business enterprises which involve the management of millions of dollars' worth of property and the development of property running into tens of millions. Mr. Hope is

president of three corporations and a member of ten clubs and other organizations. He and Mrs. Hope are permanent residents of Coral Gables, and he says that Coral Gables is financially and in every other way the soundest development in the world. Mr. Hope is the owner of nearly five million dollars' worth of choice property in southern Florida, all of which is near Miami, and nearly half of it in Coral Gables. These activities are only an indication of the work carried on day by day by Mr. Hope, and exemplifies the full meaning of the name he bears.

A Sketch of One of America's Bird-lovers

Continued from page 369

that lean over the brink of the twenty-five-acre natural swimming pool on which it borders. Years ago this beautiful place was the capital of the Seminole Indians, and it was here that they used to dry their fish for the winter. There is an Indian burial mound several miles from this grove, where Thomas A. Edison, Henry Ford and Harvey Firestone came to camp.

Fisheating Creek, along which Fogg's Tropical Paradise runs for five miles, has well-raised banks, an unusual thing for Florida. It won its odd name from triumphant results of the recreation it has afforded anglers in these parts. Along its banks were waged some of the fiercest battles between the United States soldiers and the Indians in the Seminole wars.

Recently Mr. Fogg arranged with the American consul of the Canary Islands to ship him forty canaries. He plans to liberate them in the bird sanctuary. This is the beginning of a movement Mr. Fogg has helped to organize under the name of the Florida Birds of the World Association, of which he is secretary. The aim of the society is to protect the feathered inhabitants of Florida and increase their variety.

In this manner Howard Fogg's lifelong dream of a nature colony and bird sanctuary is merging into the brilliant reality of Fogg's Tropical Paradise.



This is not a Ziegfeld Follies line-up, but only a few of the many sweet young girls of the city which the photographer caught at play in the front yard of Punta Gorda, Florida, on February 6, 1926—a June day in February

23 Day Cruises to

CUBA	COSTA RICA	BRITISH HONDURAS
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Hope Gardens Trolley Station
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NOT in the wide, wide world is to be found a superior climate of more even temperature, more sunshiny days and starry nights, more attractive waters with as gamey fish, more beautiful islands with tropical foliage, more delightful white sand beaches with shaded shore, or more satisfying conditions for the full enjoyment of life in God's great out-of-doors, than at El Jobe-An.

Within this comparatively small area, of which El Jobe-An is the approximate center, a sum exceeding one hundred millions of dollars has been expended for development, construction and improvements during the past thirty months.

Vast development projects now under way, railroad construction in progress and contemplated, highway building by city, county and state, together with huge undertakings by corporations and individuals, all indicate that within the next thirty months a further sum exceeding one hundred million dollars will have been expended in this marvelous region.

EL-JOBE-AN has been rightly named "The City of Destiny." Within a radius of forty miles of the limits of EL-JOBE-AN, tens of millions of dollars are being expended by some of the foremost business men of America.

Knowing the large profits made by those who invested at Miami and on the East Coast of Florida, it is the opinion of conservative investors that history is to be repeated in EL-JOBE-AN, the fast-growing city in Charlotte County, Florida. Five miles of beautiful beaches, ideal bathing and fishing. A short distance from Tampa, with direct railroads into the heart of the city.

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SWIFT

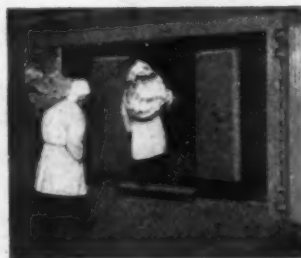
—a food service

A BIT of artificial winter follows Swift meats every step of their way to you. How constant refrigeration is maintained, even on wheels, is one of the most interesting chapters in this story of a food service

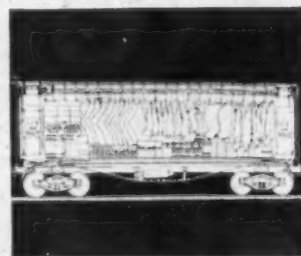
1 Immediately after it is dressed, meat is placed in clean, airy coolers. The temperature chills but does not freeze the meat



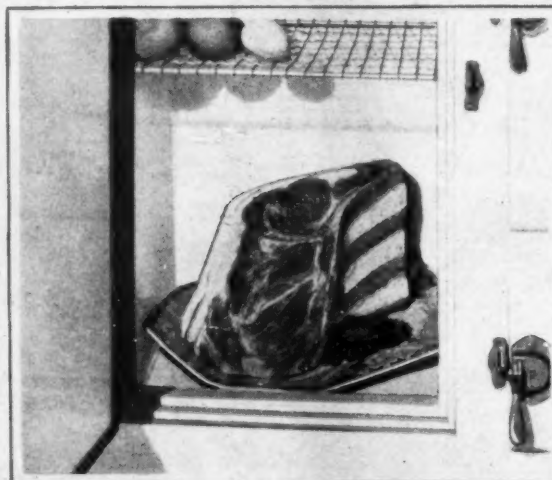
2 Meat is carried from the cooling room into refrigerator cars



3 Swift refrigerator cars are ice-boxes on wheels. They are re-iced so as to keep the products in perfect condition during the journey



4 Here, in the branch house cooling room, your retail meat dealer selects meat for his customers



YOUR juicy beef roast, steak or lamb roast owes its goodness not only to selection and preparation, but to the exacting care with which it is brought to you.

From the time meat is first hung in the cooling rooms of Swift & Company to the time it is delivered to your retail meat dealer, it must be kept at the right degree of temperature.

Swift & Company has the experienced men, the scientific knowledge, and the equipment which this requires.

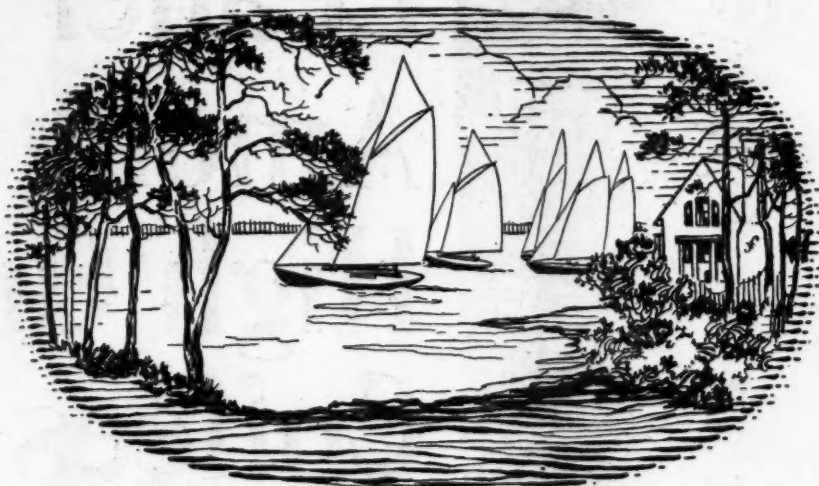
Vital services, such as the one described here, are performed by Swift & Company for an average profit from all sources of only a fraction of a cent a pound—a profit which has no appreciable effect on prices paid to the live-stock producer or by the consumer.

Swift & Company

Founded 1868

Owned by more than 47,000 shareholders

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Summertime in Harwichport

ONLY when you have sped over the blue waters of Nantucket Sound . . . or when you have idled away the days beneath murmuring pines can you realize what "Summertime in Harwichport" really means.

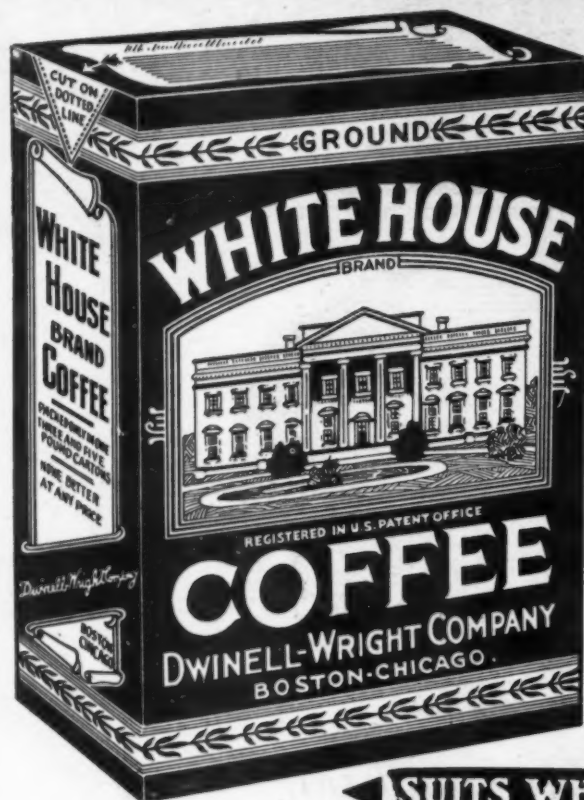
On the shores of Allen's Harbor, or facing the Sound, you'll find delightful homesites . . . spacious and secluded among towering pines. There, too, will be the right kind of neighbors . . . congenial . . . refined . . . friendly.

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2 The next morning these orders are filled systematically and promptly. Shipments are on their way within twenty-four hours. Speed and precision are the essentials of this service.



3 The goods are loaded, in the order of station stops, into refrigerator cars which are attached to regular trains moving on schedule time.



4 At each station the orders for retailers of that town are quickly unloaded. In this manner small towns and cities receive a fast, regular service on perishable products that could not otherwise be obtained.



YOU DO NOT have to live in a large city to enjoy daily, fine fresh meats, dairy, and poultry products. Swift's Refrigerator Car Service delivers these foods in perfect condition to thousands of small towns throughout the country.



SWIFT & COMPANY sells quality meats, dairy and poultry products direct to retail dealers.

In the case of small towns this is accomplished through a system of direct refrigerator car deliveries. In larger cities retailers secure their supplies from Swift Branch Houses.

This form of marketing is used because our products are perishable and we must see that they reach the retailers in perfect condition.

By this method we can parallel the shifts in demand, and eliminate the waste of over-supply and the inconvenience of scarcities.

Direct selling to retailers has proved to be the quickest and most economical method of assuring a constant supply of wholesome foods.

Large volume makes possible such a low unit profit that it has no appreciable effect on the prices paid by the consumer or to the livestock producer.

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